

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW

OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL

FOR
JULY, 1843 OCTOBER, 1843.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYR

VOL. LXXVIII.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND HUGHES,
FOR LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS, LONDON;
AND ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH.

1843.

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Erratum.

Page 133, line 28, for "trusty Parisian," read "truly Parisian."

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2. *A Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel on the Condition of England, and the Means of removing the Causes of Distress.* By R. TORRENS, Esq., F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1843.

3. *Postscript to the above Letter.* By R. TORRENS, Esq. London: 1843.

ONE of the great obstacles to the progress of the Moral Sciences is the tendency of doctrines, supposed to have been refuted, to reappear. In the Pure and in the Physical Sciences, each generation inherits the conquests made by its predecessors. No mathematician has to redemonstrate the problems of Euclid; no physiologist has to sustain a controversy as to the circulation of the blood; no astronomer is met by a denial of the principle of gravitation. But in the Moral Sciences the ground seems never to be incontestably won; and this is peculiarly the case with respect to the sciences which are subsidiary to the arts of administration and legislation. Opinions prevail and are acted on. The evils which appear to result from their practical application lead to enquiry. Their erroneousness is proved by philosophers, is acknowledged by the educated public, and at

length is admitted even by statesmen. The policy founded on the refuted error is relaxed, and the evils which it inflicted, so far as they are capable of remedy, are removed or mitigated. After a time new theorists arise, who are seduced or impelled by some moral or intellectual defect or error to reassert the exploded doctrine. They have become entangled by some logical fallacy, or deceived by some inaccurate or incomplete assumption of facts, or think that they see the means of acquiring reputation, or of promoting their interests, or of gratifying their political or their private resentments, by attacking the altered policy. All popular errors are plausible; indeed, if they were not so they would not be popular. The plausibility to which the revived doctrine owed its original currency, makes it acceptable to those to whom the subject is new; and even among those to whom it is familiar, probably ninety-nine out of every hundred are accustomed to take their opinions on such matters on trust. They hear with surprise that what they supposed to be settled is questioned, and often avoid the trouble of enquiring, by endeavouring to believe that the truth is not to be ascertained. And thus the cause has again to be pleaded before judges, some of whom are prejudiced, and others will not readily attend to reasoning founded on premises which they think unsusceptible of proof.

About three hundred years ago, men believed in the existence of an infallible Church, possessing a right to require assent to her doctrines, and the aid of the civil magistrate to silence opposition. The corruptions and the persecutions which followed this opinion, led a few strong-minded men to doubt, and ultimately to deny its accuracy. The right of private judgment, the duty of free enquiry, and at length that of toleration, were established in every Protestant country. But scarcely has the victory been apparently gained, when the conflict has recommenced. Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, the crowning triumphs over bigotry and intolerance, were the signals for the appearance, among our southern neighbours, of a sect, now rapidly increasing, whose doctrines reproduce those of Hildebrand and Dominic. We are again told, that our belief ought to be the result of obedience, not of enquiry; or, if of enquiry, of enquiry not as to what is proved by evidence, but as to what is asserted by the Church. We are again told of the duty of acquiescence, and of the danger and presumptuousness of investigation, and the civil governor is again urged to repress the crimes of schism and heresy.

Again, fifty years ago it was believed that the State could supply the want of charity among the rich, and of diligence and

economy among the poor. It was believed that by means of an agent, possessed of inexhaustible resources, called 'the Parish,' the whole population of England, whatever were their numbers or their conduct, could be insured a comfortable subsistence; that wives need not suffer for the faults of their husbands, or children for those of their parents; or any persons indeed, except rate-payers, for their own. Throughout the southern districts this opinion was acted on. The overseer, or, on his refusal, the magistrate, undertook to repeal the penalty inflicted by nature on idleness, improvidence, prodigality, and dishonesty, and consequently to annul the rewards which she offers to industry, providence, and conscientiousness.

The discouraged qualities withered; the fostered ones spread with rank luxuriance. The working population became idle, insolent, and dishonest; they ceased to reproduce the fund from which their wages, or what was now substituted for wages, their relief, was to be afforded. Poor-rates began to absorb first, the rents of the landlord, and at length the profits of the farmers; the labouring population, trained to believe that their incomes depended not on the demand for their labour, but on the fears of the overseer, or the favour of the justice, broke out into systematic outrage and rebellion; and England seemed on the eve of events more resembling those of the revolution in St Domingo, than any that are recorded in modern history. Moral philosophers now pointed out the impossibility of uniting the immunities of slavery and the virtues of freedom. They showed that no improvement was to be hoped while idleness obtained the reward of diligence—while improvidence affected not the imprudent or the extravagant individual, but his parish—and while misconduct at most only transferred the labourer from the farmer to the overseer. Attention was drawn to their reasonings by the reduced value of some estates, by the abandonment of others, and by the fires and insurrections which terrified the south of England in the frightful autumn of 1830.

The short-sighted policy, the false humanity, and the base and selfish thirst for power and for popularity, which had fostered the existing abuses, were denounced by all except a few literary or political demagogues. It was acknowledged that the labourer can be a useful, or even a safe member of society, only while his welfare depends on himself—that independence cannot be made honourable except by making pauperism disgraceful—and that employment can be made an object of desire only by making relief an object of aversion. The act which embodied and gave effect to these principles was passed by acclamation;

and whatever might be the dangers to which the social system of England remained exposed, it was supposed to have escaped those which accompany or follow a profuse system of compulsory charity.

Not ten years have elapsed, and almost all the experience of the preceding half century seems to be forgotten. The Work-House is termed an oppression; the Home Secretary refers triumphantly to the extension of out-door relief. The House of Commons listens with apparent assent to the reprobation of a dietary which gives meat only once in a week, being about ten times as often as it is enjoyed by the independent labourer;* the Government thinks itself forced to dismiss more than half of the assistant Commissioners, on whose presence the whole maintenance of the reform depends, and whose number, when at the highest, was grossly inadequate; and the public opinion of England seems to be resuming all those errors which, ten years ago, disgusted by their folly and alarmed by their mischief.

Those who have read the publications, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, will anticipate that we take as a third instance 'the Mercantile System.' That system is well explained by Joshua Gee, who, in the earlier part of the eighteenth century, published a book entitled,—'The trade and navigation of Great Britain considered; showing that the surest way for a nation to increase in riches is to prevent the importation of such foreign commodities as may be raised at home, and that this kingdom is capable of raising within itself and its colonies materials for employing all our poor in those manufactures which we now import from such of our neighbours who refuse the admission of ours.'

'To take,' says this author, 'the right way of judging of the increase or decrease of the riches of the nation by the trade we drive with foreigners, is to examine whether we receive money from them or send them money; for if we export more goods than we receive, it is most certain that we shall have a balance brought to us in gold and silver, and the mint will be at work to coin that gold and silver. But if we import more than we export, then it is as certain that the balance must be paid by gold and silver sent to them to discharge that debt. A nation may gain vast riches by trade and commerce, or, for want of a due regard and attention, be drained of them. I am afraid the present circumstance of ours carries out more riches

‘ than it brings home. Whereas formerly great quantities of bullion were brought into this country by the Balance of Trade, and coined into money: the tables are turned, and as fast as we import bullion it is sent away to pay our debts. So, many places endeavour to keep out our manufactures, and still continue to export their linen, hemp, flax, iron, potash, timber, &c., to us, which draws a very great treasure annually out of this kingdom. We send our money to foreign nations, and by employing their poor instead of our own, enable them to thrust us out of our foreign trade; and by imposing high duties on our manufactures, so to clog the importation of them that it amounts to a prohibition.’ *

For more than two hundred years the Mercantile System reigned with almost undisputed authority. At length it was shaken by the French Economists—it was conclusively refuted by Adam Smith—it was abandoned by the scientific and literary public throughout Europe, and by the mercantile public in Great Britain. Turgot and Pitt were among the first statesmen who acknowledged the erroneousness of the theory, and endeavoured to amend the practice to which it had given rise. The revolutionary wars arrested in each country the improvement of commercial legislation; and in France it does not seem to have recommenced on the return of peace. But in Great Britain the Mercantile, or, as it was afterwards called, the Protective system, became unpopular even among those who were supposed to profit by it. Thus, the principal commercial men of London presented, on the 8th of May 1820, that celebrated petition, in which they affirmed, ‘ That the maxim of buying in the cheapest market, and selling in the dearest, which regulates every merchant in his individual dealings, is strictly applicable as the best rule for the trade of every nation. That although, as a matter of mere diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of particular prohibitions or high duties as depending on corresponding concessions, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions where the desired concessions cannot be obtained. That our restrictions would not be the less prejudicial to our capital and industry, because other governments persisted in preserving impolitic regulations.’ And they ended by an earnest protest, against ‘ every restrictive regulation of trade not essential to the revenue; against all duties merely protective from foreign competition; and against the excess of such duties as are partly for the purpose of revenue, and partly for that of protection.’

Lord Liverpool gave the celebrated answer, that he agreed in every sentiment expressed in this Petition ; and that, if he were forming a Commercial Code, such should be its fundamental principles.

Unfortunately no change can be made in commercial legislation without immediate injury to individuals. No well-informed person doubts that, if no corn laws had existed, the landed proprietors of Great Britain would have been much richer than they now are. Less land would have been employed in producing corn, and more applied to raising green crops, meat, and the produce of the dairy and the garden ; the wealth and population of the country, and consequently the demand for their produce, would have been much greater ; and they would have enjoyed the advantage which the proximity of a town gives to the neighbouring country. But, mischievous as the corn laws have been, even to those who expected to profit by enacting them, it is not probable that they could be repealed without exposing some persons to immediate loss ; and the same remark applies to almost all the monopolies created by the Mercantile System. Although those who enjoy such a monopoly, or, as it is usually called, such a protection, seldom profit by it ; that is to say, are seldom richer, and often are poorer than they would have been if no such monopoly had existed, and they had not been seduced to divert their capital and industry from their natural courses, yet they almost necessarily lose by being deprived of it. Their fixed capital, their established connexions, and their peculiar knowledge or skill, lose a part of their value, or perhaps the whole. The advantage of the change is diffused over the general mass of consumers, the evil is concentrated on a comparatively small knot of producers ; and it is difficult to estimate the power of an active minority opposed to that defenceless unenergetic body, the community at large.

The attempt to extricate the commerce of the country from the restrictions which centuries of unwise, or fraudulent, or oppressive legislation had imposed, and which never wanted their fierce defenders, was arduous, and its progress was necessarily slow. That progress, however, was felt to be beneficial, and Free Trade gradually became popular every where, except within the walls of Parliament. The landlords who constitute the House of Lords, and form the great majority of the House of Commons, have always attached a preposterous importance to their legal monopoly. They exaggerate the immediate evils of its removal, and even believe that they are gaining by its existence ; and, with the bitter angry selfishness which is apt to inflame those who are forced to confess to themselves that they

gain by a public oppression, they endeavour to defend all other monopolies as outworks to their own. They fought the battle with a courage and a pertinacity which would have been honourable in a good cause, but with weapons which threw additional disgrace even on a bad one. Every commercial improvement was opposed by misrepresentation, by sophistry, by appeals to the passions of the many, and to the interests of the few; and, where these failed, by dogged, unblushing resistance. The leaders of the Tory party, however, urged on by the educated portion of the community, and immeasurably superior in knowledge and public spirit to the mass of their parliamentary supporters, carried on their reforms with the degree of vigour—it must be confessed a very moderate one—which they thought consistent with the main object of all their policy, both foreign and domestic, the stability of their own Administration. Though, at the close of their long reign, not much appears to have been done—though their principal improvements were reciprocity navigation treaties, and the substitution of nearly prohibitory duties for absolute prohibitions—yet some progress towards a better system was made, and, as we have already remarked, that progress was felt to be beneficial.

The Whig Ministry, which, during less than eleven years, effected more for the benefit of the empire than had been done, or attempted, or apparently even desired, by their predecessors during a rule of half a century, after many important but partial improvements, at length ventured to propose an extensive system of commercial reform. They failed, as was foreseen by every one who was acquainted with the prejudices and the interests which they dared to oppose. But their sacrifice of office was not made in vain. Their successors have indeed thought themselves obliged to maintain some consistency in error: as respects Corn and Sugar, they have thought themselves forced to make the country pay the penalty of their factious opposition to what they know to be right; but on almost all other questions, the principles avowed by Sir Robert Peel and Mr Gladstone differ little from those of Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. And for putting those principles in practice, they have an advantage of which it is scarcely possible to overrate the value. The liberal policy of the Whigs was constantly thwarted by the Opposition; that of the Tories is actively supported by it. To the Whigs the Opposition was a drag; to the Tories it is a stimulus. Formerly there was an engine at each end of the train—one pulling it forward and the other pulling it back. Now, while the engine in front is pulling, the engine behind is pushing. We may regret that those who sowed should not be allowed to reap;

but such is the ordinary course of events. By separating success from merit, by imposing on one set of men the sacrifice and the labour, and giving to another the credit of the result, Providence seems to tell us that higher motives than any that man can offer, ought to actuate those who assume the responsibilities of government. We firmly believe that the motives on which the late Ministry acted were a conviction, that the commercial reform which they introduced would be greatly and extensively useful, and that its introduction by a Government, must, sooner or later, lead to its becoming law. We believe that both these opinions were well founded; and that their authors will ultimately receive, in the adoption and success of their measures, the only reward on which disinterested statesmen can reckon.

It is under these circumstances, when the expediency of Free Trade is admitted by the leaders of all the great political parties, by every writer above the rank of the mere daily or weekly journalists, and even by the merchants and manufacturers, whom Adam Smith stigmatized as its enemies—when it is also admitted that retaliating restrictions, though they may sometimes be useful weapons, are always mischievous in themselves—it is under these circumstances that Colonel Torrens comes forward to reproduce, not in words indeed, but in effect, the Mercantile Theory;—to recommend, in substance, the practice of which that theory was the pretext;—to maintain that, if the Whig Ministers had been permitted to carry their measures, the results would have been the insolvency of the Bank, and a ruinous commercial revulsion, terminating in a permanent contraction of the currency, and a fall of prices, which would have rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to collect a sufficient sum to pay the public creditor;—that the adoption of the Whig Budget would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen the country, and might possibly have led to revolution.*

When such opinions are deliberately put forward by a man of Colonel Torrens's reputation in Political Economy, we feel that they cannot safely be disregarded. If he is right, all that has been done by the late Mr Huskisson and by his successors is wrong; the theory of Adam Smith and of Say, and the practice of Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel, are equally erroneous; and all who have acquiesced in the one or promoted the other, among whom we ourselves venture to claim a place, must beg pardon of God and of man for having done their best to ruin their country. The commercial policy of the seventeenth century

must be resumed. The Balance of Trade must again be the subject of anxious attention. Duties must be opposed to duties, and prohibitions to prohibitions, until, in Mr Gee's words, 'we export more goods than we receive, and have a balance brought to us in gold and silver.' But if he is wrong, it is important that his errors should be exposed before they are adopted by those to whose real or supposed interests they are favourable. Nothing spreads so rapidly, or is eradicated with so much difficulty, as a scientific error defending a practice which powerful classes wish to maintain. It is propagated by thousands who are satisfied with the conclusion, and never think of enquiring into the truth of the premises or the accuracy of the inference. Its very erroneousness, by rendering the reasoning obscure, gives to it an appearance of abstruseness and profundity. We have no doubt that if 'the Budget' were to remain unanswered, it would be proclaimed in all the strongholds of monopoly to which British literature penetrates—in Parliament, in Congress, in the '*Algemeine Zeitung*,' and in the Councils of the '*Zollverein*,'—that Adam Smith and the modern Economists have been refuted by Colonel Torrens; that free trade is good only where reciprocity is perfect; that a nation can augment its wealth by restraining a trade that was previously free; can protect itself against such conduct on the part of its neighbours only by retaliation; and, if it neglect this retaliatory policy, that it will be punished for its liberality by a progressive decrease of prices, of wages, and of profits, and an increase of taxation. We will state these startling propositions in Colonel Torrens's own words, both to avoid the danger of misrepresentation, and because we do not think we could state them with greater clearness or brevity:—

'First—When commercial countries receive the productions of each other duty free, then (the efficacy of labour being the same in each) the precious metals will be distributed amongst them in equal proportions, and the general scale of prices will be the same in each.

'Second—When any particular country imposes import duties upon the productions of other countries, while those other countries continue to receive her products duty free, then such particular country draws to herself a larger proportion of the precious metals, maintains a higher range of general prices than her neighbours, and obtains in exchange for the produce of a given quantity of her labour, the produce of a greater quantity of foreign labour.

'Third—When any country is deprived of that command over the precious metals which is due to the efficacy of her labour in producing articles for the foreign market, by the hostile tariffs of other countries, she may recover her due command over the metals, by imposing retaliatory and equivalent duties upon the importation of the productions of the countries by which the hostile tariffs are maintained.

‘ Fourth—When, from foreign rivalry and hostile tariffs, a country begins to lose a portion of her former command over the precious metals, and to experience a contraction of the currency, a fall in prices, in profits, and in wages, and a falling off in the revenue ; then, the lowering of import duties upon the productions of countries retaining their hostile tariffs, instead of affording relief, would aggravate the general distress, by occasioning a more rapid abstraction of the metals, and a deeper decline in prices, in profits, in wages, and in the revenue, accompanied not by a diminution, but by an increase in the real extent of taxation.’ *

Colonel Torrens does not weary his reader with facts. His whole proof consists of the following intellectual diagram.

He supposes two countries, which he distinguishes by the names of Cuba and England, to be equal in territory, fertility, population, amount of capital, and general efficiency of labour. That they have each a metallic currency amounting to L.30,000,000, and trade only with one another—England having in commodity A, which he calls cloth, and Cuba in commodity B, which he calls sugar, an irresistible superiority. While trade is free, A and B will alone be exchanged ; Colonel Torrens assumes, on what ground we know not, that equal values of each must be exchanged, and supposes that exchange to consist of 1,500,000 cwt. of sugar, worth 30s. per cwt., against 1,500,000 bales of cloth, worth 30s. per bale.

He now supposes Cuba to impose on cloth a duty of 100 per cent, and England not to retaliate. The result, he says, will be a proportionate diminution of the consumption of cloth in Cuba. England will export only 750,000 bales of cloth instead of 1,500,000—will receive for them only L.1,125,000 instead of L.2,250,000, and, still continuing to import 1,500,000 cwt. of sugar, must pay annually the balance of L.1,125,000 in money. ‘ Thus, ‘ then,’ he says, ‘ a new distribution of the precious metals between ‘ England and Cuba would follow as a necessary consequence. The ‘ circulation of Cuba would be increased to L.31,125,000, that of ‘ England contracted to L.28 875,000.’ He goes on to state, in words, or in substance, that there must be in the two countries an alteration in the money prices of commodities, corresponding with the altered distribution of the precious metals ; and therefore, when the increase of the circulation in Cuba raised the price of sugar there, the price of sugar imported from Cuba must also rise in the British market ; and when, in England, the contraction of the currency depressed the price of British fabrics, the price of British fabrics must fall in Cuba. In Cuba the consumption

of cloth would be increased by a twofold cause—the fall in its price, and the increased quantity of money applicable to its purchase. In England the consumption of sugar would diminish in consequence both of its rise in price and the diminution in the quantity of money. England would go on paying to Cuba a balance, partly in money and partly in cloth, until the circulation of England should be reduced to L.20,000,000, and that of Cuba increased to L.40,000,000; and in consequence the price of cloth should have fallen from 30s. to 20s. per bale, and that of sugar risen from 30s. to 40s., and the exportation from England of 1,500,000 bales, worth 20s. per bale, would discharge the debt incurred to Cuba, by the purchase of 750,000 cwt. of sugar at 40s. per cwt., and therefore no further transmission of the metals would be required.* He adds that:—

‘The import duties imposed upon British goods would be paid, not by the consumer in Cuba, but by the producer in England. Before the imposition of the import duty of 100 per cent, England sent to Cuba 1,500,000 bales of goods, and brought back 1,500,000 cwt. of sugar. In consequence of the imposition of the duty, England sends out as before 1,500,000 bales of goods, but obtains in return only 750,000 cwt. of sugar. Thus, one-half of value of her exports—one-half of the commodities which she formerly received in return for the produce of her industry, is taken from England, and paid as a tribute into the treasury of Cuba. The consumers of cloth in Cuba, who formerly paid L.2,250,000 for 1,500 000 bales, will now pay L.3,000,000 for the same quantity; viz. L.1,500,000 original, and L.1,500,000 duty. But no part of this duty will, in point of fact, be paid by them, because the import duties, by altering the distribution of the metals, increase the amount of money in their hands from L.2,250,000 to L.3,000,000, while reducing the cost price of the 1,500,000 bales of imported goods which they have to pay for, from L.2,250,000 to L.1,500,000. The consumers of British goods in Cuba, though the nominal payers of L.1,500,000 into the treasury of Cuba, would, in reality, be able to command exactly the same quantity of such goods as before. The ultimate incidence of the import duty imposed upon British goods, would be upon the British producers. The wealth of England would be *decreased* by the amount of the duty—the wealth of Cuba would be *increased* by its amount.

‘The loss of wealth occasioned by her receiving a less quantity of foreign produce in exchange for the same quantity of exported goods, would be the least portion of the evil inflicted upon England by the change which has been described. Under the circumstances assumed, the abstraction of the precious metals, the contraction of the circulation, the fall in the money price of all domestic products, the increase in the value of all fixed salaries and charges, and the augmented pressure of the debt, would concur in creating a crisis more calamitous than any that has actually been experienced. National bankruptcy and revolution would be the probable results.

‘It will be abundantly obvious, that for the evils resulting from the

causes now described, the appropriate remedy would not be a reduction of import duties in England. Under the circumstances supposed, relief might be derived from increased taxation. An *ad valorem* duty of 100 per cent imposed upon the sugars of Cuba, would relieve the country from the payment of a foreign tribute of equal amount, would bring back the metals which had been abstracted, restore the circulation to its former amount, raise the price of all domestic products, lighten all fixed charges upon land and industry, and mitigate the pressure of the debt.*

We need not fatigue the reader by stating Colonel Torrens's demonstration of his last positions. It consists simply in the assumptions, that the duty on sugar would diminish its consumption in England by one half; that Cuba must annually pay in money the balance between her import of cloth and her now diminished export of sugar, until the former distribution of the precious metals, and the former prices of cloth and sugar, were restored; and England and Cuba had again their respective currencies of L.30,000,000 each, and the exchange of 750,000 bales of cloth against 750,000 cwt. of sugar, balanced the accounts between the two countries.

It will be observed that Colonel Torrens assumes, first, that a country can exclude foreign commodities without diminishing the efficiency of its own labour; and secondly, that the value in any country of the precious metals, depends solely on their quantity there—rises precisely in the proportion in which the quantity is decreased, and sinks precisely in the proportion in which it is augmented.

We believe that if he had considered more patiently either the causes which affect the efficiency of labour, or those which regulate the value of the precious metals, he would not have modified, but abandoned, the greater part of his conclusions. We attach great importance to both these subjects, particularly to the latter; as we believe it to be a branch of Political Economy which has not as yet received due attention. We shall venture, therefore, to consider it somewhat at length.

We shall begin, however, by some remarks on the simpler question—the influence on the productiveness of labour of commercial restrictions.

It has been admitted from the time of Dr Adam Smith, that the productiveness of labour depends on its division; and that the extent of that division depends on the extent of the market. It is admitted, too, that these principles apply as much to districts as to individuals, and to nations as to districts. No one has perceived this more clearly, or has explained it more fully, than

Colonel Torrens himself, in his earlier publications. In some respects indeed, and in some cases, the territorial division of labour, to use a term which, we believe, was first applied to international commerce by Colonel Torrens, is more beneficial than even domestic interchange. It is obvious that the advantages derived from the increased productiveness of labour, are principally enjoyed by those who consume the commodities on which that labour is employed. Where the producer is himself a consumer, he obtains a double advantage. He profits by the additional supply both of his own commodities, and of those produced by others. If coals can be produced with half the labour which they previously cost, the collier, consuming largely himself what he produces, finds himself, at a less expense, better warmed than before. But an invention which should diminish by one half the labour necessary to produce a given quantity of lace, would confer no permanent benefit on the lace-makers. If the consequence were that the demand for lace were more than doubled, their wages might rise for a short interval; until the increase in the number of hands employed in their trade reduced its profits to the former level. If that demand were less than doubled, their wages might fall until their numbers had been diminished; but when this disturbance was over, their wages would remain the same, and, as they consume no lace, they would then be entirely unaffected by the change. This is nearly the state of the bulk of the manufacturers of an opulent country. Each workman consumes no part, or a very trifling part, of what he produces, and profits almost exclusively by the improvements made by his neighbours.

A great nation, on the other hand, is almost always the principal consumer of its own products. Even of British cotton fabrics, the largest production of any single finished manufacture, and the largest export that the world has ever seen, the British islands consume not only more than any other single country, but more than all the rest of Europe put together.

Again, the inhabitants of the same district enjoy nearly the same natural advantages. The benefits which they derive from the division of their labour arise almost exclusively from the use of machinery, and the increased dexterity and assiduity of each workman, as his field of operation is confined. International commerce adds the still greater benefits arising from varieties in soil and climate. When a Londoner buys his beer from a great brewery, instead of brewing it himself, he gains perhaps twenty per cent. But when he imports claret from Bordeaux, he gains 3000 per cent. He might brew his own beer at a guinea a barrel instead of 16s. He could not make his own claret at ninety guineas a dozen instead of three. If an individual were to cover

with glass one of the southern slopes of the Hampstead hills, and establish there a great manufactory of English Sherry, we should be almost inclined to appoint a committee on his estate. When a Government commits acts the same in kind, its conduct excites no surprise, and little blame. It seems almost a matter of course. In many parts of the Continent where the climate resembles that of England, the British traveller is struck by a sort of cultivation which he never saw at home. The sunniest slopes, the richest bottoms, are covered by a bright green lettuce-like plant, on which more manure and more attention are bestowed than on any other product, except perhaps the vine. He finds that this is tobacco, and that in order to raise it at five times the cost of importing it, the best land is sacrificed in countries where there is not room for a hedge, and labour, where it cannot be obtained even to keep the communications between the villages passable. As he proceeds further eastward, he finds two great empires, each with a thin population—with a vast extent of fertile and imperfectly reclaimed territory, with indefinite powers of increasing their agricultural and mineral wealth,—directing the whole energy of their governments to projects for forcing their boors and miners to become cotton-spinners and weavers; and devoting to manufactures, which can be supported only by prohibitions mounted on prohibitions—by prohibiting the produce of the Zollverein, which itself can manufacture only by prohibiting the produce of Great Britain—the capital and the industry which are wanted for the ordinary trades of a civilized country.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a country which rejects the territorial division of labour, suffers merely by the greater dearness of the commodities which it is forced to produce instead of importing them. It incurs a further, and in many cases a greater, injury—in the general diminution of the efficiency of its own industry, occasioned by the misdirection of capital and the diminished division of labour. To what extent might not the agriculture of Austria be carried, if she would devote to roads and canals, and the improvement of the instruments of industry, the productive power which she is now wasting on mills and factories? But Joseph II., the founder of her commercial policy, belonged to the school of Colbert, the Emperor of China, and their pupil Colonel Torrens. He thought, that by restricting foreign trade he could bring money into the country, and resolved that his empire should no longer be tributary to foreigners. That a sovereign surrounded by manufacturers, eager to become monopolists, should have fallen into such errors, is not strange—that Colonel Torrens should have done so, is almost unaccountable.

He states that his imaginary Cuba, after having excluded one half of all her previous imports, will retain all her previous productive powers. He forgets that she must immediately withdraw from other pursuits a portion of her capital and her industry, in order to produce at home a portion of what she formerly imported; or, if he does not forget this, he does not perceive that the general diminution of the division of labour which must be the consequence, must produce the further consequence of a general diminution of the efficiency of labour. Taking his hypothesis as he has laid it down, namely, that England and Cuba were, when Cuba first laid her duty on English cloth, precisely equal in wealth and in productive power as to every commodity except cloth and sugar; the result would be, that after Cuba had forced herself to misapply a portion of her capital and labour to the making cloth, she would, in some branches of industry, become inferior to England. Both the English producer and the Cuba consumer would find it profitable that certain commodities previously made in Cuba should be supplied from England. The labour and capital previously devoted to them in Cuba might be employed in the production of cloth; and part of the labour and capital previously devoted, in England, to the production of cloth for Cuba, might now be devoted to the production of these substituted articles. In such a case, no money need pass, and Colonel Torrens's vast superstructure falls.

He is entitled, however, to amend his hypothesis, and to suppose that the 100 per cent duty is imposed in Cuba upon every English commodity except money. Under such circumstances, Cuba would be forced to withdraw from other employments labour and capital, to be employed in making cloth, and could not supply their place by importation; and England would have to find an employment for the labour and capital now no longer wanted to make cloth for Cuba, and could not find it in the production of any other consumable commodity for that market.

The result, in each case, appears to us to be clear. The second of the two great errors, of which we have accused Colonel Torrens, consists in his having omitted to state it.

It is obvious that the capital and labour in England, which could no longer be employed in their accustomed trade of supplying cloth for the Cuba market, would be employed in the new trade of procuring and exporting the precious metals to Cuba; and that the capital and labour which would now be wanted in Cuba, in order to make the cloth formerly imported from England, would in fact be obtained by applying to that purpose the capital and labour formerly employed in procuring

the precious metals. In short, that the result of the restrictions laid by Cuba on her commerce with England, would be to turn some of the English clothiers into miners, and some of the Cuba miners into clothiers.

The possibility of such a result, however, is not alluded to by Colonel Torrens. He does not admit that either of his two imaginary countries, which, it is to be recollected, represent the whole commercial world, could increase its stock of money except by taking from that of the other. He does not admit that the value of the currency of either is connected with its cost of production. He seems to suppose that some unknown agent has thrown into the commercial world a certain amount of the precious metals, incapable of increase or diminution, and depending for its value on its quantity.

Many of our readers may think that no answer need be made to the theory, that the local value of the precious metals depends on what Colonel Torrens calls their distribution ; that is to say, on the comparative amount of them in each country. But that theory is favoured by Mr Ricardo in some unguarded passages, particularly in his chapter on foreign trade—a chapter containing the germ of most of the errors which have expanded themselves so vigorously in the writings of Colonel Torrens. It is maintained in express terms by the late Mr Mill ; with the addition that any increase or diminution of the rapidity with which the money of a country circulates, produces the same effects as the increase or diminution of its quantity.* An opinion so supported cannot therefore be safely neglected.

Yet it is an opinion that seems refuted as soon as it is explicitly stated. No one will maintain that gold and silver differ from the other metals, except in their greater scarcity and durability ; or that their attributes are changed the instant they are divided into portions of a given weight and authenticated by a stamp. But if we were asked, why does one ton of copper generally exchange for five of lead—we should immediately answer, for the same reason which causes one bushel of wheat generally to exchange for two bushels of barley ; namely, that it costs as much in wages and profits, or, to use another nomenclature, in labour and abstinence, to produce one ton of copper as five tons of lead, and one bushel of wheat as two bushels of barley.

There is probably more than fifty times as much gold in use in Europe as there is platina ; but yet gold is five times as valu-

able as platina. There is about forty-seven times as much silver as there is gold; but gold is not quite sixteen times as valuable as silver. Again, it is probable that silver changes hands ten times as often as gold; but no one seriously supposes that this cause affects the comparative value of the two metals. Cost of production, the cause which decides the value of any other commodity not the subject of a monopoly, must decide the value of the precious metals.

We will endeavour to show in detail how this takes place under the simplest circumstances.

We will suppose an insulated society of 10,000 families; having an abundance of fertile land, and using manufactures so rude, that the trifling capital employed by them may be disregarded, and so equal in fortune and rank, that the relations of landlord and tenant, and capitalist and workman, shall not exist. We will suppose gold alone to be their money, and that it is obtained by washing alluvial deposits without any expensive machinery or skill, and always in the same ratio to the labour employed.

The cost of producing gold would, under these circumstances, always remain the same; and its value in labour, or, in other words, the amount of labour which a certain quantity of it could purchase, would always correspond with its cost of production; except for short intervals, when any sudden increase or diminution in the demand for it, should occasion the existing supply to be for a time relatively excessive or deficient. Under such circumstances, the value of all other things would be estimated by comparing their cost of production with that of gold. If the labour of a family employed for a year, could gather from the washing-places fifty ounces of gold, and, by equal exertion, gather from the spontaneous produce of the fields fifty quarters of rice, the rice and the gold would be of equal value, and a single quarter of rice would be worth an ounce of gold. If the same labour could produce, in the same time, one hundred ounces of gold instead of fifty, a quarter of rice would be worth two ounces instead of one; or if the same labour could gather one hundred quarters of rice instead of fifty, a quarter of rice would be worth only half an ounce instead of a whole ounce; but while a year's labour could produce just fifty ounces of gold, the yearly income of each family, however employed, supposing their diligence, strength, and skill equal, would be of the value of precisely fifty ounces of gold.

The quantity of gold produced would depend partly on the quantity wanted for plate—including, under that word, all use of gold except as money—and partly on the quantity wanted for money. The quantity wanted for plate would of course depend on

the prevailing fashions of the country; the quantity wanted for money would depend on causes numerous and complicated. We shall explain them at some length, as the question—what are the causes which determine the quantity of money which a community shall possess?—is important, and by no means easy of solution.

It is obvious, in the first place, that the whole quantity of money in a community must consist of the aggregate of all the different sums possessed by the different individuals by whom it is constituted. And what this quantity shall be, must depend partly on the number of those individuals; partly on the value in money of the aggregate of their respective incomes; and partly on the average proportion of the value of his income which each individual habitually keeps by him in money. The two first of these causes do not require much explanation. It is clear that, *cæteris paribus*, two millions of people must possess more money than one million. It is also clear that, *cæteris paribus*, a nation, the value of whose average aggregate income amounts to L.100,000,000 sterling a-year, must possess more money than one whose annual income is only L.50,000,000.

But the causes which determine what proportion of the value of his income each individual shall habitually retain in money, are less obvious. Briefly, it may be said to depend, first, on the proportion to his income of his purchases and sales for money; and secondly, on the rapidity with which they succeed one another; but such a statement is too concise to be intelligible without further explanation.

Exchange, as it is the principle cause, is also one of the principal effects of improvement. As men proceed from a primitive to a refined state of society, as they advance from hunters to shepherds, from shepherds to agriculturists, from villagers to townspeople, and from being inhabitants of towns depending for their supplies on the adjacent country, to be the citizens of a commercial metropolis using the whole world as one extensive market;—at each of these stages man becomes more and more a dependent being—consuming less and less of what he individually produces, until at last almost every want, and every gratification, is supplied by means of an exchange. Our ancestors lived on their own estates, fed their household from the produce of their own lands, and clothed them with their own flax and wool, manufactured within their own halls. Food and clothing were the wages of their domestic servants; and their tenants, instead of paying rent in money, were bound to cultivate the lord's demesne; to supply him certain quantities of corn or live stock; and to serve under his banner in public or private war. The services of the Church were obtained by allowing the priest a

tenth of the annual produce ; and the demands of the State were limited to the maintaining roads and bridges, defence of castles, and attendance in war for forty days, with adequate provisions. Under such circumstances, the Barons and their dependents—and these two classes comprised the bulk of the community—might pass years without having to make a sale or a purchase. Exchanges they made, where one party gave services or produce, and the other party food, clothing, shelter, or land ; but these were all made by barter. The yeoman, who cultivated his own land and used the manufactures of his own family, might, in fact, live without even an exchange ; nor could the serf, though he received maintenance in return for labour, be said to make an exchange, since he had no more power to enforce, or even to require any stipulation than any other domestic animal.

The same circumstances must, however, have occasioned what money there was in the country to circulate very slowly ; or, in other words, to change hands very unfrequently. A man who, in such a state of society, received a sum, might not find for a long time an advantageous opportunity of spending it ; and he would have many reasons for not parting with it, even on what might appear advantageous terms. Where property and person are so insecure as they were among our ancestors, every one must feel anxious to have some means of support if he should be forced to quit his home, or to witness the destruction of his less portable property. Again, the demands for money, when they did come, were great and unforeseen. The knight was in constant danger of having to pay a ransom ; the tenant of having to assist in raising that ransom ; and the Crown, from time to time, required a subsidy or an escuage.

Under such circumstances, it is probable that each individual, or, to speak more correctly, each person managing his own concerns, might on an average receive in money one fiftieth part of the value of his annual income. But it is likewise probable that what he did so receive he might retain on an average for four years. The aggregate sum in his possession would not exceed a month's income ; a very moderate hoard, where the motives for hoarding were so powerful. We are inclined to think that the average proportion of their incomes, which our ancestors hoarded, during the first two or three centuries after the Conquest, was much larger. It is impossible otherwise to account for the importance attached to treasure trove, which seems to have formed a material portion of the royal revenue ; and now probably does not afford, except from ancient deposits, L.1000 a-year. The whole money of the country would, under such circumstances, change hands only once in four years.

It is probable that in this supposition—which is not without resemblance to the state of England under the Norman and Plantagenet lines—we have stated the extremes both of absence of exchange, and of slow circulation of money, that could take place in a community entitled to be called civilized. We will now suppose the country to be at peace, and secure within and without; and all the peculiar motives for hoarding to be removed. Instead of a month's income, each family might retain only a week's. Instead of once in four years, the whole money of the country would change hands every year; and L.100,000 would perform all the offices of money as well as L.400,000 did before.

In the case which we have supposed of an insulated community consisting of 10,000 families, the quantity wanted would depend partly on the cost of producing gold, and partly on the rapidity of its circulation. The rapidity of circulation being given, it would depend on the cost of production. It is obvious that twice as much money would be required to effect every exchange, if a day's labour could obtain from the washing places thirty-four grains of gold, as would be necessary if a day's could obtain only seventeen. And the cost of production being given, the quantity of money wanted would depend on the rapidity of its circulation.

We have supposed 10,000 families of equal incomes. We will now suppose the cost of producing gold to be such, that a family could gather 118 grains, or what we call a guinea, per week, or about 17 grains per day. Now, if the habits of the community were such, that each family lived from hand to mouth, and purchased every day the day's consumption, (an impossible supposition, but one which may be used as a mere illustration,) it is obvious that no family would at an average possess more or less than 17 grains of gold; 170,000 grains, therefore, would be the precise quantity wanted for the purposes of money, and all the money would change hands every day. Let us now consider what would be the consequence if their custom were to make their purchases half-yearly instead of daily. At first sight we might think that the rapidity of circulation would be retarded in the proportion of 1 to $182\frac{1}{2}$; and, consequently, that rather more than 182 times as much money would be necessary. Such would be the case if each family were, on one and the same day, to make all their purchases for the ensuing half a year's consumption. But if we suppose them to lay in their stocks of different articles at different times, and on an average to make their purchases and sales, and of course to receive their incomes, on 36 different days during each year; the quantity of money wanted,

instead of being 182 times, would not be much more than ten times the former quantity. Each family would, at an average, instead of 17, possess rather more than 170 grains of gold, the whole quantity wanted would rather exceed 1,700,000 grains of gold, and would change hands nearly ten times in a year.

But though any alteration in the rapidity of circulation would much affect the quantity wanted, it would not, except during short periods, affect the value of money while the cost of production remained unaltered. Whether 170,000 or 1,700,000 grains were wanted, still, while a day's labour would produce neither more nor less than 17 grains of gold, 17 grains of gold would, except during comparatively short intervals, be the price of every commodity produced by the labour of a day. We say, except during comparatively short intervals; because though the causes which limit the supply of gold are supposed to be unalterable, those which give it utility, or, in other words, which create the demand for it, might be increased or diminished; and during the interval between the diminution or increase of the demand, and the increase or diminution of the supply in the market, the value might rise above, or sink below, the cost of production.

The primary cause of the utility of gold is, of course, its use as the material of plate. The secondary cause is its use as money. And in the absence of any disturbing cause, the labour employed in producing gold, would be just enough to supply the annual loss and wear of the existing stock of plate and money. Suppose, now, that a change of fashion were to occasion a sudden demand for an increased quantity of plate—the introduction, for instance, of the Roman Catholic forms of worship, and a belief in the meritoriousness of adorning every altar with golden candlesticks—that demand would be supplied partly, by melting and converting into candlesticks some of the existing plate and some of the existing money, and partly by employing on plate all the current supply of gold, a part of which would otherwise have been used as money. The whole quantity of money being diminished, the average quantity possessed by each family must be diminished. A less portion would be offered on every purchase; all prices (except that of plate) would fall; and the monied incomes of all persons except the gatherers of gold would be diminished. This, of course, would occasion much more labour to be employed in gathering gold until the former amount of money were replaced.

If, after this had taken place, the use of plate should suddenly diminish—if, for instance, Protestant forms of worship should supplant the Roman Catholic—the consequences would be, of course, precisely opposite. The candlesticks would be melted

down, and the sudden supply of gold would sink its value. Part of that additional supply would probably be used as plate, of which each family could afford to use a little more—the rest would be turned into money. The whole quantity of money being increased, each family would have rather more; rather more would be offered on every exchange; all prices (except the price of plate) would rise, and the money incomes of all persons except the gatherers of gold would be increased. The gathering of gold would, of course, cease; until the gradual loss and wear of plate and money, uncompensated by any annual supply, should have reduced the quantity of gold below the amount necessary to supply the existing demand for plate and money. On the occurrence of that event, it would again become profitable to gather gold; and the price of every thing would again depend on the proportion of the labour necessary to its production, compared with the labour necessary to obtain a given quantity of gold. Similar and equally temporary consequences would, of course, follow any causes which should increase or diminish the demand for gold, by diminishing or increasing either the use of money in exchange, or the rapidity of its circulation.

Our principal object in this discussion has been to show, that the value of money, in so far as it is decided by intrinsic causes, does not depend *permanently* on the quantity of it possessed by a given community; or on the *rapidity* of its circulation, or on the prevalence of exchanges, or on the use of barter or credit, or, in short, on any cause whatever excepting *the cost of its production*. Other causes may operate for a time; but their influence wears away as the existing stock of the precious metals within the country accommodates itself to the wants of the inhabitants. As long as precisely 17 grains of gold can be obtained by a day's labour, every thing else produced by equal labour will, in the absence of any natural or artificial monopoly, sell for 17 grains of gold; whether all the money of the country change hands every day, or once in four days, or once in four years; whether each individual consume principally what he has himself produced, or supply all his wants by exchange; whether such exchanges are effected by barter or by credit, or by the actual intervention of money; whether there be 1,700,000 or 170,000 grains in the country.

In many respects, our insulated community of 10,000 families is a miniature of the whole commercial world. The whole commercial world may be considered as one community, using gold and silver as money; and ascertaining the value of other commodities by comparing their cost of production with the cost of obtaining gold and silver. And though many causes may alter

the quantity of the precious metals possessed by any single nation, nothing will permanently alter their value, so far as that value depends on intrinsic causes, unless it affect the cost at which they are obtained.

The causes which actually decide what shall be, at a given period, the cost of obtaining the precious metals in the countries in which the mines, streams, and sands which afford them are situated; or, in other words, which decide what, at a given period, shall be the poorest mine that shall be worked, or the least productive soil or sand that shall be washed or sifted, form the subject of an interesting enquiry, on which our limits will not allow us at present to enter. We hope to recur to it hereafter; but we shall now confine ourselves to the causes which regulate the supply of gold and silver in the countries which, having no natural deposits, obtain them by commerce. Such countries bear a still stronger resemblance to our supposed insulated community of 10,000 families. The rest of the commercial world is the silver mine, or the auriferous sand, to which each of them resorts in order to supply her annual consumption; and her gatherers of the precious metals are those who export her commodities.

During thirteen years, from 1829 to 1841, both inclusive, France imported 385,885,880 francs, or L.15,435,435 sterling of gold; and 1,969,600,513 francs, or L.78,784,020 sterling of silver; and exported 356,132,082 francs, or L.14,245,283 sterling of gold, and 619,656,625 francs, or L.24,786,265 sterling of silver;—showing that she requires for her own consumption, in plate and money, an average annual supply of both metals to the amount of 106,130,591 francs, or L.4,245,223 sterling.*

We have no official data showing the annual supply required by the British islands. Mr Jacob, in 1831, estimated the annual consumption of the precious metals in Great Britain, for all purposes except money, at L.2,457,221 sterling.† This estimate is treated by Mr M'Culloch as excessive.‡ But when we consider that Ireland is excluded, and that, during the twelve years that have since elapsed, the population of the British Islands has augmented by more than three millions, and our exports have risen from thirty-seven millions to fifty-one millions, it probably rather falls below than exceeds the present consumption in Great Britain and Ireland. If we add to this about L.200,000

See, for the statistics of French commerce, the yearly official publication entitled, *Tableau général du Commerce de la France*.

† Jacob on the Precious Metals, Vol. ii. p. 299.

‡ *Dictionary of Commerce*, Art. Precious Metals.

as the annual waste by loss and wear of money, the annual consumption of the British islands may be taken at L.2,700,000.

From whence do France and the British islands obtain their supplies? From the whole commercial world. The annual export of British and Irish produce and manufactures, exceeds in value fifty millions sterling. The annual export from France of French produce and manufactures, exceeds in value thirty millions sterling. There is no portion of this great export of which the exporter, if he thought fit, might not receive the price in gold or silver. In fact, he almost always does receive it in gold or silver. There is much inaccuracy in the common statement, that the commerce between two countries, when the values which they reciprocally give and receive are equal, resolves itself into barter. It has a tendency to do so, because such a result is beneficial to all parties; but this arrangement is often defeated by local difficulties, or by the ignorance of one person as to what has been done or is doing by another—an ignorance which occasions almost all the errors by which commerce is deranged. The goods which are exported from Hull to Stettin are sold for Prussian thalers—those exported from Stettin to Hull are sold for English sovereigns. The English exporter wishes to convert his thalers into sovereigns; the Prussian exporter to convert his sovereigns into thalers. The ultimate resource is, that the Englishman has his thalers sent to him, and sells them for sovereigns to a London bullion merchant; and the Prussian receives his sovereigns, and sells them for thalers to a Prussian bullion merchant. But this is a very expensive process. The voyage may take a month or more; the freight and insurance on bullion are considerable; and coined money is almost always worth something more than the mere metal which it contains. The best expedient of course is, that the Prussian and English debt, so far as they are equal, should be exchanged; and, if the Englishman and Prussian are correspondents, this is done of course. But one debt may be much larger than another; or the two exporters may have different agents, who may not be acquainted with each others' transactions. In this case, the Prussian who has to send money to England will naturally endeavour to effect it by sending commodities. Supposing the expense of sending corn or bullion to amount to 10s. per L.100, and the voyage to take a month, a profit of 10s. per month, or at the rate of six per cent per annum, would be obtained by sending goods, which would sell in Hull for merely what they cost in Stettin. If he could not send commodities, he would endeavour to find some one to whom money was due in England, who would take his Prussian money, and transfer to him his English debt.

It would be worth his while even to pay, as a premium, any thing less than ten shillings per cent—the supposed expense of remitting coin or bullion; and this premium might induce some one else to send commodities to England. If he could not make the proposed arrangement at Stettin, he might be able to make it at Dantzic, or Berlin, or Leipzig. Or if money were due to him in Vienna, or in Paris, or even in New York, by persons to whom money was due in England, it might be worth his while to direct his debtors in Vienna, or Paris, or New York, to discharge their debts to him by discharging his debts to his English creditor, and thus prevent the transit of money.

It is in this manner, by the exchange of debts and credits, that the commerce of the world is carried on, and with a comparatively small transmission of the precious metals. But, though the international circulation of the precious metals is comparatively small, it is positively great. We have seen that during thirteen years ending in 1841, France, while she imported gold and silver of the value of L.94,219,455 sterling, exported gold and silver of the value of L.39,031,548; all of which was exported merely to come back to her—the greater part being constantly passing and repassing between London and Paris. The expense, indeed, of sending money from Paris to London is so slight, that it may be supposed that no great effort is made to avoid it. But even between England and China, where it costs an expensive and dangerous voyage, and a loss of six months' interest, vast sums go and return.

It is notorious that, during the last five years, we have received eight or nine millions of ounces of silver from China. In that period we have exported to China 122,840 ounces in 1837; 125,197 in 1838; 947,256 in 1839; 322,446 in 1840; 127,797 in 1841; 1,040,194 in 1842; and 164,000 ounces in the first ten weeks of 1843. During that time, there can have been seldom less than half a million of ounces on the sea, going backwards and forwards merely between England and China. And yet, what we send to China does not amount to one twentieth part of our annual exportation of the precious metals. From the beginning of 1837 to the 10th March 1843, we exported 2,062,247 ounces of gold, and 87,555,117 ounces of silver, of the aggregate value of L.29,918,653, besides the amount recorded in the custom-house;—an amount which may be very large, as there is no penalty on non-entry.* What we imported during that time is not recorded; but according to Mr Jacob's estimate—

which appears to us, as we have already stated, to be rather below than above the truth—that we annually consume L.2,700,000 by the wear and loss of plate and money, our importations cannot have amounted to less than L.43,318,653, or more than eight millions sterling a-year. A sum equal, according to Mr Jacob's estimate, to the whole metallic currency of Europe, (L.313,388,560,) enters France in less than fifty years; and the British islands in less than forty years. When the precious metals are in this state of constant motion—when every commercial country is every day receiving and parting with them at a thousand inlets and a thousand outlets—to suppose that one nation can drain another, is as rational as to suppose that the level of the British Channel could be altered by enlarging or contracting the Straits of Dover.

Without doubt it is in the power of a nation, not by commercial, but by monetary regulations, to increase or diminish the amount of its metallic money. If we were to make silver instead of gold the British standard, we might reverse the existing proportions of the British currency. From thirty millions of gold and ten of silver, we might constitute it of thirty millions of silver and ten of gold. By issuing unconvertible government notes to effect all the larger payments, and copper coins for all the smaller ones, and rendering the use of gold and silver money penal, we might banish both metals from our circulation. Or, by prohibiting the issue of notes and copper coinage, or by internal commotions restrictive of credit, and consequently of the banking operations which depend on credit, we might render our currency exclusively metallic; and require 80 millions of metallic money instead of 40. But those measures would affect the value of the precious metals only so far as they affected the cost of obtaining them. Whether our currency consisted of 30 millions, or 10 millions, or 60 millions of sovereigns, the value in Great Britain of each sovereign would always depend on the amount of British labour necessary to obtain one.

France, with a population of 34 millions, is supposed to possess a currency of more than 120 millions sterling.* The British islands, with a population of 28 millions, possess a currency of only 40 millions. There is much less division of labour in France than in England; and consequently there are

* Chevalier. *L'Amerique du Nord*. Vol. 1. Note 20. M. Leon Faucher estimates the specie of France at 3,500,000,000 of francs, or about L.140,000,000 sterling. See his able Pamphlet, entitled *Recherches sur l'Or et sur l'Argent*.—P. 59.

much fewer exchanges in proportion to the population. The general scale of prices is much lower, and consequently each exchange, in which money is employed, can be effected with less money. But the effects of the causes which tend to diminish the quantity of the precious metals in France, are more than counterbalanced by those which tend to increase it. In the first place, the general want of credit occasions the use of money in exchanges, in a proportion, perhaps, ten times as great as in England; and secondly, money is exclusively employed in France as a safe, though unproductive investment. The French peasant accumulates specie until he can buy a patch of land—the only investment which, from the tradition of centuries, he believes to be secure. The English labourer either expends all that he earns, or lends his savings to the Government, through a Savings' bank, or to a neighbour, or employs them in some retail trade. Perhaps half the money of France does not change hands once in ten years. In England there is scarcely a hoard, except the specie in the vaults of the bank. But though France has nearly three times as much money in proportion to her population as England, gold and silver are more than one third dearer in France than in England. It costs a Frenchman more labour to obtain two ounces of silver, than it costs an Englishman to obtain three. If France could rely on internal and external tranquillity—if mutual confidence and commercial habits could be established among her people—if every town had its bank of deposits and circulation, and every village its Savings' bank—60 millions might perform all the operations for which 120 are required. The remaining 60 millions might be exported, and send back the materials, and implements of agriculture, and manufactures, in which France is now so lamentably deficient. The distribution of the precious metals, to use Colonel Torrens's expression, would be altered; but would France be a sufferer by the change? Would rents or wages fall? Would it cost more labour to obtain an ounce of silver than it does now?

Colonel Torrens states with perfect truth, that the main cause which renders the value of money, in relation to labour, different in different countries, will be found to be the different degrees of 'efficacy with which, in different countries, labour is applied.'—(*Budget*, p. 24.)—Yet, in the next page, he assumes that the value of money depends on its quantity, and may be lowered by increasing that quantity, and raised by diminishing it: 'Let us assume,' says he, 'that labour is applied with equal effect in England and in France; that, in consequence, the metals are distributed in equal proportions throughout the two

‘ countries ; and that the commerce carried on between them
 ‘ consists in the interchange of hardware, worth in England
 ‘ £1,000,000, for wine, worth in France £1,000,000. This
 ‘ being the previous state of things, let us assume further, that
 ‘ while England receives the wines of France duty free, France
 ‘ imposes a duty of 50 per cent upon British goods. The effects
 ‘ of this duty would be to alter the distribution of the metals
 ‘ in favour of France, and, consequently, to raise prices in that
 ‘ country, and to lower prices in England. The process would
 ‘ be as follows :—In France, the price of British goods would
 ‘ be increased by the amount of the duty, and their consumption
 ‘ in that country diminished in a corresponding degree ; while in
 ‘ England, in the first instance, the price of French wines would
 ‘ not be enhanced, and the consumption would, consequently,
 ‘ continue as before. The result of these changes would be, that
 ‘ England could not now send to France such a quantity of hard-
 ‘ ware as would pay for the wine she received, and would be com-
 ‘ pelled to discharge a portion of her foreign debt by a transmis-
 ‘ sion of bullion : this would raise prices in France, and depress
 ‘ prices in England. In England there would be less money
 ‘ applicable to the purchase of wine, and the consumption would
 ‘ diminish. In France, there would be more money applicable
 ‘ to the purchase of hardware, and the consumption of British
 ‘ goods would gradually increase ; and these processes would
 ‘ continue until the quantity of hardware sent to France again
 ‘ became sufficient to pay for the quantity of wine received, and
 ‘ until no further transmission of the metals should be required.
 ‘ But when the commerce between the two countries should thus
 ‘ be restored to a trade of barter, the precious metals would no
 ‘ longer be equally distributed between them, and the scale of
 ‘ prices would be higher in France than in England.

These hypothetical illustrations, in which every element is imaginary, and the words France and England, hardware and wine, might be replaced, and perhaps advantageously, by A and B, X and Z, are often instructive. But the writer who uses them incurs one of two dangers : either that of fatiguing his readers by an enumeration of all the supposed circumstances which may affect the conclusion—an enumeration which it is as difficult to follow, and to bear in mind, as it is to master the *dramatis personæ* of a new play ; or that of omitting to state some of the essential conditions.

Colonel Torrens has avoided the former of these errors. His illustrations are simple. They seldom contain more than three or four suppositions. But he has fallen headlong into the latter.

By not considering the precious metals as the subjects of waste and supply—by not considering the mode by which the stock is kept up—by not considering the influence of commerce on the efficiency of labour, and by confining his attention to two, or at most three countries, and not considering the manner and the degree in which the changes in their mutual intercourse would affect their commercial relations with other nations—he has been able to extract from his assumed premises consequences which we believe to be not merely unlike those which would be the real results, but absolutely opposed to them. He has inferred wealth from conduct which would produce poverty; and a rise of prices from causes which would make them fall.

We will not, however, fatigue the reader by opposing to Colonel Torrens an hypothesis as abstract as his own, and more complicated. We will take the British islands and France as they are, and endeavour to show what would be the actual results to each country, of a change in the French commercial code which should suddenly diminish by one half our exports to France. And we hope that those among our readers to whom our arguments may appear trite, will be interested by some of our facts.

In the year 1841—the last for which we have either French or English returns—France, according to the French return, imported from the British islands, including their European dependencies, merchandize of the value of 144,048,592 francs, and precious metals of the value of 65,402,822 francs. Of the merchandize she re-exported 42,140,718 francs, and retained for home consumption 101,907,874 francs; of which 77,784,894 francs consisted of materials of industry, 7,939,894 francs of raw consumable produce, and the remaining 16,183,086 francs, of complete manufactures. During that year she exported to the British islands merchandize of the value of 163,892,613 francs, and precious metals of the value of 20,876,485 francs. Of the merchandize, 56,401,681 consisted of foreign commodities re-exported; and the remaining 107,490,932 were French productions.

To avoid dealing with such cumbrous figures, we will call her exports to the British islands of French productions, and her imports for home consumption, each four millions sterling; three-fourths of the imports consisting of the materials of industry. Supposing France now to impose duties reducing her British imports by one half: the first result would be, that French capital and French labour must be diverted from their previous employment, to produce at home what was previously purchased from abroad. On looking through the detailed statement of the impor-

tations from the British islands, it will be seen that scarcely any commodity is mentioned, the use of which could be dispensed with, or without great inconvenience diminished. If we suppose that the supply could be produced at home at an additional expense of only 50 per cent, it would cost three millions to produce what could have been imported for two millions. L.20 a-year is a high amount for the wages of a French family ; at that rate of wages, and assuming nine-tenths of the cost to consist of the wages of labour, it would require the labour of 108,000 families, or about 540,000 persons. All this labour, and the capital necessary to set it in motion, must be taken from other employments. To what extent this would diminish the general division of labour in France, and the general efficiency of French labour, it is of course impossible to say ; but that it would diminish both cannot be doubted.

In the next place, the increased cost of production of large classes of commodities, comprising many of the most important materials and implements of agriculture and manufactures, would occasion a further, and probably a still more severe blow to the industry of France. The loss annually inflicted on the agriculture alone of France by the high duties on British iron, is estimated by an eminent French authority at 49,522,000 francs, or about two millions sterling.*

In 1841, France imported for home consumption, merchandize of the value of 804,557,931 francs, and imported in gold and silver 186,980,851 francs ; she exported French products of the value of 760,653,561 francs, and in gold and silver 72,892,083 francs. In round numbers, her imports of merchandize may be called L.32,000,000 sterling, and her exports L.30,400,000 ; her imports of gold and silver L.7,500,000 sterling, and her exports L.3,000,000. About 45 per cent of her importations were the produce of the countries immediately adjoining her ;—England, Belgium, and the dominions of the King of Sardinia, (which alone furnished more than 33 per cent,) Germany, Spain, and Switzerland ; and the same countries received about 47 per cent of her exports. It is obvious that among countries so much resembling one another in climate, soil, and civilization, as France and the group of nations which surround her, a slight difference in the cost of production must decide, as to many commodities, which shall be the exporting and which the importing country.

* M. Annison. *Examen de l'Enquête sur les Fers*, cited by Mr Macgregor. Commercial Tariffs, France, p. 140.

The diversion of a portion of the industry and capital of France from their former employments, in order to produce at home half of the commodities which she formerly imported from England, and the general diminution of the efficiency of her labour, would make it the interest of many French consumers to purchase abroad much of what they formerly purchased at home: it would make it the interest of many foreign consumers to purchase at home, or in other markets, much of what they formerly imported from France. Nearly one-fourth of the exports of French products consists of cotton and woollen manufactures;—commodities with respect to which she has no natural advantages, and in which Britain, Belgium, Germany, and America are her formidable rivals. An addition of one thirty-second part to the imports into France, and a diminution by one-thirtieth of her exports, would take from her more than the two millions of specie which, according to the Mercantile Theory, she was to have gained by the exclusion of British commodities. But it is clear that she would lose much more. We have seen that the value of money, in relation to labour, in different countries, differs according to the efficiency with which in each country labour is applied. As French labour became less efficient, its value would fall in the general market of the world—a less sum than before would perform the functions of money. As the value of gold and silver with relation to labour rose, or, in other words, as it required more labour to purchase a given quantity of either, her population could no longer afford to use the same quantity of plate. She would require less of the precious metals than before, and she would obtain less. Her national debt, her taxes, and her fixed payments, would rise in value; and all the effects which, according to Colonel Torrens's supposition, ought to occur in England, would take place in France. There would be a change in the distribution of the precious metals; and, what is really important, there would be in France a change in the cost of obtaining them. France would not only have fewer commodities, but less gold and silver; and, to obtain a given amount of either the one or other, would cost every Frenchman more labour than it does now.

Let us now see what would be the effects in England. From the year 1825, the earliest for which we have regular returns, until 1841 inclusive, England has exported to France, in coin and bullion, the average annual sum of 95,563,294 francs, or L.3,822,531; and has imported from France, in corn and bullion, the average annual sum of 36,273,840 francs, or L.1,450,953. As soon as the change in the French tariff took place, and the export of commodities from England to France fell

from L.4,000,000 to L.2,000,000, her imports continuing to be L.4,000,000, it would be necessary that England should either increase her annual remittance of coin and bullion to France by L.2,000,000, or cease to receive the 1,400,000, which she now receives, and increase her remittance by only L.600,000. As the greater part of the bullion which England annually imports is imported only for the purpose of re-exportation, she might either direct to France a larger portion than she now directs to her of her exports of the precious metals, or she might order her foreign correspondents to send to France, instead of to herself, L.600,000 out of the eight or nine millions of gold and silver which she now annually receives.

Such a change would produce a slight disturbance in the bullion trade—one of the most trifling businesses in the empire; and this slight and transient disturbance would be the whole amount of its effect on the British money market. Instead of draining us of our gold and silver, doubling our debt, halving our wages, and making us pay to the French treasury an annual tribute of L.2,000,000 sterling, it would merely give some trouble to the clerks of half a dozen dealers in a trade which probably does not employ 500 persons!

The only real injury which England would suffer, would be, that the L.2,000,000 of commodities formerly sent to France, must now receive a different destination; or the labour and capital formerly devoted to them a different employment. Of course, this would be an inconvenience. Every forced change in the channels of trade is an inconvenience. But there are grounds for believing that in this instance the inconvenience would not be great or permanent. In the first place, England would find herself in an improved situation in all the markets in which France was formerly her competitor. The efficiency of labour, and consequently the power of exporting commodities, having diminished in France, the English exporter would every where meet his French rival on better terms;—might divide a trade of which he previously had only a small share, and monopolize one which he previously divided. And, as all manufacturing superiority has a tendency to increase—the greater quantity being in general produced at a less proportionate expense, and the less quantity at a greater proportionate expense—it is difficult to say to what extent the relative superiority of English over French manufacturing industry might be carried. The new or enlarged outlets might be sufficient to absorb the whole L.2,000,000 worth of commodities excluded from the French market. We will suppose, however, that they dispose of only one-half. The labour and capital previously engaged in producing commodities of the value of L.1,000,000,

would have to seek a new market. We may assume 9-10ths of their cost to have consisted of the wages of labour, the wages of a British manufacturing family to be about L.36 a-year, and the capital engaged to have been equal in amount to the value of the commodities produced by it in a year.

On these data, which we believe to represent fairly what actually takes place, the commodities in question employed a capital of about L.1,000,000, and the labour of about 25,000 families, constituted of about 125,000 persons. If there were any thing peculiar in the machinery or in the skill required for the production of commodities for the French market, the contraction of that market must diminish, and might destroy the value of that peculiar skill or machinery; just as peace diminishes or destroys the value of the skill and machinery employed in producing some military articles. But there is no such peculiarity. Our exports to France are not the results of any manufacture especially adapted to French use; they are merely a part of the commodities which we produce for our own consumption. Yarns, linens, silks, and minerals, amount to more than eighty per cent of them. The only result of the diminution of our trade with France, would be a rather larger supply of these commodities in the market than before. But unless we believe in the possibility of a general glut—unless we believe that every body can have too much of every thing—we cannot believe that the produce of the labour of 25,000 families, or of L.1,000,000 worth of capital, would want a market. Every year more than double that number of families are added to our population, and several millions to our capital. All these new-comers must be fed, clothed, lodged, and warmed. Nine-tenths of them are employed in producing commodities and services, to be exchanged against those which they require themselves. Not only the home market but the foreign market is constantly expanding itself. Notwithstanding those hostile tariffs from which Colonel Torrens fears our commercial dethronement—notwithstanding the aid which we afford to such tariffs by our own senseless or corrupt legislation—the exports of the British islands augment more rapidly than either the population or the capital.

We have been permitted to extract from the proof sheets of the forthcoming volume of official tables, the following statement of the declared values of British and Irish produce and manufactures, exported during the fifteen years ending with 1841—the last year for which the accounts are made up. Confining ourselves to the *millions*, they stand thus :—

1827,	L.37,000,000	1835,	. L.47,000,000
1828,	36,000,000	1836,	. 53,000,000
1829,	35,000,000	1837,	. 42,000,000
1830,	38,000,000	1838,	. 50,000,000
1831,	37,000,000	1839,	. 53,000,000
1832,	36,000,000	1840,	. 51,000,000
1833,	39,000,000	1841,	. 51,000,000
1834,	41,000,000		

The details of that table show what changes may occur in particular branches of foreign commerce, without disturbing its general advance. They show that, in the years which it comprehends, our exports to particular countries frequently varied backwards and forwards by more than a million a year. But if we take periods of five years, the aggregate advance is progressive and great. A change, indeed, like that which occurred in our commercial relations with the United States of America, between the years 1836 and 1837, when our exports in one year, and to one country, fell from twelve millions to four, is a serious calamity; especially if aggravated, as it was on that occasion, by a bad harvest and a sliding corn-duty. But a change merely equal to the one which we have supposed—a change affecting our exports to one country only to the extent of a million, might occur almost without being perceived.

We will now consider the probable result, if England were to adopt the retaliatory measures recommended by Colonel Torrens and others, and impose additional duties on French commodities, which should diminish by one half the L.4,000,000 worth which she now imports from France. It is obvious that England would suffer evils the same in kind as those which were inflicted on France, when she imposed duties which reduced by one half her imports from England. England must now produce at home, or import from a less advantageous market, substitutes for the L.2,000,000 worth of commodities which she previously received from France. Her wants would be worse supplied and at a greater expense. Her labour and capital would be less concentrated on the employments in which they are most efficient. The raw materials which she now imports would be dearer. The diminution in the division of her labour, and the increased price of some raw materials, would somewhat diminish the efficiency of her labour. She would be a less formidable rival to France, and to all her other competitors, in third markets. She might, perhaps, export less gold and silver to France, but she would be able to import less from other countries. The wages of labour, and with them the general ability to use plate, would diminish. Instead of increasing her stock of the precious

metals, she would diminish it. In short, the results of the measure would, as in the case of France, be precisely the reverse of those which it was intended to produce. But though the results in each case would be the same in kind, they would be different in degree. The imports from England into France consist principally of the materials and instruments of production; and of that production which is most useful to the mass of the community. Those from France into England consist principally of finished commodities; and those commodities are principally for the use of the opulent classes—a comparatively small minority even in England. Forty-two per cent, or nearly one-half, consist of silk, cotton, woollen, and linen goods, all of them of the finer kinds. The wines and brandies, amounting to 12 per cent, are also for the consumption of the higher classes. Grain and eggs, the former of which amounted, in 1841, to $9\frac{8}{10}$ th per cent, and the latter to $5\frac{5}{10}$ th, and madder, which constituted $3\frac{2}{10}$ th—altogether 19 per cent—are the principal French commodities which the bulk of the British community consume. The customhouse war which we have supposed, like the customhouse war which now unhappily exists between the two countries, would be far more mischievous to France than to England. But that it would be mischievous to England—and, which is the important question, that the evils inflicted on England by the restrictions imposed on her commerce by France would not be diminished, but would be aggravated by retaliation—we think has been satisfactorily proved. That, under the peculiar circumstances of our commerce with France, the evils produced by that retaliation would not be great, perhaps would not be sensible, is probably true. It is enough for our argument if we have shown that the tendency of retaliation is to produce evil. It is a sufficient objection to a proposed remedy if it can be shown that its tendency, however slight or remote, is to exasperate the disease. It need not be shown to be *mortal*, or even perceptibly hurtful.

Since the preceding observations were written, Colonel Torrens has published a Postscript to his Letter to Sir Robert Peel, in which the expediency, or rather the necessity, of retaliatory tariffs is maintained, but on different premises. In his previous publications, he defended that necessity on the ground that the nation which imposed the lower duties would lose her command over the precious metals. We have shown that this ground fails. He now leaves the precious metals out of the question, and maintains that if two countries, which may be called England and Cuba, exchanged only two commodities—England being the sole producer of commodity A, called cloth, and Cuba the sole

producer of commodity B, called sugar—it would be advantageous to either to retaliate a duty imposed by the other. We believe this to be true; but we believe it to be one of those barren truths from which no practical inferences can be drawn. It is true only on the supposition that each country possesses, against the other, a strict monopoly;—a monopoly unaffected by the existence of any third market or of any third commodity, capable of serving as a medium of exchange. Each is supposed to be willing to receive only one commodity, and to be incapable of obtaining it from any source except the one other country to which its commerce is confined. The prices of the two commodities in question would be governed, not by the general and permanent regulator of price, cost of production, but by the occasional and disturbing causes, demand and supply. Any diminution of supply, the demand not having been previously diminished, would raise the value of either commodity; any diminution of demand, the supply not having been previously diminished, would sink it, and *vice versa*. In the supposed case, if England wanted more sugar, she could get it only by sending more cloth; and, as the increased supply would lower the price, she would have to give more cloth than before for a given quantity of sugar. If she wanted less sugar, she would send less cloth; the diminution in its supply would raise its value, and she would have to give less cloth than before for a given quantity of sugar. If the English Government were to lay a duty on the export of cloth,—that is to say, make every exporter pay for the permission to export it—the export would diminish, the value would rise, and the Cuba people must give more sugar than before for a given quantity. If the English Government were to impose a duty on sugar—that is to say, make every consumer of sugar pay a tax for the permission to use it—the consumption would diminish, the value would fall, and the Cuba people must give more sugar for a given quantity of cloth. By a retaliatory duty on the export of sugar, or on the import of cloth, Cuba might neutralize these effects, and the result might be to make sugar and cloth exchange again in the same proportions, though in diminished quantities.

But when Colonel Torrens attempts to deduce *practical* inferences from this hypothesis; when he affirms that, in real life, the terms of international exchanges are determined not by cost of production, but by demand and supply;* when he asserts that the country which imposes the highest duties will have her demand for the product of other countries diminished in a greater

proportion than that in which the demand for her own productions is diminished in other countries, and that the effect will be an alteration in the terms of the international exchanges to the advantage of the country imposing the highest duties, and to the disadvantage of the country imposing the lower duties;—in short, when he seriously urges us to act as if his hypothesis represented the actual state of things, we utterly dissent from, and repudiate his doctrine.

In order to show the grounds of our dissent, we will endeavour to state more clearly than we think has been done by Colonel Torrens, the principles on which international exchange depends. And we shall begin by explaining the term ‘cost of production,’ and by showing that it is the real governor, not only of domestic, but of international, commerce.

Every thing which can be produced at will, is subject to two different costs of production; the one the *minimum*, below which price cannot permanently fall; the other the *maximum*, beyond which price cannot permanently rise. The first, which may be called the cost of production to the producer, or seller, consists of the sum of the sacrifices which must be made, or, in other words, the sum of the wages and profits which must be paid or retained by the producer, in order to enable or induce him to continue to produce;—including, of course, the wages of his own labour, and the profit of his own capital. The second, which may be called the cost of production to the consumer, or purchaser, consists of the sum of the sacrifices which must be made by the consumer, if, instead of purchasing, he produce for himself. The amount of the interval between these two extremes is one of the measures of the advantages derived from the division of labour. A good shoemaker can make a pair of shoes in a day; he could not make a coat in a fortnight. A good tailor can make three coats in a week; he could not make a pair of shoes in a month. So far as the price of a commodity is not affected by any natural or artificial monopoly, it coincides with the cost of production to the producer. Were it lower, he would cease to produce. Were it higher, his employment would afford more than average wages or profits; and rival producers would crowd into it, and undersell one another.

That this is true with respect to domestic commerce, is obvious; it appears to us obvious, that it is equally true with respect to international commerce. The English spinner sells his yarns to the French importer at precisely the price which he charges to his English customer. The French weaver sells

his silks to the English importer at precisely the price which he charges to his French customer. In many cases, neither the one nor the other knows for what market he is producing, or to whom he is selling. He produces the quantity for which he expects to get a remunerating price—a price which will repay the cost of production; that is to say, the cost of the raw material, the interest and wear and tear of his machinery and other fixed capital, the wages of his work-people, and a profit to himself, at the current rate of the country, for the time which elapses between his advances and his returns. He sells to a broker, and seldom knows whether his product is to be consumed in England, or America, or France. But it may be said, what is it that decides what shall be the wages of the work-people, which, in fact, appear to be the positive principle on which price depends, the other elements being mere ratios? Why are the wages of an English cotton-spinner four ounces of silver a-week, and those of a French cotton-spinner only three? For precisely the same reason that an English cabinetmaker earns 6s. a-day, and an English carpenter only 3s.—the comparative efficiency of their labour. The produce of the cabinetmaker's day's work is worth a little more than 6s., and therefore he gets 6s. The produce of the carpenter's day's work is worth only a little more than 3s., and therefore he gets only 3s. An English cotton-spinner receives more silver for a day's work than a French cotton-spinner, because he produces in a day a larger amount of yarn, and of a better quality. The products of the labour and capital of all the French and all the English manufacturers are competitors in the general market of the world. The prices at which those products sell, determine the whole sum which is paid for the result of a given amount of the labour of each country—assisted by a given amount of its capital, advanced for a given time. The relative proportions in which labour and capital have concurred in the production, and the current rate of profit, determine in each country how much of the price of each commodity is to go to the labourer, and how much to the capitalist. If this exceed average wages or profits, other capitalists or labourers crowd in; if it be less, the production is, in time, discontinued. There is, in reality, no difference between the principles which regulate foreign, and those which regulate domestic exchanges. Why does a given sideboard sell in England for twenty guineas? Because the materials cost a sum which we will call four guineas, and the wages of the workmen fourteen, and the rent of the workshops and salerooms two guineas, making together twenty guineas; because this sum was advanced for two years, and because the current rate of profit is ten per cent per annum. Why did the wages amount to

fourteen guineas? Because two workmen were employed at two guineas a-week each for three weeks and a half. Why were their wages two guineas a-week? Because the efficiency of the labour of an average English labourer bears the same proportion to the efficiency of the labour of a cabinetmaker which the week's wages of an average English labourer—that is to say, the gold which his week's labour is worth in the general market of the world—bear to two guineas. If the value of the produce of English labour were to double in the market of the world—or, in other words, if the produce of the day's work of an average English labourer could purchase in the general market of the world twice as much gold as it can now—all other circumstances remaining unaltered, sideboards would double in price; if it were to fall, they would fall in the same proportion; and this although the supply continued the same. But if twice as many sideboards were required, they would not cost more a-piece. If only one half the number were required, they would not cost less. Indeed, under the operation of the general rule, that every increased supply of a manufactured commodity is produced at a less proportional expense, it is probable that twice as many sideboards would cost less than twenty guineas a-piece; and only half that number more. So, if France habitually purchased from England twice as much yarn as she now takes, she would not buy it at a dearer rate. If she habitually required only half as much, she would not get it cheaper. We say habitually, because a sudden and great alteration in the demand of France, might, for a time, raise or depress wages or profits in the spinning trade, and thus affect the cost of production. But this effect must cease as soon as the capital and labour employed in spinning yarn had been proportionally increased or diminished. And the probability is, that the price would then rise or fall in a direction opposite to that of the supply—a larger quantity selling at a cheaper rate, or a smaller quantity at a dearer.

But if France will take from us only half the yarns which we previously supplied to her, how are we to get the silk which we previously received in exchange for our yarns? If a butcher will take no physic from an apothecary, how is the apothecary to get meat? The services performed by coin in facilitating domestic interchange, are performed in international exchange by bullion; that is to say, by gold or silver, valued according to weight and fineness, not form;—a commodity which every nation possesses, which every nation accepts, and which from its facility of transport, and the identity of the qualities of every portion of it, has less peculiar local value than any other object of exchange. But would England suffer no inconvenience from the refusal of

France to take more than half the yarns which she previously imported? Precisely the same inconvenience in kind which the apothecary suffers when the butcher, having been previously his patient, recovers. While the butcher was ill, the value of the drugs and of the meat, mutually supplied, may have been equal, and the apothecary may have paid for his meat without sending money. He must now send money. The amount of the inconvenience would depend partly on the proportion which the profit derived by him from the butcher's custom bore to his whole income; and partly on the facility with which he could devote, to the supply of other customers, the capital and labour previously employed in obtaining this profit from the butcher.

To a certain extent, the same causes decide what is the amount of inconvenience which the loss of a customer occasions to a nation. If the Isle of Wight were to lay prohibitory duties on all British commodities, the general prosperity of British commerce would be unaffected. If England were to prohibit the produce of the Isle of Wight, that island would be seriously injured. If all Europe were to do so, the island would be ruined. So the commerce of Britain would be seriously injured, if prohibitory duties should diminish by one half her exports to America. She employs in supplying that hemisphere probably more than L.40,000,000 of capital, and the labour of more than 400,000 families, and derives a profit of more than L.4,000,000 a-year. One half of this great amount of capital and labour must now receive a different destination; and years might elapse before it could find new markets equally advantageous. But if Europe and America were to combine absolutely to exclude the produce of China, that vast empire would suffer no material loss. It is probable that the whole trade of China with Europe and America, does not employ one three hundredth part of her population, or one thousandth part of her capital. The trade of Britain with America employs, at least, a twentieth part of her population, and at least a tenth part of her commercial and manufacturing capital.

There is, however, one difference between individuals and nations, when considered as producers and sellers, which materially affects the degree in which they are respectively affected by the conduct of one another. An individual seldom produces more than one or two kinds of commodities—a nation can produce all the different raw products which are not denied to her by her soil or climate, and all the manufactured commodities of which she can import the materials. An individual, if the demand for his peculiar product is diminished, can seldom indemnify himself by directing his capital, his industry, and his skill, towards a differ-

ent branch of production. If the demand for the drugs and services of the apothecary be diminished, he is not likely to better himself by turning farmer or manufacturer; but for that very reason he has to fear the competition only of those who are engaged in the same business as himself. He is not afraid of being opposed by the butcher, or by the shoemaker. A nation can turn her capital, industry, or skill, towards an almost indefinite variety of employments. If one market, or one sort of exports, become less profitable, she can resort, probably not without immediate loss, but still she can resort to another; but, again, for that very reason she has a rival in every other member of the community of the commercial world. Her own customers are her competitors in her own markets, and in every third market. As every nation, by excluding totally, or even partially, the products of a neighbour, diminishes her own productive power, she becomes a less formidable rival to the nation whose products she excludes. If France were to abolish her duties on British yarns and British iron, she would increase the demand for some kinds of British industry. On the other hand, the vast addition which the use of British iron and British yarn would make to the agricultural and manufacturing powers of France, would materially increase the productiveness of her industry. France is even now, perhaps, our most formidable rival in our best markets, and in some of the products in which we most excel—cotton goods, linens, and woollens. Is it certain that we should be gainers by the change? Is it certain that the demand for British industry would not be as much diminished in one quarter as it would be increased in another?

Our own opinion is, that we *should* be gainers by the change. France would, in two different ways, become a better customer to us. In the first place, she would take more of our produce—she would enable us to direct more of our industry and capital towards the employments in which they are most successful. She would increase the productiveness of British industry; and at the same time, by coming in as an additional purchaser, raise the value of its products in the general market of the world. She would be a greater bidder for our produce in the auction in which all commodities are sold. In the second place, her own industry in the production of the commodities which we import from her would be more productive. Though her labourers would be better paid, their labour would be more efficient, and the produce of a given amount of labour would be more abundant and better. France would purchase more British yarn and iron; and by the improvement in her industry, would be able, without loss, probably with a greater profit than before, to give for every

cwt. of either, more cotton goods, silks, woollens, eggs, and wine, than she now gives. We believe that these advantages would more than compensate the inconvenience which we should suffer by finding her in every third market, and indeed in her own, a more powerful competitor. But we cannot believe that our gain would be clear.

The plausibility, such as it is, of the errors contained in Colonel Torrens's Postscript, depends, in the first place, on his exclusion of the use of money. By that exclusion alone, he is able to represent international exchange as depending on demand and supply, instead of on cost of production. If France would receive in exchange for her silks nothing but yarn, she might force England to increase the proportionate supply of yarn, in order to obtain a greater or even the same supply of silk. But money the French Government has not the will, or even the power, to exclude, or to subject to more than nominal duties. The French weaver has neither the will nor the power to refuse to sell his silks for money, at the cost of their production. The refusal, therefore, of France to receive yarn, would (as we have shown, at a greater extent perhaps than so obvious a statement required) affect the trade between England and France only by converting it from a direct into a roundabout trade—only by forcing us to alter the destination of the capital and labour now employed in producing yarn for the French market; and to send to France a larger portion than we now send of the bullion which is constantly passing through our ports, or under our control. And, in the second place, this plausibility depends on the assumption that the supposed customhouse war is carried on between the British empire on the one side, and the whole remainder of the commercial world on the other. His England represents the British islands and their dependencies; and his Cuba every other portion of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The whole of Cuba is tacitly assumed to enjoy free trade, as between all its different members; but to agree to impose duties of two per cent on all British commodities. What would be the measures to be adopted if all the world were to constitute itself into a Zollverein against the British empire, is a question scarcely requiring serious enquiry. In the first place, there is no motive to such a conspiracy; and in the second place, the mutual jealousies of the different nations, and the wants of their respective exchequers, would make the mere attempt impossible, even if there were a motive. And while all our neighbours are wasting their own productive powers by diffusing, instead of concentrating their industry, though they are less profitable as customers, they are less dangerous as rivals.

It must not be inferred from the preceding details that we necessarily disapprove of all retaliatory duties; or that we recommend an unconditional abolition of all which we have imposed. We believe, indeed, that every one of the duties by which a foreign nation attempts partially or wholly to exclude our produce, is more injurious to herself than to us. We believe that every one of them has in a certain degree the compensating effect of rendering that nation a less formidable rival in third markets. But we believe that in every separate case we suffer from them; and, in the aggregate, suffer considerably. We have no doubt that, if there were no other resource, we should much diminish that suffering by abandoning wholly the protective system, and levying duties only for the purposes of revenue. We believe that by doing so we should increase the productiveness of our labour; we should diminish, or perhaps destroy, the rivalry of many of our competitors in third markets; and that thus, without perhaps affecting, what is perfectly unimportant, the distribution of the precious metals, we should increase our command over them.

But it certainly would be much better if we were not only to renounce our own follies, but to induce our neighbours to renounce theirs. ‘There may,’ says Adam Smith, and we agree with him, ‘be policy in retaliations of this kind, when there is a probability that they will procure the repeal of the high duties complained of. The recovery of a great foreign market will generally more than compensate the transitory inconvenience of paying dearer during a short time for some kinds of goods. To judge whether such retaliations are likely to produce such an effect, does not perhaps belong so much to the science of a legislator, whose deliberations ought to be governed by general principles, which are always the same, as to the skill of that insidious and crafty animal, vulgarly called a statesman or politician, whose councils are directed by the momentary fluctuations of affairs.’ *

‘But,’ he adds, and here also we agree with him, that, ‘when there is no probability that any such repeal can be procured, it seems a bad method of compensating the injury done to certain classes of our people, to do another injury ourselves, not only to those classes, but to almost all the other classes. This may no doubt give encouragement to some particular class of workmen among ourselves, and, by excluding some of their rivals, may enable them [for a very short time] to raise their price in the home market. Those workmen, however, who

‘suffered by our neighbour’s prohibition, will not be benefited by ours. On the contrary, they, and almost all the other classes of our citizens, will thereby be obliged to pay dearer for certain goods. Every such law imposes a real tax upon the whole country, not in favour of that particular class of workmen who were injured by our neighbour’s prohibition, but of some other class.’ *

But, after all, the practical question for a British statesman is the policy not of retaliation but of persistence. It is not, whether by inflicting, or by threatening to inflict restrictions on the commerce of foreign nations, we should endeavour to persuade them to remove, or to relax, those which they have imposed upon ours; but whether, after having by our exactions, by our prohibitions, by our sliding scales, and by our differential duties, provoked foreign nations to retaliatory schemes, we ought or ought not to retrace our steps. The British reader of Colonel Torrens might suppose that we are the innocent victims of an Anti-Anglican conspiracy. A foreign economist would tell a different story.

We will compare the British tariff with that of a nation which is supposed to be distinguished by the exclusiveness of its commercial system, namely, with that of France. In 1841, the value of the imports of France for home consumption amounted to 804,557,931 francs; the duties on them amounted to 129,679,125 francs—being L.16, 2s. 4d. per cent. And this includes the imports from her own colonies and dependencies. It may be supposed that British commodities were unfavourably treated. The value of the commodities imported by France for home consumption in 1841, from the British islands and their European dependencies, was 101,907,874 francs; the duties on them amounted to 11,288,996 francs—being L.11, 1s. 6d. per cent. These estimates, however, require some correction; in consequence of the valuation of foreign commodities having been made in 1816 and 1817, and not subsequently revised. Since that period, many of them might have altered in value, and some of them must have fallen. If we take 10 per cent from the value of the whole bulk of the commodities imported, it will leave the French tariff not quite 18 per cent on the average value of the commodities imported for home consumption, and not quite $12\frac{1}{3}$ per cent on British commodities. Let us now turn to the British tariff. As the greatest part of our duties are imposed according to quantity, it is difficult to state, with accuracy, what pro-

portion they bear to the value of the commodities imported. But we will endeavour to give a rough approximation.

For the ten years ending with 1840, the last included in Mr Porter's published tables, the average gross revenue of the customs amounted to L.21,941,764 a-year. If we had a return of the real value of the imports from which this revenue was derived, we could, of course, state the average *ad valorem* amount of our duties. But we have none. We have, however, an account of the real value of our exports. Their average annual value during these ten years was L.45,244,407. With these exports we purchased every year not only the commodities liable to duty, but also L.2,700,000 of gold and silver, which amount, as we have shown, is annually consumed in the British islands, on the wear and loss of coin and plate. After deducting the exports which went to purchase this sum of L.2,700,000, there remains an annual export of the value of L.42,544,407, with which our imports, exclusively of gold and silver, were purchased. The imports, of course, on their arrival in the British islands, were worth more than this sum; as the expenses of carriage and the importer's profit must be added. To cover these expenses and this profit, and any other inaccuracies which may have crept into our estimate, we will make the large addition of 20 per cent. On these data, the imports on which, the average annual sum of L.21,941,767 was paid for duty, were of the average annual value of L.51,053,288; making the average amount of our duties L.42, 19s. 6d. per cent on the value of the commodities imported—including, as we have done with respect to France, the imports from our own colonies and dependencies. But it may be said that we have taken into the account only the duties imposed by France, and not her prohibitions. Do we impose no virtual prohibitions? A duty of L.42, 19s. 6d. per cent is, with respect to the vast majority of commodities, as effectual a bar as the most express prohibition. Or it may be said that this was the state of things under our old tariff, and does not represent what now exists. In fact, however, the new tariff has made no material alteration. The most important articles which it has affected are corn, coffee, and timber. On corn it has practically raised the duty from 5s. 10d. per quarter, the average duty previously paid, to 8s. per quarter. Coffee and timber it has left subject to duties of nearly 150 per cent; and the amount of both is too small to lower the aggregate percentage of our duties as much as the increase of the duty on corn has raised it.

Now, when this is the state of the commercial relations between France and the British islands—when France imports for

home consumption L.4,000,000 worth of our products, at an average duty of less than 13 per cent—Colonel Torrens ventures to assert that the import duties imposed by France, limit our exports to that country to an inconsiderable extent,* and to advise us, by the prompt adoption and rigid enforcement of a retaliatory system, to give the French producers a lesson on the evils of protection.†

There are few nations with whom a British negotiator must not carefully avoid all allusion to retaliation, and certainly France is not among those few. Colonel Torrens, however, goes further still. In his patriotic blindness to the conduct of his own country, he recommends us to oppose differential duties to the tariffs of Cuba and Brazil‡—countries whose staple commodities we tax at 150, 300, and 3000 per cent !

If we believed, with this writer, that, under existing circumstances, to open our ports is charlatanry, and that to reduce our duties without requiring corresponding reductions, is ‘ to make ourselves tributary to foreign states ;’ §—‘ to relinquish the lever which might move them to concession, and to grant a bounty on the continuance of restrictions on our trade ;’ ||—if we believed this, we should feel all the apprehensions which he expresses, and more. We should tremble for the prospects of our country, if we believed that a hostile conspiracy was shutting us out from the rest of the commercial world, and that the value of our labour and our command over the precious metals were rapidly diminishing. We should despair, if we believed that restrictions still more vexatious, duties still more oppressive, and prohibitions still more numerous, were the remedy. That our situation is not without difficulty or without danger—that we cannot be extricated by any Minister who wants the knowledge of what is right, or the decision necessary to compel his ignorant or selfish followers to submit to its adoption—that the vessel is not in seas in which she can be navigated by an irresolute captain, disunited officers, and a mutinous crew ; all this we believe, and indeed fear that we may have tired our readers by repeating. If we further believed that there is no course less objectionable than that which has led to the shoals and quicksands to which we have been steering—if we believed that to retreat is still more dangerous than to advance—we should endeavour to shut our eyes to the signs of approach to unavoidable ruin, and only hope that we might not be in life at the time of the catastrophe.

* Letter to Sir R. Peel, p. 21.

† The Budget, p. 67.

‡ Postscript, p. 27.

§ Budget, p. 61.

|| Ibid. p. 62.

It is because we know that the evils which we are suffering, and the dangers which we are fearing, are self-inflicted and self-created—because we know that they are to be remedied or averted, not by concessions to be wrung, or rather attempted to be wrung, by entreaty, or menace from foreign rivals, but simply by consenting to purchase what they are eager to sell—because we know that our industry will be re-animated when it is unfettered, and prosperous when it ceases to be misdirected, that we feel hope; it is because we know that these opinions are rapidly spreading and gaining strength throughout the nation, that we feel confidence.

ART. II.—*The Life of a Travelling Physician, from his First Introduction to Practice; including Twenty Years' Wanderings through the greater part of Europe.* 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

THIS is a rambling, discursive book;—the work of a clever and acute observer; but nowise remarkable for either thinking or style. It has been put together with as little pains as we ever remember to have seen exemplified in the operation of book-making. But it is, upon the whole, amusing; and it leads us to think favourably of the author himself. Sir George Lefevre (for so the writer is confidently named in some of the periodical publications of the day) has seen much of life—a great deal more than he chooses to communicate; and in what he has here revealed, it is not always easy to distinguish between ‘*dichtung*’ and ‘*wahrheit*’;—to borrow the title of Goethe’s *Memoirs*, which he has himself chosen by way of motto. Nothing, at any rate, can be more careless than his manner of throwing together his loose remarks on men and things; nothing more commonplace than two-thirds of the matter with which he has filled up the predestined and favourite number of three volumes. But the remaining portion consists of quaint anecdote, and descriptions of scenes and characters, such as only an intimate acquaintance with the interior of foreign life could have enabled him to delineate; joined with the shrewd judgments of a cosmopolite on the world about him. A little more knowledge of languages, we should have thought, would have done him no harm: his German is somewhat elementary; his sins against French orthography (albeit an accomplishment on which he prides himself) unpardonable; while

with Polish and Russian, though he lived sixteen years in these countries, he does not seem to possess any acquaintance. He at least disfigures the names of places and people in a manner only equalled by the most slovenly of modern tourists. But as he has managed to live and thrive without them, so he succeeds in giving his reader a tolerable insight into many things, of which some writers of greater pretensions convey no idea. Altogether, had we been consulted, in our consulting capacity, as to whether these records of the life of our medical friend should be given to the public, we should have felt some difficulty in advising on the case: as it is, we are glad that no opportunity was afforded us of giving the austerer counsel.

The 'travelling physician' first introduces himself to us in his capacity of medical student; having just picked up knowledge enough to fancy himself the victim of all the ills which flesh is heir to. It was under this conviction that he started on his travels, after obtaining his degree at Edinburgh. 'Each pain and ache,' says he, 'every uncomfortable sensation which I experienced, seemed to indicate the last stage of consumption. I was continually feeling my pulse, taking a deep inspiration to discover whether I had any pain in my chest, attentive to every little symptom which might tend to strengthen the opinion which I had formed of my case. I had two objects to attain, and their mutual accomplishment was necessary to my existence. I had to regain my own health, and to procure the means of so doing by endeavouring to restore the health of—others.'

The unpromising resource of East or West India practice was of course the first thing which offered itself under these peculiar circumstances; but fortunately, as it turned out for our physician, his endeavours for employment in those quarters did not succeed; and in September 1819, after a period of that trying and anxious uncertainty which is usually allotted to the young pilgrim in his outset in that profession—one of the roughest passages in the life of all, and one with the sufferings of which there is the least sympathy to be met with—he found himself comfortably established as travelling physician to Lord —, then leaving England in the last stage of consumption. We might, were it proper, fill up the blank with the name of a Scottish nobleman of no ordinary character; one of those sanguine temperaments so often found in conjunction with predisposition to this malady; the projector of schemes of singular magnitude, who lived, like many similar projectors, a little before his time, and would have found in our days a much wider field of action, and fellow-visionaries as zealous as himself.

English physicians had not then attained the melancholy

learning with which they now estimate the several varieties of air and temperature in the regions to which they recommend the victims of that appalling complaint. They consigned their patients to various by-places of the newly opened Continent; but with results much the same. Spain was talked of for wintering—then Montpellier—then Toulouse—and Pau was finally determined on, where the southern breezes blow freshly from the glittering icy wall of the Pyrenees, full in sight. ‘Qui diable vous a conseillé de venir ici?’ said the Basques, as they pointed to their mountains. The first breezes of spring heralded the departure of the poor invalid, and procured the doctor his release, and a pleasant solitary tour in the Pyrenees, where a village *Æsculapius* seems to have laughed him out of his fancies about his health; and we hear no more of *his* consumption.

After the termination of this engagement, we find him again in London, exerting himself ‘to get on’ in the usual course of his profession. He nearly succeeded in a great canvass for a Dispensary; but at last, although he could prove by his books that he had secured two-thirds of the *bona fide* subscribers, the candidate whom he feared the least ‘created upwards of a ‘hundred old women, whose proxies threw me,’ he says, ‘into ‘the minority! I was in a rage, and the directors were in a rage, ‘and a council was called, and a law was passed which prevented such proceedings for the future; but had no retrospective influence, and it did not help me.’

After three or four more years of hard study, anxious expectations, and no fees, he accepts a situation with Prince ———, at Paris, as family physician, for five years.

‘The Prince was a man who lived for the day, and only thought of the morrow as able to procure him possibly more entertainment than the day. He seldom read, and if he did, it was only a pamphlet, or the last new novel published by Avocat. With politics he never troubled himself, or he had, perhaps, been too much troubled by them. As regarded general literature, however, he seemed to be quite *au fait*; he knew the merits of most authors, and could equally point out their defects. Speak of chemistry, he seemed thoroughly acquainted with the principles of the science. Physics he had a natural talent for, and was often occupied in inventing some plan to counteract the loss in vertical motion. He was a very fair mathematician. He was an excellent modern linguist, and could speak half a dozen languages fluently. He knew nothing of the classics. His conversation was replete with anecdote, for his memory was most retentive, and he turned every thing he heard to his own account: he made it in fact his own. So far from appearing to have neglected his education, he seemed on the contrary to have studied a great deal; and yet his whole information

was derived from what he had picked up in conversation, and little from books. His social powers were great, and as he was not pedantic, but gallant and amiable in the extreme, so he was adored by the fair sex. The character drawn by Segur of the famous Potemkin would apply in many respects to the Prince.

‘I may observe, that his occupations were most trivial. He would rise at five o’clock, put on his *robe-de-chambre*, and sit at his table in his study till ten or eleven o’clock A.M. During the whole of this time he was employed in sketching something upon paper, chewing the corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and taking snuff; wholly absorbed in these occupations, he hardly lifted his head from the table until he was summoned to breakfast. Then his latent faculties became free, and he would converse during the whole of this repast with his *maître-d’hôtel*, or his cook, if he had no other company. He seldom, however, was driven to such expedients; for as his table had the first reputation, there were seldom wanting guests in the shape of cousins or nephews, or even of intimate friends. This repast, which generally lasted an hour, was always taken in the *robe-de-chambre*; and then he retired again to his cabinet, where he remained until it was time to dress himself for the more important duties of the day; such as are performed by a man with plenty of money, and without any official occupation, in the most dissipated city in Europe. It was a promenade with the Duchess of —, or the Countess of —; perhaps it was in paying court to the King, or more probably in doing nothing at all, with which he occupied himself till dinner-time.

‘If the time previous to this important epoch of the day, for to him *la vie c’était le diner*, was not all disposed of, he quietly undressed and went to bed, where he slept as soundly as at midnight, until his valet announced to him that it was time to dress. Then his imagination awoke, and he was employed in anticipating the quality of the repast till he found himself seated by the fair Duchess, and in the act of saying the prettiest thing in the world, or relishing a delightful mouthful of some choice dish. This was his element; he shone here as a bright star in the gastronomic firmament; but what greater eulogium can be paid him, than the one pronounced upon him by his own cook, who, in speaking of him, and discussing his different merits, observed, that it was a pleasure to serve him; for, said he, “*Monsieur le Prince est essentiellement cuisinier.*” — (Vol i. p. 108.)

The artist in question had been cook to two Empresses, and was a man of merit, but an inveterate thief notwithstanding.

‘He had attended several courses of chemistry, and was always busy in enquiry. He observed to me once, indeed, with great emphasis, “that with respect to cooks and physicians it might be said truly, that their education was never finished.” Though the man was a Gascon, there were some good points in his character. He was honest enough to confess his dishonesty.

‘The Prince, once shut up with him in his carriage, and proceeding gloomily along the road which leads to Smolensko, (soon after the termination of the campaign which reduced that city to ashes,) wishing no

doubt to change his train of ideas, burst like a torrent upon his unsuspecting artist with the emphatic demand, "Why do you rob me so?" The poor astounded cook, who was at the very moment probably devising some plan of speculation, to make up for the time lost in a long, and for him unprofitable, journey of some weeks' duration, replied in an agitated tone, "Sir, sir, I don't rob you, I only——only——only make the usual profits of my——" "Stop," said the Prince, "I am not angry with you: I know that you rob me; but I wish to make an arrangement with you. Why do you do it? I give you a handsome salary, you have many perquisites, and what need have you of more? Now be candid, and speak the truth boldly: you know that I cannot do without you."

'There is nothing like making an appeal to a man's feelings; it is by far the best way of attacking him. The cook felt the full power of the concluding part of the sentence—"I cannot do without you."

"Why, sir, I admit that yours is an excellent situation; but you know, sir, that it is not equal to my expenses. I like society—to treat my friends handsomely. I am addicted to play; *enfin j'ai une petite maîtresse*; and you must be aware, Prince, that, all these things considered, your wages are not sufficient."

"Good," said the Prince: "this is precisely the point to which I hoped to bring you. Tell me how much all this costs you over and above what I give you and I will make up the difference; only do not rob me."

'The cook laid his hand upon his heart for a minute, and looking with an affectionate, and even grateful expression towards his master, replied in a suppressed sigh, "*Non, monseigneur; je préfère de vous voler.*" Having said this he burst into tears, and hid his face in a cotton handkerchief. The Prince, seeing his distress, clapped him upon the shoulder, and encouraged him by saying, "*Bien, mon cher, très bien, comme tu le voudras.*"'—(Vol. i. p. 112.)

We must find room for a couple of other portraits from the same Prince's household gallery—his French and Russian valets, Baptiste and Nicholas—each, like the cook, an arrant thief; but the one a thief of honour, the other of a religious turn. Thus says the Prince himself respecting them:—

'Were I to ask the former, who is a good and faithful servant enough in his way, but were I to ask him, I say, to do any thing more than he thought consistent with his dignity, and the glory of the French name, he would spit in my face. Were I to command him in the field, he would willingly rush into the cannon's mouth, and this not in mere obedience to my individual command, but with the idea of serving my country through me, and doing his duty as a soldier. Whereas the bear, as you call him, does every thing which I tell him to do, because it is I who tell him to do it. He never stops to consider whether I have the right to command him or not. It is true, he will rob me with one hand, but then he will burn the other off for my sake. Such is human nature; such the difference between unpolished and civilized life.

‘The difference of character in these two servants was strikingly illustrated when they were under my care. Baptiste had injured his leg, and the wound spreading, he became alarmed : seeing, also, that I did not look as if I gave him much hope, he enquired with much agitation, “ *Est ce que Monsieur le Docteur en ait une mauvaise opinion ?*”

“We shall see, Baptiste : drink no wine.”

‘The following day, as I entered his room, he first pointed to the bottle of wine, which was uncorked, and then undid his bandages with fear and trembling. “Baptiste,” I pronounced, and he trembled. “*Cela a changé de face, Baptiste.*” “*Tant mieux, Monsieur le Docteur, tant mieux ; mais Monsieur parle très bien Français !*” What satisfaction did he experience in paying me this compliment !

‘Now, how did Nicholas conduct himself under bodily suffering ? He had received a kick from a horse, which had produced a considerable contusion. I was absent when the accident happened ; but upon my return I found Nicholas stretched upon a mechanical bed. It was impossible to keep my countenance. He was beating his breast with one hand with all his might, and holding a Bible in the other. I asked him how he felt, he replied, “*Grâces à Dieu, Monsieur le Docteur.*” He continued his lamentations morning, noon, and night. It happened to be in Lent, and nobody could persuade him to touch a bit of meat ; and he said grace over every glass of water which was given him to drink. His friends who came to see him got so tired of his *misereres*, and so disappointed at finding no good cheer, that they soon abandoned him. When left quite to himself, he held sweet converse therewith ; and thumping his breast, and turning round the image of the Virgin, he soliloquized, “*Eh bien bon Dieu, tu m’as tappé fort—tu as bien fait, j’ai été un grand pecheur.*” Then he crossed himself again. “*Laissez-moi échapper ce te fois-ci—Oh bon Dieu—je confesserai à l’avenir trois fois par semaine.*” Thus did he amuse himself for days and weeks, until, the bones uniting, (for he had broken his thigh,) he began to stump about as usual ; and as he improved in health, his piety decreased in fervour.—(Vol. i. p. 137.)

In this curious family our physician seems to have spent his time pleasantly enough, between Paris in the winter, and Dieppe in the summer. He gives us very little of his French reminiscences : but we extract the following sketch of Drs Gall and Spurzheim, then in the full bloom of their respective theories. The rival *thaumaturgi* were men of very different characters :—

‘Dr Spurzheim’s physiognomy indicated every thing which was kind and benevolent, and he was what he appeared. A better man never lived. He had, perhaps, too great faith in his own opinions. As to the countenance of Gall, I should say that it indicated that feeling had been absorbed in interest, and that it betrayed a disbelief in every thing, and even in his own system ; and if the world judges rightly, such was really the case. In conversing with several of the French professors upon this subject, I found them unanimously of this opinion. “*Spurzheim croit au moins à tout ce qu’il dit, comme un bon enfant. Gall n’y croit pas un mot.*” Such was the opinion in Paris.

‘ I first met with Dr Gall at a patient’s breakfast-table. He was busily employed in eating dried salmon, for which his organs of taste seemed to have been particularly created. His first expression startled me a little, and the more so as it was in a hotel in the Faubourg St Germain. “ *Tout ce qui est ultra est bête*,” said the Doctor, as he was criticizing the conduct of one of his patients, who, not having attended to the Doctor’s injunctions, was suffering for his disobedience by confinement to his bed.

‘ “ *Permettez-moi de vous presenter le Médecin de mon frère*,” said the lady of the house, interrupting him, “ *c’est un Anglais*.” The Doctor rose and bowed in honour of my country. Several commonplace phrases were interchanged between us ; but nothing which passed denoted any thing extraordinary in the mental endowments of the phrenologist. Still, as I gazed upon his brow, I seemed to see indelibly imprinted the iron character of his soul ; the stern, unyielding physiognomy which scarce allowed a smile to play upon it. His countenance was one, however, expressive of great intellect ; for thus far we will go, but no further, that the head is the “ mansion of the mind, and the index of its powers.”

‘ “ And how is poor N—— ?” inquired the hostess.

‘ “ *Oh, voilà encore un animal*,” replied the Doctor. “ He has taken some offence at what I said to him yesterday, and I suppose I shall not be sent for again. Indeed, I hardly think that he will live through the night.”

‘ “ Good God ! is the poor old chamberlain so near his end as you say ?”

‘ “ He has lived long enough,” he replied, “ to be wiser than he is. He took offence at something which I said to him, and which wounded his pride ; but it was true, and had I not wrapped the bird in warm towels, it certainly would have died.”

‘ “ Pray, be more explicit,” continued the lady, “ and tell me what has passed. You know that we are related, and I take a great interest in all that concerns the old ——.”

‘ “ Why, then,” continued the Doctor, “ if you will know all the gossip of the town, I was sitting yesterday by his bedside, and had paid him rather a longer visit than usual, when one of those convulsive fits of asthma to which he is so subject, and which sooner or later will put an end to his existence, began to manifest its attack. I rose to go away, and see my poor patient at home, and who wanted my care ; but the asthmatic man made signs to me to stay with him till the fit was over. I told the attendants that I was in a hurry, that I had a patient at home waiting for me. They pressed my remaining, but I insisted that I could not ; for unless I hastened to wrap the peacock, who had caught cold, in warm towels, he might perhaps die.”

‘ “ Good God !” said the hostess, “ and was this the patient who interested you so ? and could you leave a human being in his sufferings, to look after a peacock ?”

‘ “ It is a great favourite of my ——’s,” and he stopped himself. “ Your relation, the Mareschal, sent it to me from Poland. I would not lose it for any money : and when I could do good in the one case and

none in the other, is there any thing so monstrous in it, pray ?"—Vol. i. p. 144.

The father of Phrenology was by no means popular with his brethren of the profession at Paris ; and was considered guilty of many deviations from orthodox practice. Among others, he was in the habit of denoting the drugs in his prescriptions by numbers, to which only a few confidential chemists had the key—by which means he effectually precluded not only the patient but the faculty from criticizing his exhibitions. He was once persuaded to become a candidate for the Academy of Sciences, but was blackballed by every voter but one—M. Geoffroi de Saint-Hilaire, his proposer.

At the end of the stipulated five years, the physician accepts an invitation to winter with the Prince in Poland, and to proceed thence, *viâ* Odessa, to St Petersburg ; and here the really interesting part of his narrative begins. Travelling in the society of a party of high rank, he saw at least the outside of Polish high life, such as it is, or was found in the great castles of the interior, some three years before the Revolution, which spread such bitter desolation, not over the kingdom of Poland only, in which its chief military events took place, but wherever the Polish language was spoken ; for from every corner of that ancient realm, some of the noblest of its children made their way to take a part in the struggle. It is but a gloomy picture which he draws of Polish society. The old destiny weighs still on the nation, and generations of trial have not yet redeemed it—patriotism without unity, bravery without energy, and genius without application. A hundred thousand of the nobility of this devoted country have peopled the deserts of Siberia since Catharine first placed its crown on the head of her paramour. Few years have passed in which some of her children have not departed on that pilgrimage without hope ; where the last prayer of parting friends is, that they may never meet again. And, in these last times, every part of Europe has been witness to the heroism, and the dignity, with which her high-minded exiles have endured their unequalled privations. Yet the Pole, at home, seems to be the same reckless being as ever—exhibiting the same insignificant, listless ways of living, the same mixture of indolence and impatience, the same mobility of temperament, which fills his painstaking German neighbour with astonishment, dislike, and self-exaltation.

‘ The nobleman of the present day is a linguist, because chance has made him so ; he can talk of wars and battles, because they have been familiar to him from his cradle ; he is a perfect ladies’ man, for ladies like to hear about wonderful things, and with all such he is conversant ;

but dead languages require study and application, and these it does not enter into his heart to conceive. He has studied truly in a great book, and retains the best part of its contents; but this is a book which owes nothing to the art of printing. When in a library, he is completely out of his element, though by his conversation you would suppose he was quite at home; and, without ever having read a volume, he is more conversant with the facts therein contained than the mere bookworm who has been groping in it for years, but who, with all his labour and information, cannot make himself agreeable in society for a single hour. The other loses nothing that he hears; he gains his knowledge as he does his *florins*, by the toil of others; and he is satisfied with both when they are sufficient for the calls he has upon them. They are both equally necessary to him; he can live neither without money nor without society; he procures both at a cheap rate, inheriting the one, which affords him the means of purchasing the other: nor is he content with a modicum of either. If he is in society he must enjoy it—he must shine in it.

‘ Few people have more active or penetrating minds, better memories, and a more happy method of converting every kind of information to an useful currency.’—(Vol. i. p. 277.)

Whether it be the effect of bad education, or of his irrepressible restless nature, and a sort of practical epicureanism which looks on life as not worth the trouble of serious investigation, the Pole studies nothing; and his knowledge is confined to what may be creditable in conversation. His life passes in a routine of crowded, uninteresting society, with little excitement but that of gambling;—the vice and ruin of his race from the earliest period. The Russian is in many respects a similar being; but then the Russian of rank, whatever may be his qualifications as an individual, fills a post as a component part of the mightiest political machine in the world, which gives his life a very different significance from the wretched, purposeless existence of the Polish nobility.

One curious effect of the selfishness engendered by such habits as are unfortunately inevitable in a community of nobles and slaves, is that excessive fear of death which is apt to steal over the rich and prosperous, and vents itself in a thousand strange eccentricities.

‘ I should say that the Poles were more certain in succeeding in their attempt to kill time than the English, and that they were more apprehensive also that time would kill them. I have been consulted by many of them, not for any particular complaint, but for the sake of ascertaining my opinion as to the probability of their longer or shorter duration upon earth.

‘ I was sitting one fine evening upon a bench in the gallery of a country house, when an old gentleman of sixty years of age approached me with his pipe, saluted me very politely, and sat down by my side. The sun was declining, and shedding that orange, autumnal tint which characterizes his beam at this season in northern latitudes. All was still. I

was reflecting upon the similarity of the feeling which I experienced with what I have described when I was contemplating the Wrekin in Shropshire ; and I thought that I could discover in my companion much the same sensations as were expressed by the ancient lady who dwelt so much upon the cruelty of the word *last*. Neither of us spoke for some time, till the tolling of the convent bell roused him from his reverie, and he said to me with a sigh, “ *Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes jeune, vous vous moquez de ces cloches, mais pour moi c’est autre chose.*”

‘ I attempted to joke with him upon the subject ; but he continued, “ *Moi qui aime tant à vivre, et de penser que je serai fourré dans la terre comme une bête.*”

‘ I smiled, and told him that he was still strong and hearty, and that he would outlive me yet.

‘ “ *Croyez vous ?* ” he replied, and he rose abruptly, and, saying to me, “ *Attendez un instant, je vous prie,*” he went into his room, which was adjoining. He soon returned, and brought me a prescription to look at, which was given to him by Dr —, in Vienna. He then asked me my opinion of it. I replied that it was excellent of its kind. His countenance brightened, and he added, “ *Mon médecin m’a dit qu’avec cela,*” (folding up his prescription,) “ *je vivrais tant que je voudrais.*”

‘ “ *Il avait raison,*” I replied, and he squeezed my hand warmly. He belonged to the class of those who fear only that time will kill them.’— (Vol. i. p. 263.)

‘ During our stay in Brody, we were lodged in an old and dilapidated castle, once capable of defence, the former residence of Count —, to whom, indeed, the whole town itself belonged. He had lately paid the debt of nature, and died in the bed which he had not quitted for many years previous. He was an eccentric character, but a man of talent and information ; and though rational upon all other points, he seemed to be hardly so upon one, which was an idea of living longer by always remaining in bed. He actually lived, not merely in his chamber, but in his bed, for many years of his life, and his greatest consolation was derived from reading accounts in the papers of people dying by falling off their horses, or by the upsetting of carriages, or by bathing in the river, or by congestions of blood to the head from over exertion in walking, in running, jumping, &c. &c. He hugged himself upon the perusal of such accounts, and congratulated himself that such accidents could not happen to him. He received his guests as regularly as at any former period of his life, for no infirmity of the body compelled him to adopt this resolution. He read, wrote, took his meals, and lived, in fact, more comfortably in his bed than Diogenes in his tub. He was no cynic, no sectarian, no philosopher : he was only known by the name of the Count who always lived in his bed. This was the variety of the species. It happened also that he died in his bed ; and that, too, just at the time when he was perfectly convinced of the soundness of his doctrines.’— (Vol. ii. p. 23.)

We have no patience with the pedantic airs of superiority with which strangers are apt to condemn great national institutions

in the mass ; and when an Englishman dilates on the oppression of the lower classes, in countries where slavery prevails, our thoughts involuntarily turn back to the disclosures which have been recently made of the state of the same ranks of the community at home. Still there is a great difference between this purblind way of judging of the comparative evils of different systems ; and the utter blindness which refuses to see the existence of evil at all. In every department of life throughout the vast Russian empire, said Dr Clarke forty years ago, ‘ cudgels ‘ are going from morning to night.’ If one could believe the report of many of our recent travellers in Russia, cudgels and whips are mere bugbears of the imagination ; and the name of slaves a mere title, designating only a few legal disabilities still experienced by the happiest, best fed, best treated, and most contented peasantry in the world ! Slavery is only another word for kindness and protection, on the one hand—loyalty, attachment, exemption from the cares and evils of life, on the other—festivals, saints’ days, dances, and brandy ! Our author, we are bound to say, speaks every where upon this subject as an Englishman, and a man of right feeling should speak ; and one with his opportunities has seen enough, in Poland and Southern Russia, to leave an impression which all the attractions of the manners of the higher classes cannot counteract, nor even their kindness and hospitality obliterate. We do not intend to transfer to our pages his pictures of the sufferings of peasants, or the brutality of masters, but one or two traits of the odd indifference with which these matters are regarded.

‘ I was playing at cards on new-year’s eve, when the cold was very intense—I think 27° Reaumur, and a servant entered the room to inform a nobleman that three of his peasants were found frozen to death, about a mile from the town. “ *Il n’y a que trois, c’est peu de chose,*” and continued his game of *quinze*, without making another observation. The same circumstance might have occurred in England ; but would not he to whom the news was communicated make it his care immediately to send his steward to give all the consolation possible to the distressed families ? Not so with the Pole ; he only became more anxious to win his game at cards, to make up for the loss of the three peasants. This, it is true, was an instance only of passive conduct ; but I witnessed so much more active brutality exercised by the rich towards the poor, so much want of common humanity in the relations existing between them, on the part of the superior, that, so far from sympathizing with them upon the loss of their liberty, I could not but regret that they ever should have had so much in former times, seeing how cruelly they abused the little which was still left them.’—(Vol. i. p. 273.)

Near Odessa, the author falls in with a flight of locusts, on the estate of a count—an excellent man in his way.

‘We were conversing upon the history of locusts, and lamenting the ravages which they committed, when the steward was announced. He came to report upon the mischief they had done upon the estate. He informed us that the whole crop was destroyed, and that, for the distance of several versts, not a head of corn was to be found upon the stalk; every ear of it had been gnawed off by these destructive insects. “*Voilà donc mille guinées de perte pour cette année ci, et ce qui est encore pire c’est que le paysan n’aura rien à manger.*” “I am glad,” continued the old Count, “that I am going to St Petersburg this winter, for I should not like to see the misery which these poor people will have to endure.” “*Excusez moi, chère cousine,*” turning to the Countess, “*il faut que je fasse ma méridienne;*” and he retired to take his wonted nap.—(Vol. ii. p. 88.)

Altogether, we can conceive no better cure for the fashionable horror of American habits and institutions, than a tour in the physical counterpart and social antipodes of that region—the southern provinces of Russia. The traveller in that country soon has to unlearn two or three of the ‘fundamental principles’ of Political Economy with which he may have set out; if he ever committed the mistake of supposing them more than what they are—sound conclusions from assumed premises. He will find that *rent* is any thing but the difference between the product of the most fertile and least fertile soils under cultivation. He will find that no notion can be practically less true, than that wages depend on the productiveness of labour. He will find regions as extensive as the smaller kingdoms of Europe, in which the soil is all of equal and vast fertility, monopolized by three or four mighty proprietors. He will find the peasantry starving amidst fields, in which the most unskilled labour is sufficient to raise the most luxuriant crops. Along the great rivers of Southern Russia, as along those of America, he may observe a fertile desert crying aloud for more inhabitants; harvests without hands to gather them in; the accumulated stores of favourable seasons rotting for lack of markets. The ‘Scioto country’ of Ohio, the valley of Kentucky, are not more productive, or more undercultivated, than the Ukraine, Poltava, and Lord Stanley’s portentous province of Tambov, with their ten feet of black vegetable soil. What makes the difference between the condition of the farmer of the western States, in his rude and immoderate plenty, and the slave who writhes under the literal lash of the Russian slave-driver, whose wife ‘goes to the plough forty-eight hours after ‘giving birth to a child’—who is kept habitually, for his master’s advantage, one degree above starvation, and whom a flight of locusts, or a hard frost, reduces at once below that zero? Simply the institutions of property; which in the one country give the

drama ended, in this rather sorry manner. A most shifty, wiry man; one of Heaven's Swiss; that wanted only work. Fifty years of unnoticed toil and valour; one year of toil and valour, not unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries; then thirty other years again unnoticed, of Memoir-writing, English Pension, scheming and projecting to no purpose: Adieu thou Swiss of Heaven, worthy to have been something else!

His Staff go different ways. Brave young Egalité reaches Switzerland and the Genlis Cottage; with a strong crabstick in his hand, a strong heart in his body: his Princedom is now reduced to that. Egalité the Father sat playing whist, in his Palais Egalité, at Paris, on the 6th day of this same month of April, when a catchpole entered: Citoyen Egalité is wanted at the Convention Committee!¹ Examination, requiring Arrestment; finally requiring Imprisonment, transference to Marseilles and the Castle of If! Orleansdom has sunk in the black waters; Palais Egalité, which was Palais Royal, is like to become Palais National.

CHAPTER VII.

IN FIGHT.

OUR Republic, by paper Decree, may be 'One and Indivisible;' but what profits it while these things are? Federalists in the Senate, renegadoes in the Army, traitors everywhere! France, all in desperate recruitment since the Tenth of March, does not fly to the frontier, but only flies hither and thither. This defection of con-

¹ See Montgaillard, iv. 144.

Who has not heard of the three nieces of the great Potemkin?—especially the fair and favourite Countess Branitzka, in whose arms

‘ He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on
The soil of the green province he had wasted,
As e’er was locust on the land it blasted ?’—

the partner of her august mistress’s most secret intimacy—the ornament of the far-famed ‘ Little Society ’ of Czarskoe-Seloe—and the heroine of many strange anecdotes. We must observe, in passing, that of all court stories, those of the court of Catharine seem to us the most apocryphal. To find them once more on the stage carries us back to the romances of Segur and De Ligne.

‘ Nothing surprised me more than my introduction to the old Countess. I had expected to find something noble and majestic in her exterior, and I had almost dreaded the presentation. Imagine my surprise when I was ushered by a Cossack servant into a small chamber, which was almost bare of furniture. The walls were merely whitewashed, and upon the chimneypiece rested an oval cast, in plaster of Paris, of the late empress, which was daubed over with paint. Some logs of wood were hissing beneath, and upon an oaken table were scattered some loose papers and rolls of parchment. The old lady was occupied with her steward when I entered; but, after having signed a few papers, and given him her hand to kiss, he retired, and she returned my bow. I was struck with the beauty of her hand, with its delicateness, its apparent softness, and its unwrinkled smoothness. It was worthy of a maiden of eighteen. There was an immense turquoise on the middle finger, which, by contrast, made the smooth skin appear even more than naturally white.

“ I am happy, sir, to make your acquaintance. As an Englishman, sir, you have no doubt seen many fine gardens; but I do not think, sir, that you will find any thing in Poland superior to Alexandrine. There is the garden of Potemkin, dedicated to friendship; and, not far off, you will find some trees planted by the Emperor Alexander, at his last visit. You will see his bust surrounded by an iron railing; it was upon that spot that he once took a cup of tea. The pagodas and statues cost me a deal of money; but I paid all ready cash, and got a good discount. My garden has cost me four millions of rubles; but, as the angel said, “you know, Countess, the money has been spent in the country.” You will find in your walks, sir, several pavilions; the windows in them are all of plate glass. I have to thank Bonaparte for them. I made a vow that I would commemorate the expulsion of the French by spending ten thousand rubles in embellishments, and these windows form one of the items. In the great pavilion you will find a marble bust of the emperor, and underneath, engraved on a brass plate, (I suppose you do not read Russ, sir?) but they are the words of the emperor himself—“I will not sheath my sword whilst an enemy remains in my dominions.” She was running on in this style, without having allowed me to put in a word, when a sudden twinge in her face stopped her for

a second, and changing her tone of voice, which was mild and harmonious, though sufficiently commanding, she turned to me and said—“Have you discovered, doctor, any remedy for the *tic douloureux* ? I have been plagued with it these ten years past.” I had now had sufficient opportunity of observing her person, and again admired the beauty of her hand, as she reclined in her *voltaire*, and stroked her cheek with two fingers, passing them rapidly over the nerves of the face. She was of middle stature and stout. Her features retained all the marks of former beauty ; her countenance was placid and expressive ; her eyes had naturally lost much of their former brightness, but they still retained some of that animation and playful satire which are so strikingly represented in her portrait, painted in her youth, where, reclining against a column, she points with one hand to the bust of Catharine. All the features of this portrait are still traceable in her octogenarian face. She wore a white muslin cap, and the rest of her dress was comprised in a Turkish *robe de-chambre*. She took snuff in large quantities, which fell upon her dress.’—(Vol. ii. p. 38.)

We should like, if we had room, to extract the account of the dinner which follows, at which, while the other dishes were making the usual circuit, this distinguished lady ‘was employed ‘in groping with her fork in a black earthenware jug, from ‘the top of which a bladder had been partially removed, to pick ‘out some stewed kidneys, which she consumed with a peculiar ‘gusto. This dish was not handed round.’

‘The author met another of this celebrated trio in St Petersburg—the Princess Yousoupow, we imagine, though he names neither lady. ‘She was the most decided card-player of the ‘day, and her voice rose above the multitude as she scolded her ‘partner most furiously.’

After a winter spent at Odessa, (it was during the last Turkish war,) our author took leave of the family to which he was attached, repaired to St Petersburg—destined to be his residence for fourteen years.—and launched into public practice. The hints which he gives of his professional career are vague, and evidently dropped with caution ; nor would it be easy to find out, from his narrative alone, whether he had made a fortune or barely paid his expenses. All we learn is, that he was much disappointed in the first instance, chiefly from finding that letters of professional credit, drawn by friends on the shores of the Black Sea, were not always accepted on their presentment in the capital ; partly from the Polish revolution, which cut deep into the foreign connexion he had formed. Afterwards, the same opportunities occurred to him which occur to all men in their turn who have patience—the cure of a princess’s headach ; the retirement of the most popular physician among the English residents, to whose practice he, in a great measure, succeeded ; newer faces and newer remedies ;—homœopathy and hydro-

pathy. But why he stayed, or why he left, is not very distinctly revealed to the curious reader.

Fourteen years in the Russian metropolis could not pass without '*heur et malheur*:' the Doctor met with both; yet, on the whole, like a man of sense, he appears to regard his lot as a good one. But it is clear, notwithstanding all his efforts to repay hospitality by gracious expressions, and the testimony which he bears, in common with all other unprejudiced visitors, to the great fund of good-nature and good-humour combined, which forms the basis of the Russian character, that he left St Petersburg a wearied man—happy to turn his back on the modern Palmyra. It is so with all strangers in that capital; and not with strangers only. The proud mistress of the north is the coldest and most unamiable of beauties. Her magnificence freezes the spectator—her monotonous majesty palls on his imagination. *Je déteste Petersbourg*, is the common exclamation of natives and foreigners, whether their experiment of residence has been short or long;—so say the intelligent, judicious, and elegant Miss Rigby, and Herr Kohl, her contemporary observer. The intoxication of imperial favour hardly reconciles the courtier to abide in her; nor the excitement of conquest, the reigning beauty of her brilliant winter: and the very Mougik who plies in her streets, longs only for the hour which shall enable him to get back to his distant province, and astonish his kindred with stories of the marvels of '*Piet*.' She is by turns a huge parade-ground—a court—a fair—a bazar—any thing but a civilized and refined city—a vast hive of men, in which families have their home from generation to generation, and in which local attachments, and local habits, become as indelible features as its climate and scenery. The aspect of external things is as wearisome as that of society itself. The eye vainly seeks for relief from the interminable perspective of leagues of wide street, whether bordered by rows of dull wooden huts or palaces equally dull:—'*huge public buildings, monuments, churches with gilded cupolas, all in clean shirts, or as of yesterday's creation.*' The heavens are as monotonous as the earth—even darkness would be a relief, and darkness is not to be had—the only change is from the "*sleepless summer of long light,*" to the glimmering snow-blink of the winter.

'We understand the meaning of the word darkness in this country; and I would, nevertheless, prefer obscureness, as a word of more accurate signification. Candles are lit up at half-past two P.M., and one cannot shave by daylight at ten A.M. in the month of November; and yet no inhabitant of Petersburg can appreciate the terms, "*dark as pitch,*"—"*I could not distinguish my horses' ears,*"—"*I could not see my hand,*"—all terms, and not exaggerated ones, expressive of the darkness of a

night in England. At no season, not even on the shortest day, does such darkness prevail. The ground, covered by a bed of snow, reflects its spangled light; the clouds are high above, and few in number; the stars shine bright in the firmament. It is true that this half-obscure serves for no purpose, as far as the economy of artificial light is concerned; but it is equally true that here we do not appreciate the meaning of utter darkness.

‘The moon, the moon,—the light of Sylvia, how she streams upon us for ten successive hours, and mischievously bites off our noses in the winter months!—for cold and moonlight are then inseparable. He who hath not seen Petersburg by moonlight hath something yet to see. Yes, it is when the moon is seen climbing over its domes and minarets, that one is reconciled to the idea of a deserted city. It is this separation of the inanimate from the animate which gives it this peculiar interest. Dazzling as it may appear, lit up by the beams of a meridian sun, its magnificence then involves the idea of its population; but this in no wise tallies with the magnitude of its buildings, so that the admiration of the grandeur of the one is checked by the insignificance of the other. But when, in the dead of night, when all may be supposed to be asleep—when the mind may imagine that the noonday bustle shall be worthy of the inanimate structures which now shine resplendent in the softened light of the watery moonbeam—then, left to solitary contemplation, free from the influence of any outward impression which may destroy its fairy and ideal form, then the city of the Czars offers a spectacle which perhaps few or none can equal. It has then something of antiquity in its appearance. Its colossal buildings lit up by the reflected moonbeam, we see but their form only, without having sufficient light to scan their features. The buildings may be of stone or marble, and rival, for aught we know, the Eternal City in their age. Viewed from an elevation, extending along a wide extent of horizon, and flanked by massive buildings of monastic form, the town rises with its gilded spires and spangling cupolas from out a level plain. We see not by the faint moonlight, that the intervening spaces between these large structures are not filled up. The wide and straight streets allow not the eye to reach the tapering perspective point in the distance. Some bridge or object interposes ere the long alley dwindle to a point. The surface of the ground is one white spangling carpet. The river flows not to the sight: the voice of the boatman is not heard, and his oar plies not. Some solitary chime indicates the hour. The moon descending in her course, leaves some tower in the shade. All contributes to heighten the feelings of admiration which this hour inspires. The day breaks, and dispels much of the illusion, revealing that to be but brick and plaster which to our midnight contemplation appeared stone and marble. Now time and duration vanish—the whole but of yesterday’s creation, and nothing which guarantees futurity. The imagination, which had deceived itself into a past, is now disenchanted. The light of day discovers plains and wastes in the centre of a habitable city. The inhabitants, thinly scattered or lost over a wide extended surface, fail to enliven its streets. And what say those edifices to us which form its grandeur? None of the *vis admonitionis in locis*—the *sine nomine saxum*,—the history of a century—a town which we see upon the stage, called into existence by harlequin’s wand,

which can again say depart—still a great city—the triumph of art over nature, and yet in its cradle.’—(Vol. ii. p. 239.)

The monotony of life corresponds with that of its outward aspect. All the dash and daring of the Russian aristocracy seem tamed down by the overpowering presence of the sovereign; and the rest of society is as regular as a garrison, and as completely under military regulation. The universal interference of the police is the subject of complaint with all foreigners: even Germans, overrun as their country is with every variety of the *species magistrate*, quarrel with the restraints of Russian existence.

Even the carnival, according to our physician, is not so gay as it ought to be. ‘There is something too military in the *tout-ensemble*; no scuffle, no fight, no hustle, no uproarious laughter, no jolly tar with his lass and bludgeon. And what is fun when deprived of these attributes? It is, as Falstaff would say, “to be merry upon compulsion.”’ What would he have said to the recent seven days of ‘Stepney fair’ affording hardly a police case? Is England, too, becoming centralized into decorous dullness under Sir Robert Peel’s machinery?

A terrible story is told of the conflagration of a booth at the carnival, where more than a hundred persons were burnt and suffocated; owing, according to the author, to the interference of the police, who prevented some carpenters from opening an outlet with their axes for the miserable sufferers. He was partly an eyewitness of the scene. Herr Kohl, who describes the same dreadful occurrence very minutely, corroborates this part of the story. Few events seem to have made such an impression, as far as any can be made, in the great Babylons of modern days. Almost an equally frightful instance of the manner in which this kind of interference is apt to defeat its own ends occurred some years ago, in a great catastrophe on the Czarskoe-Seloe railroad;—the only instance of that particular variety of accident, the collision of two trains meeting on the same line, which we remember to have heard of since this new ‘peril of man’ has become known.

‘The line is single, and there is a half way house, where the trains meet and turn off at an elbow formed for the purpose: they pass each other at this spot; and as, under all circumstances, one train must wait till the other arrives, no accident could be anticipated. The trains left the two terminuses at the same hour; and as their velocity *cæteris paribus* was equal, they had seldom to wait long for each other. The hours of departure were fixed and known; but when there were a great many passengers additional trains were added for the accommodation of the public. The last train was about to leave Czarskoe-Seloe when the managing director for the day ordered the engineer to proceed with all possible speed to St Petersburg, and not to stop at the half way house for the other train, which he might arrive in time to countermand.

‘The man obeyed orders. It was a general who gave them. It unfortunately happened that the engineer at the opposite extremity had also obeyed orders, and put his train in motion at the usual time; so that the two opposite trains came together upon a dark night at full speed upon a single line. The shock was terrific. The carriages were thrown up into the air. It required hours to dig out the mangled corpses. It is surprising that only six lives were lost; but many persons were dreadfully lacerated, and died subsequently of their wounds.

‘When the English engineer found that there was no possibility of preventing the concussion, he jumped off the engine to save his own life. This was interpreted a breach of duty, and he was incarcerated for nine months.’—(Vol. iii. p. 44.) •

The following is an instance of this kind of literal obedience which we do not recollect having heard before:—

‘These small retail shops to which I allude display a painted board immediately over the entrance door, upon which figures the bill of fare of their internal contents. Underneath is the dealer’s name, and, immediately succeeding, the number. These numbers require explanation. The Emperor Paul possessed a creative power: when he said “Let a thing be done,” it was done. Now, as these shops are all licensed, so, for convenience and order’s sake, the Emperor said, “Let them be all numbered No. 1., &c.” Thus the order stood “No. 1., &c.,” no doubts, no supposition, no subterfuge, no construction of original intention allowable; the first shop in the street is 1., &c., the second 1., &c., the third, and so on, all 1., &c. It was not allowable to suppose that the “&c.” should extend to 2, 3, 4, and that each should have a separate number. Such, according to the phrase ever in a Russian mouth “was not ordered.”’—(Vol. ii. p. 166.)

This reminds us of another anecdote of the mode in which the St Petersburg police executed the sapient orders of the same Emperor. One day the mandate came forth that no man should walk the streets at night without a lantern. The first night a Doctor set out on his rounds, attended by a servant carrying one. The servant was allowed to pass; the Doctor was placed under arrest.

Every one knows the story of the English banker who gave Catharine a dog, which the Empress christened after the name of the donor, and of the terrible *quid pro quo* which followed, when the Minister of Police, receiving an order to have the diseased dog ‘*empaillé*,’ was within an ace of carrying it into execution by impaling the living Englishman. Our author recounts a somewhat similar adventure, though not quite so alarming, as having occurred to one of our countrymen of the English factory in his time.

‘He was a merchant of great respectability, and was attached to a

Russian lady. No impediment offered itself except the one which prevents the union of people of different religions, and as a foreigner and Protestant, he met with much difficulty in obtaining permission. As he had a friend at court who could gain the imperial ear, he was commissioned to apply to the fountain-head. It was necessary to await a seasonable opportunity, a good-humoured moment, which grants every thing, and then to strike. This opportunity occurred, and it was in the afternoon. "Your Majesty," said the petitioner, "will permit me to inform you, that one of my countrymen is in great distress." "How?" replied his Majesty, "an Englishman in distress? What is it? Let me know; if I can remedy it, depend upon it; what help does he require?" "No, your Majesty, it is not that, but he wishes to marry a Russian, and the clergy will not celebrate his marriage." "How so? let him be married immediately, (*seechass.*) I will give the order instantly;" and in five minutes the imperial signature permitted the nuptials to be celebrated. Now, it must be recollected, that in Russia a permission of the sovereign is a *bonâ fide* order; and there is this advantage in despotic governments, that when a thing is to be done, it is done sometimes. The imperial signature authorizes at 5 P.M. the marriage of Mr A—— and Miss B——. At 6 P.M. this order gets into the hands of proper authorities. It arrives at the first office, where it is registered, at eight it gets to another, at ten it may have passed the synod, at eleven it is in the hands of the police, and at midnight the police-officers are trotting through the streets to put it in execution, and summon the parties themselves. Mr —— was fast asleep. He had given the case up as hopeless; he must make the best of it; he must forget it; he was hugging his pillow, 'twas all he could hug; a thundering rap is at his door; and before he recovers from his fright an armed police is at his bed-side with a roll of paper in their hands. 'His liver turned to water.' As he was about to force utterance he was stopped by the officers, who told him that they had a warrant which must be executed immediately, (*seechass.*) Mr —— thought of putting on his clothes, and, as he was sacrificing to the Graces, the officer commenced reading. Fancy a man roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, trembling all over from fear more than from cold, sitting upon the edge of his bed drawing on a stocking, spinning slowly out the time, and about to hear, as he supposeth, his exile warrant. "By the grace of God, Autocrat of all the Russias, &c., be it known." What was his surprise then to find that this sentence was a permit to be married. "What, now?" said Mr ——; "at this time of night?"—"Immediately, (*seechass.*)" said the officer; "it is ordered."—"Oh if it be ordered, then I know the rest," said Mr ——, and he hurried on his clothes and accompanied the officers to the dwelling of his betrothed. What were her feelings upon the occasion, how the matter was broken to her, whether she were asleep or awake, who explained the necessity of immediate compliance—all these matters have not been revealed. Mr —— and Miss —— accompanied the police-officers to the church, and the marriage ceremony was performed in the middle of the night. The officers had done their duty; Mr —— did his, inasmuch as he had obeyed

orders; and all the parties shook hands, went home, and went to bed again.'—(Vol. iii. p. 12.)

As might be presumed, the only point on which resistance to the tremendous 'It is ordered,' has ever yet been carried out successfully, perhaps ever attempted, is that of religion; or what the Russian peasant chooses to consider as such. The Emperor's recognised power in this is also enormous: he can make saints, or refuse to allow any more to be made, as he is said recently to have done, in consequence of some misdemeanours on the part of the last canonized. But Peter the Great was worsted in his war with *beards*; and the present Czar would probably employ all his power in vain to compel one of his orthodox subjects to eat a pigeon.

'The following anecdote will afford a good idea of the persevering obstinacy of the Russians in what they consider to be a righteous cause.—The Bishop of Nicolaieff had once been a Jew: he was now a zealous Christian. It was at the epoch of performing this ceremony, (of "blessing the waters,") that the thermometer marked thirty degrees of cold, and a cutting wind swept over the plains which extend to the east of Nicolaieff. Not a soul was to be seen in the streets. The crows fell down dead with cold: it was the desolating cold blast of the desert—the bleak wind which froze the French legions; nothing animate could resist it long.

'The Boog, whose waters were to be blessed, runs at a distance of a mile from the centre of the town. Now, it was probable under such circumstances, that if the ceremony were allowed to proceed as on ordinary occasions, one-half of the attendants would perish. The governor consequently prevented the procedure in the ordinary way, but ordered a bucketful of water to be brought from the river to the church, there blessed and consecrated, and then restored to the parent stream. This was good homœopathic practice, and much suffering and mischief were thus avoided. But no persuasion, no arguments, would prevail upon the converted Jew to desist from the usual performance of the rites. He would, and did sit down by the waters of Babel. He could not weep, but globules of ice represented his tears. He was brought home in a state of exhaustion, and died raving mad a few days afterwards.'—(Vol. ii. p. 257.)

The last volume consists chiefly of the narrative of our author's retreat from the scene of his labours; and his journey *via* Sweden, and by various German baths, to his native country. But all this we pretermit; for all of travelling interest that it contains, may be found more usefully digested in Mr Murray's *Hand-Book*, and we have already given enough of those anecdotal and picturesque sketches which constitute the whole merit of the work.

ART. III.—*A Voyage of Discovery towards the North Pole, performed in His Majesty's Ships Dorothea and Trent, under the command of Captain David Buchan, R.N., in 1818. To which is added, a Summary of all the Early Attempts to reach the Pacific by way of the Pole.* By CAPTAIN F.W. BEECHEY, R.N. 8vo. London: 1843.

JUDGING from the unusual circumstance of twenty years having passed away without any account of the present voyage having seen the light, we should be apt to conclude that neither of the commanders of the two ships could bring themselves to publish any narrative because the object of the expedition had not been successfully accomplished—the very worst reason, in our opinion, that should have restrained them; and we happen to know, that we now owe it from Captain Beechey to the urgent request of a friend. The relation of difficulties met with, and the means by which dangers were overcome, are proper subjects for the information of others, and not unsound as guides how best to avoid them. In what a state of ignorance should we have remained if such a plea had been acted upon, and all the unsuccessful attempts to discover a northern passage to the East Indies had been buried in oblivion, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the present time; as they certainly would mostly have been, but for the praiseworthy zeal and industry of such men as Camden, Hakluyt, Holinshed, and a few others, by whose indefatigable labours posterity has been made acquainted with much curious and valuable information, gained in the attempts made by our brave and hardy seamen; from the time that Frobisher, with his two little barks, first *broke the ice*, to that of Hudson, Baffin, and Bylot! In modern days each individual commanding-officer has told his own story, except in the present instance, where Captain Buchan (who is no more, having perished at sea, by fire it is supposed) could not be prevailed upon to publish; but he gave his full concurrence to Captain Beechey taking his place, and we do not hesitate to say that a more able and proper substitute could not have been found.

Captain Beechey is well known in the naval service as a scientific navigator and an able surveyor; nor does he now come forward for the first time as an author. Several valuable works in geography, antiquities, and natural history, have passed through his hands. On his return from the northern voyage, (now under review,) he was immediately employed as a lieutenant by the Admiralty, (accompanied with his brother, appointed as draughtsman by the Colonial Office,) to explore by land, in 1821–2, the northern

coast of Africa, from Tripoli eastward, comprehending the Greater Syrtis, Cyrenaica, and the Persepolis; and he published, in a large quarto volume, a descriptive account of the geography and antiquities of this interesting line of coast.

Another able and valuable work, from his pen, is the narrative of a voyage through the Pacific, along the coast of California, into Behring's Strait, there to co-operate with Franklin on the Polar land expedition—a work abounding with much curious and valuable information, with many well-executed plates. On his return he was promoted to the rank of captain. A separate volume was subsequently published, descriptive of the rare and curious specimens of natural history collected on that voyage. He was again employed on a survey of the American coast of the Pacific; but his health giving way, was relieved by Captain (now Sir Edward) Belcher. At this moment, Captain Beechey is engaged on a survey of the Irish Channel and of the western coast and islands of Scotland.

That he is in all respects well qualified for his present undertaking, the volume under our consideration will afford the best proof. The narrative is well arranged, and free from those frequent interruptions that occur in nautical works—of wind and weather, bearings and soundings, and other technical matters, which, however useful and necessary in a sea journal or log-book, are of little interest to the general reader. It professes not to show that this voyage was the means of acquiring any additional information regarding the main point for which it was undertaken; but the various subjects to which it gave the occasion of noticing are treated with clearness, and are well selected to give what has hitherto been wanting—a lucid and perspicuous description of the great island of Spitzbergen, and the sea that surrounds it, together with the habits of the various animated beings that inhabit both. The style is plain and simple, we should almost be disposed to say, simply elegant, as will be seen by the extracts which our limited space has allowed us to make. In short, we consider it, as we think most of its readers also will, a pleasing and instructive volume.

The occurrences of the voyage are soon told. In the early part of the year 1818, when the *Isabella* and *Alexander* were preparing for Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, for the search of a north-west passage, the *Dorothea* and *Trent* were simultaneously fitted for Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin, with the view to explore a passage to the Pacific by the North Pole. 'The peculiarity of the proposed route,' says Captain Beechey, 'afforded opportunities of making some useful experiments on the elliptical figure of the earth; on magnetic phenomena; on the refraction of the atmosphere in high latitudes, under ordinary

‘circumstances, and over extensive masses of ice; on the temperature and specific gravity of the sea at the surface, and at various depths; and on meteorological and other interesting phenomena;’ and, that nothing might be wanting, Mr (now the Rev. George) Fisher was engaged to assist in these matters, in his capacity of astronomer to the expedition. Many of these important points were defeated by the unfortunate accident that happened to the ships.

They left the river Thames on the 25th April, Lerwick on the 10th May, and crossed the Arctic circle on the 14th; on the 18th reached the parallel of $72^{\circ} 36'$, and on the 24th saw Cherie Island, in latitude $74^{\circ} 33'$, nearly midway between Norway and Spitzbergen, and now deeply buried in snow;—a discovery due to Barentz, who landed on it in 1596, and called it Bear Island; which, in 1603, was changed to the name it now bears in honour of Sir Francis Cherie. At the time of its discovery, the sea-horses, as they were then called, and now walruses, were so numerous, that a company of adventurers, called the Muscovy Company, sent out ships, and were so successful in their occupation, that, it is stated, not fewer than nine hundred or one thousand of these animals were captured in the short space of seven hours, by the crew of a single vessel. But the supply was very soon exhausted; and, as Captain Beechey says, ‘Cherie Island being at that time the only source whence England derived her supply of oil, the failure induced the merchants to seek that material elsewhere, and hence originated the English whale fishery, once one of the most important branches of our commerce, and the most approved nursery for our seamen;’ now, alas! we grieve to add, in the last stage of decay.

The practical effect, experienced by Captain Beechey and party, of the impression made on the senses by the change from alternate day and night to continual daylight, within the Arctic circle, is curious; and we doubt not, as correctly as it is naturally described.

‘Where the ground is but little trodden, even trifles are interesting; and I do not, therefore, hesitate to describe the feelings with which we regarded this change. The novelty, it must be admitted, was very agreeable, and the advantage of constant daylight, in an unexplored and naturally boisterous sea, was too great to allow us even to wish for a return of the alternations above alluded to; but the reluctance we felt to quit the deck, when the sun was shining bright upon our sails, and to retire to our cabins to sleep, often deprived us of many hours of necessary rest; and when we returned to the deck to keep our night-watch, if it may be so called, and still found the sun gilding the sky, it seemed as if the day would never finish.

‘What, therefore, at first promised to be so gratifying, soon threatened to become extremely irksome, and would, indeed, have been a serious inconvenience, had we not followed the example of the feathery tribes, which we daily observed winging their way to roost with a clock-work regularity, and retired to our cabin at the proper hour, where, shutting out the rays of the sun, we obtained that repose which the exercise of our duties required.’

Of the snow that fell, they collected more than twenty varieties of curiously-formed flakes, as hard as hailstones, each having from four to twelve rays, and other regular figures, some being of the most delicate and most beautiful texture. Captain Beechey says, that Mr Scoresby has given representations of ninety-six varieties of these curious formations.

The interesting sight of a vessel passing through the labyrinth of frozen masses of ice, enhanced by a midnight sun, is well described, and presents a very striking and lively picture :—

‘Very few of us had ever seen the sun at midnight, and this night happening to be particularly clear, his broad red disc, curiously distorted by refraction, and sweeping majestically along the northern horizon, was an object of imposing grandeur, which riveted to the deck some of our crew who would, perhaps, have beheld with indifference the less imposing effect of the icebergs. Or it might have been a combination of both these phenomena; for it cannot be denied that the novelty, occasioned by the floating masses, was materially heightened by the singular effect produced by the very low altitude at which the sun cast his fiery beams over the icy surface of the sea. The rays were too oblique to illumine more than the inequalities of the floes, and falling thus partially on the grotesque shapes either really assumed by the ice, or distorted by the unequal refraction of the atmosphere, so betrayed the imagination that it required no great exertion of fancy to trace, in various directions, architectural edifices, grottos, and caves here and there glittering as if with precious metals. So generally, indeed, was the deception admitted, that, in directing the route of the vessel from aloft, we for a while deviated from our nautical phraseology, and shaped our course for a church, a tower, a bridge, or some similar structure, instead of for lumps of ice, which were usually designated by less elegant appellations. Our attention was, however, soon called from the contemplation of this engaging scene of novelty and illusion to matter of more immediate importance and reality, arising from the increasing difficulty of our situation.’

On reaching the southern promontory of Spitzbergen, and as the ships ranged along the land to the northward, Captain Beechey says, ‘the dark-pointed summits of the mountains, which characterize the island, rose majestically above beds of snow, giving a bleak and dreary aspect to the coast.’ The weather was here severe, the snow fell in heavy showers, and their progress was retarded by the accumulation of several tons’ weight of ice clinging to the sides of the ships; the ropes were thickly covered

with ice, and one morning, when in lat. 80° , they found themselves surrounded, and had great difficulty in extricating the ships so as to reach Magdalena bay, the place of rendezvous ;—a bay that is rendered conspicuous by four glaciers, of which the most remarkable, though the smallest in size, is stated to be two hundred feet above the sea on the slope of a mountain, and which, from its peculiar appearance, is called the Hanging Iceberg. A most perilous adventure happened to a party of seamen proceeding on the ice to the shore—a distance of three or four miles.

‘ To travel over ragged pieces of ice, upon which there were two feet of snow, and often more, springing from one slippery piece to the other, or, when the channels between them were too wide for this purpose, ferrying themselves across upon detached fragments, was a work which it required no ordinary exertion to execute. Indeed, the getting from one piece to the other was, throughout, by no means the least hazardous part of their journey ; the difficulties, too, were much increased, and many accidents occurred, through that hurry and anxiety to overcome them speedily, which occasioned the neglect of many precautions that leisure had before enabled them to observe, in order to insure their safety. Some fell into the water, and were with difficulty preserved from drowning by their companions ; while others, afraid to make any hazardous attempt whatever, were left upon pieces of ice, and drifted about at the mercy of the winds and tides. Foreseeing the probability of a separation, they took the first opportunity of dividing, in equal shares, the small quantity of provision which they had remaining, as also their stock of powder and ammunition. They also took it in turns to fire muskets, in the hope of being heard from the ships, which they knew would return the fire, and that they would thus at least learn in what direction to proceed, even though it might be impracticable to derive assistance from them. These discharges were distinctly heard on board ; but it is a remarkable fact that, although they were answered by volleys of musketry, and even by cannon, not one report was heard by the party, who, consequently, concluded themselves at a much greater distance from the ships than they really were.

‘ Our adventurers continued to travel in the supposed direction of the ships, keeping within view of each other, and rendering one another all the assistance possible, until a breeze sprung up, and set the pieces of ice in rapid motion. Unable to contend with this new difficulty, and overcome with wet, cold, and sixteen hours of fatigue, they sat down, in a state of despondency, upon a piece of ice, determined to submit their fate to Providence.

‘ It is difficult to imagine a more distressing situation than that of the party at this moment ; almost perishing with cold and fatigue, with the bare snow for their only resting-place, their supply of provision exhausted, and themselves drifting about in a thick fog, they knew not whither, perhaps far away from their ships, and with the prospect being carried out to sea, where death would have been inevitable.

case, it may be thus stated :—Suppose four birds to extend a yard in a straight line, that line would surround the globe at the equator six times ; or a belt of six birds in width would encompass the earth in its greatest circumference. This, like every thing else in the creation, is wonderful ; and little less wonderful how and where these multitudes can possibly find food for their support, but more especially those in the Arctic regions of eternal ice—both on the sea and the land—how the myriads of animals peculiar to the two elements can contrive to subsist ; and not only subsist, but to derive their full share of enjoyment and happiness—for Captain Beechey tells us, ‘ all nature seems to acknowledge the glorious sunshine, and the animated part of the creation to set no bounds to its delight.’

‘ Although surrounded by beds of snow and glaciers, with the thermometer scarcely above the freezing point, there was no sensation of cold. The various amphibious animals, and myriads of birds which had resorted to the place, seemed to enjoy, in the highest degree, the transition thus occasioned by a few bright hours of sunshine. From an early hour in the morning until the period of rest returned, the shores around us reverberated with the merry cry of the little auks, willocks, divers, cormorants, gulls, and other aquatic birds ; and wherever we went, groups of walrus basking in the sun mingled their playful roar with the husky bark of the seal.

‘ There was certainly no harmony in this strange din ; but it was, at the least, gratifying to know that it arose from a demonstration of happy feelings. It was a pleasure of the same character as that which must have been experienced by every traveller who, on some fine bright evening in a tropical climate, has listened to the merry buzz of thousands of winged insects which immediately succeeds the setting of the sun. And here we cannot fail to notice the manner in which the great Author of Nature has varied his dispensations. In the burning region of the torrid zone, the descent of the sun calls into action myriads of little beings which could not exist under the fierce glare of his meridian ray ; whereas here, on the contrary, it is the signal for universal repose.”

Among the numerous animals that frequent the sea and the fields of ice in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, from the huge whale of ninety to a hundred feet in length, to the minute worm (*vermes*) of half an inch or less, (the *clio* of naturalists,) on which the whale mostly feeds, there is none more interesting than the walrus or morse. Its fierce courage in defence of its young, affords an instance almost unparalleled of parental affection. The singular and affectionate conduct of one of these creatures is thus described :—

‘ In the vast sheet of ice which surrounded the ships, there were occasionally many pools ; and, when the weather was clear and warm,

animals of various kinds would frequently rise and sport about in them, or crawl from thence upon the ice to bask in the warmth of the sun. A walrus rose in one of these pools close to the ship, and, finding every thing quiet, dived down and brought up its young, which it held to its breast by pressing it with its flipper. In this manner it moved about the pool, keeping in an erect posture, and always directing the face of the young toward the vessel. On the slightest movement on board, the mother released her flipper and pushed the young one under water; but, when every thing was again quiet, brought it up as before, and for a length of time continued to play about in the pool, to the great amusement of the seamen, who gave her credit for abilities in tuition, which, though possessed of considerable sagacity, she hardly merited.

But it seems they exercise a vigilant look-out, whenever there is any appearance of danger from the approach of collision with boats or bears; and not more vigilant than they are bold and brave when compelled to meet them. Captain Beechey says they may be seen in herds of more than a hundred on masses of ice, 'enjoying themselves, rolling and sporting about, and frequently making the air resound with their bellowing, which bears some resemblance to that of a bull.' In the voyage of Cook, we are told pretty nearly the same thing. When these diversions end, as they generally do, in sleep, these wary animals take the precaution of appointing a sentinel to warn them of any danger; and this practice is so universal, that 'I scarcely ever,' says Beechey, 'saw a herd, however small, in which I did not notice one of the party on the watch, stretching his long neck in the air every half minute to the utmost extent of its muscles, to survey the ground about him.' Notwithstanding this precaution, one fine evening, when several herds had crawled upon the ice to enjoy and rest themselves after some boisterous weather, it was resolved that the boats, properly manned and equipped, should make an attack upon one of them. On mounting the ice a shot was fired, on which the animals made a desperate rush to the edge of the ice, and would have overpowered some of the men had they not opened their ranks to let them pass through. Finding themselves more at home in the water than on the ice, the walruses, in their turn, became the assailants. They rose in great numbers about the boats, snorting with rage, and rushing at them, (which with difficulty were prevented from upsetting or staving,) by placing their tusks upon the gunwales, or by striking them with their heads. They appeared to be led on by one animal larger and more formidable than the rest, who withstood all the blows of tomahawks and whale lances: there was no time to load a musket, the herd was so numerous and their attacks so incessant. The purser, however, having one loaded,

thrust it down the throat of the leader, and fired it into his bowels.

‘The wound proved mortal, and the animal fell back amongst his companions, who immediately desisted from the attack, assembled round him, and in a moment quitted the boat, swimming away as hard as they could with their leader, whom they actually bore up with their tusks, and assiduously preserved from sinking. Whether this singular and compassionate conduct, which in all probability was done to prevent suffocation, arose from the sagacity of the animals, it is difficult to say, but there is every probability of it, and the fact must form an interesting trait in the history of the habits of the species.

‘After the discharge of the purser’s gun there remained of all the herd only one little assailant, which the seamen, out of compassion, were unwilling to molest. This young animal had been observed fighting by the side of the leader, and from the protection which was afforded it by its courageous patron, was imagined to be one of its young. The little animal had no tusks, but it swam violently against the boat, and struck her with its head, and indeed would have stove her, had it not been kept off by whale-lances, some of which made deep incisions in its young sides: these, however, had not any immediate effect; the attack was continued, and the enraged little animal, though disfigured with wounds, even crawled upon the ice in pursuit of the seamen, who had relanded there, until one of them, out of compassion, put an end to its sufferings.’

The reciprocal affection of parent and offspring is not more remarkable than their compassionate conduct towards their wounded companions, of which we will give one more instance from Beechey:—

‘On another occasion, one of our boats attacked a male and a female, and wounded the latter in the head whilst she was suckling her young, which she retained against her breast with her flipper. The male immediately plunged into the sea, apparently to avenge the aggression upon the boat; while the female deliberately placed her young more carefully under her left fin, and in that manner made her way to the edge of the ice, in spite of three lances that were planted against her breast, and nearly swamped the boat by her fall into the water. When there, she relinquished her hold of the young one, who rushed toward the boat, snorting with its little nostrils, and so enraged that it seemed as if it would have swallowed her up if it had possessed the power; but, receiving a blow upon the head, it swam away and rejoined its parent, who, suffering from the wounds she had received, was endeavouring to get upon every piece of ice that came in her way. The male, however, as if aware of the danger of another attack in such situations, always counteracted these efforts by pulling her back with his tusks; but, nevertheless, appeared determined to secure her escape by buoying her up in the water, and by propelling her forward until she was beyond our reach. We observed many similar acts of compassion in these animals towards their wounded companions; and on one occasion, in particular, when several walruses were attacked upon a beach near Magdalena bay. The first

discharge of muskets drove all those which could crawl into the sea; but immediately upon their panic subsiding, they returned to the shore and dragged their wounded companions into the water, either by main force, or by rolling them over with their tusks.'

Purchas mentions an instance of a living walrus being brought to England in the year 1608. It was carried to the court, and was greatly admired; but, not long after, it fell sick and died. He describes it of 'strange docilitie, and apt to be taught.' The British Museum has the head of one; but we believe there is but one single perfect specimen in the whole kingdom, and that is in the museum of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

We believe there is no animal so savage or so stupid that will not be brought, by food and kind treatment, like the walrus, to a state of 'strange docilitie,' and to evince a marked attachment to its benefactor. There is a story, and a most affecting one, told of a seal, in Mr Maxwell's 'Wild Sports of the West,' which is well calculated to inculcate a kind feeling for this and other innocent tribes of animals, which are but too frequently abused or disregarded. A young seal was domesticated in the house of a farmer, near the sea-shore. It grew apace, its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, was familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family. In summer, its delight was to bask in the sun; in winter, to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, to creep into a large oven, the common appendage of an Irish kitchen. A particular disease attacked the black cattle, many of which died. An old hag persuaded the credulous owner that the mortality among his cattle was owing to his retaining about his house an unclean beast, the harmless and amusing seal, and that it should be got rid of. The superstitious man caused the poor creature to be carried in a boat beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. The next morning the seal was found quietly sleeping in the oven; he had crept through an open window, and taken possession of his favourite retreat.

The cattle continued to die; the seal was again committed to the deep, at a greater distance. On the second evening, as the servant was raking the kitchen fire, she heard a scratching at the door; she opened it, and in came the seal. It uttered a peculiar cry, expressive of delight at finding itself once more at home, and, stretching itself on the hearth, fell into a sound sleep. The old hag was again consulted. She said it would be unlucky to kill the animal, but advised that its eyes should be put out, and then thrown into the sea. The deluded wretch listened to the barbarous suggestion, and the innocent creature was deprived of

its sight, and a third time, writhing in agony, was carried beyond Clare Island, and thrown into the sea. On the eighth night after the harmless seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew a tremendous gale. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise was at times faintly heard at the door, which the servant concluded to be the *banshee*, (the harbinger of death in a family.) The next morning when the door was opened, the seal was found there, lying dead upon the threshold. Mr Maxwell believes that the leading incidents of this affecting story are perfectly authentic; but, if not strictly accurate in its details, it affords a lesson to the thoughtless to show kindness instead of cruelty to dumb creatures.

The next anchorage of the expedition was in Fair Haven, the islands near which, though high and precipitous, are nevertheless covered with lichens (chiefly the *Icelandicus* and the *Rangiferinus*) and other rich pasturage, for the subsistence of the numerous reindeer. The disintegration of the masses, which fall down to the bases of the mountains, supplies a tolerably good soil, on which, Captain Beechey informs us, 'grow several varieties of 'Alpine plants, grasses, and lichens, that, in the most southern 'aspects, flourish in great luxuriance;' and not only at the bases, but, he says, 'we have frequently seen the reindeer browsing at 'an elevation of fifteen hundred feet.' These reindeer were so abundant, that 'they supplied us with forty carcasses, one of 'which, ready for dressing, weighed two hundred and eighty- 'five pounds, with fat on the loins from four to six inches thick.' 'They were at this time usually found in pairs, and when one 'was shot, the other would hang over it, and occasionally lick it, 'apparently bemoaning its fate; and, if not immediately killed, 'would stand three or four shots rather than desert its fallen companion. This compassionate conduct, it is needless to say, doubled our chance of success; though, I must confess, it was obtained in violation of our better feelings.' These fine animals take the water freely, and swim from island to island, or from these to the shores of Spitzbergen.

In these bleak regions there is another animal deserving of notice. This is the king eider-duck, (*Somateria spectabilis*), no less abundant on the small rocky islands than were the deer upon Vogel Sang. On one of them their nests were so numerous, that it was scarcely possible to walk without treading upon them. It was the period of incubation, and it was pleasing to the party to witness the determined manner in which they defended their nests, frequently remaining upon them until they were knocked over with sticks. The author says—

Even the burgermeisters, strontjaggers, sea-swallows, and other birds, which were always hovering about and watching for opportunities of devouring the eggs or the young birds, dared not molest the ducks whilst upon their nests, and could only secure their prey when foxes or some of the larger animals drove them into the sea. A practice common to these birds, which I have not seen mentioned in their history, marks the provision which nature has made against some of the casualties to which their species are liable, and from which the young might be destroyed in their embryo state by the parents being kept away from their nests in so cold a climate. When immediate danger compelled them to seek their own safety in flight, they hastily drew the down of the nest over the eggs, and glued it there with a yellow fluid, which they deposited as they arose. This precaution not only kept in the warmth of the eggs, by interposing between them and the air a thick covering, which the cold would require some time to penetrate, but it was otherwise useful, from its being of so very offensive a nature that the foxes would not touch the eggs that were tainted with it.

As the down is furnished from the breasts of these poor birds, 'it is quite pitiable,' says Beechey, 'to observe the condition of those which have, probably, been obliged to make a second nest.' At the end of the season they migrate to the southward, and then 'immense flocks of adults and young may be met a hundred miles or more from land, slowly migrating to the southward, some of the young birds being quite weak upon the wing.' With the three species of animals we have mentioned, chiefly with a view to show their affection and courage, which are generally found to accompany each other, Spitzbergen, and the seas and islands about it, during the summer season, so far from being blank and dreary, present a lively and animated appearance. We say nothing of Polar bears and Arctic foxes, for they are to be found prowling about in every part of the northern regions; and so is the black whale, the finner, and the narwal or sea unicorn (*Monodon*), which might not improperly be called *Duodon*, being furnished with two long spiral horns, projecting horizontally from the upper mandible. But nature has only permitted one of these horns to be developed at the same time; when, if it should be injured or broken, the other, shut up in reserve, comes forth, and increases in length to the usual size, to supply the place of the damaged one. King David's apostrophe—'How manifold are thy works, O Lord! in wisdom hast thou made them all!'—embodies a reflection with which philosophy will not quarrel. The seal is every where common, and the prowling bear not scarce; while multitudes exist of the various kinds of gulls, and auks, and puffins. Every where, whether on the ice, sea, or on shore, this otherwise dreary region is enlivened by animated beings.

How very different did Captain Ross find the animal part of the creation in the Antarctic regions ! There, all was silence and solitude ; nature seemed wrapped up in the stillness of death. Scarcely was a living creature observed in motion on the land or the ice. Nothing indeed appeared to exist that could afford sustenance, on either, for the support of animal life. Not a blade of grass, not even a lichen, was found on the few naked rocks left uncovered by the snow. A beautiful little snow-white peterel, and another species of divers colours, with a few stupid puffins, were the only representatives of the feathered tribes ; and these, with two or three species of the whale family, make up nearly the catalogue of living beings found in the dismal, solitary, and frigid region of the South Pole, where frost and flame are nearly the only, and at least the most active, agents ;—the one blocking up the sea with interminable fields of ice, and enveloping the whole coast of the great land, which he called Victoria, in one grand glacier, whose extent had not been ascertained, but from whose perpendicular faces huge icebergs are thrown off many miles in circumference, and, in places, the whole surface of the sea nearly covered with them. The other active agent bursts out in a column of flame and smoke, to the height of two thousand feet, from a volcanic crater on the land of Victoria—described as being upwards of twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. The geological structure of this immense tract of land is also different from that of Spitzbergen ; the latter being exclusively primitive rocks of granite, gneiss, mica-slate, quartz, and felspar, whereas in the southern regions all appear to be of volcanic origin.

While in Magdalena bay the party were surprised by the appearance of a strange boat. She belonged to some Russian adventurers from Archangel. They requested some spirits, and Captain Buchan gave them a kind reception and supplied their wants. The following day they sent, in return, a fine side of venison. Their establishment was about four miles to the southward of the bay, to which an officer of the *Dorothea* and some others accompanied them on their return. They had a comfortable wooden hut, well lined with moss, divided into three rooms, in one of which were three carcasses of fine venison and many wild-ducks. Captain Beechey says,—‘ It was with extreme pleasure we noticed in this retired spot, probably the most northerly and most desolate habitation of our globe, a spirit of devotion rarely exercised in civilized countries. On landing from the boat, and approaching their residence, these people knelt upon its threshold, and offered up a prayer with fervour

for their safe return to their humble dwelling. They pass the winter in this desolate region, collecting peltry and sea-horse teeth, which a small vessel is sent annually to convey to Archangel.

The many attempts to form fishing establishments on Spitzbergen and the neighbouring islands, were less fortunate than this of the Russians'. Captain Beechey selects a few instances where the privations, and sufferings, and lingering deaths, of whole parties are most heart-rending. 'Upon some of the islands,' he says, 'around the anchorage, there were found the remains of brick buildings, and a great many coffins, of which we counted upwards of *a thousand* upon the islands of Amsterdam, the Nor-weys, and the lowlands about Smeerenburg.' The temptation is now at an end, the whales having departed to some more quiet abode; and the bears and the foxes who hybernize here, not affording sufficient spoil to recompense the great expense of human life.

On leaving Magdalena bay, they very soon found themselves again beset in the ice; and, on being released, they steered to the westward and fell in with several whale-ships, by which they were informed that the ice was compact to the westward, and that fifteen vessels were beset in it. Captain Buchan, therefore, thought that their best chance of success was by keeping near the land of Spitzbergen, and therefore directed their course once more to the eastward. It was quite natural for them, as strangers, to do so; but the old experienced whalers avoid the land as much as possible; and we recollect to have been very much struck with the mistake of our recent voyagers for the discovery of a north-west passage, in keeping close to the shore, and the constant disasters which occurred in consequence thereof. As instances of such a practice, Captain (now Sir Edward) Parry had the little bark that accompanied him, thrown 'high and dry' by the huge masses of ice on the coast of Melville Island; again, in Prince Regent's inlet, the *Fury* was driven on shore by the same cause, and completely lost; and Ross (now Sir John) left behind the carcass of his *Victory* blocked up by the ice. The fact is, that wherever large blocks of ice are grounded on the shore, they are perpetually rolling about, and wood and iron are not sufficient to withstand the violence of their shocks. But the most extraordinary case is that of the *Terror*, commanded by Captain (now Sir George) Back, on his late voyage, the object of which was to get into Repulse bay. We recollect reading with horror the prolonged and desperate situation of that ship, which was not diminished by glancing at the admirable prints, descriptive of her situation, from the pencil of Lieutenant (now Captain) Smyth, by which the volume is illustrated.

This case of the *Terror* admits of a striking contrast with a voyage of *Fox* in former days—North-west *Fox*, as he was pleased to call himself; and we make it, because it affords a forcible example for the instruction of future navigators over icy seas. Back and *Fox* both sailed up the same channel, bearing the name of the latter, and both to the same part of it, called *Fox's Farthest*. *Fox*, perceiving a bank of ice to the westward clinging to the northern part of Southampton island, and choosing not to encounter it, returned to the southward *mid-channel*, rounded the southern end of this large island, and stood to the northward up the *Welcome*, (bounded by the said island and the main,) till he reached the same bank of ice he had seen from the other side, returned *mid-channel* without meeting any obstacle, and arrived in England the same season.

Back proceeded to the westward from *Fox's Farthest* to the northern part of Southampton island, which he calls Cape Comfort, in the hope of getting from thence into Repulse Bay; but was entangled in the shore ice, among the huge masses of which he struggled for six months, over a distance of thirty leagues, the ship at one time squeezed between pieces as high as her mast-head, momentarily threatened to be crushed; at another time lifted up, and perched 'high and dry' on the top of an iceberg, sometimes upright, and sometimes on her broadside; and when at length, by the rolling of the ice over the ground, and a northerly set of wind, she was liberated, it was in so shattered a condition, that with the utmost difficulty they succeeded in reaching Lough Swilly.

Nothing of this kind can happen to ships on the coast of Spitzbergen; the water there is too deep for the ice to ground, and the danger is always much diminished where the ice is afloat. It is then, however, serious enough when ships are beset in it, as happened to those we are treating of; on their return towards the shore, when they were overtaken by a gale of wind. The sea suddenly got up, and almost immediately the whole body of the ice approached the ships, the waves beating furiously upon them; presently they were surrounded with masses of the heaviest ice, and the *Dorothea* was unavoidably brought so close to the main body, that, in order to escape immediate shipwreck, it became necessary for her to take refuge in the midst of the pack. No alternative was left, and Captain Buchan, therefore, with a calmness and resolution deserving of all praise, dashed the ship into a small opening in the body of the ice. The *Trent* was in little better condition; but by great exertion, and the steady conduct of the men, equally applicable to both ships, they eventually escaped, but not without damage.

‘No language, I am convinced,’ says Captain Beechey, ‘can convey an adequate idea of the terrific grandeur of the effect now produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. The sea, violently agitated and rolling its mountainous waves against an opposing body, is at all times a sublime and awful sight; but when, in addition, it encounters immense masses, which it has set in motion with a violence equal to its own, its effect is prodigiously increased. At one moment it bursts upon these icy fragments, and buries them many feet beneath its wave, and the next, as the buoyancy of the depressed body struggles for reascendency, the water rushes in foaming cataracts over its edges; whilst every individual mass, rocking and labouring in its bed, grinds against and contends with its opponent until one is either split with the shock or upheaved upon the surface of the other. Nor is this collision confined to any particular spot: it is going on as far as the sight can reach; and when from this convulsive scene below, the eye is turned to the extraordinary appearance of the blink in the sky above, where the unnatural clearness of a calm and silvery atmosphere presents itself, bounded by a dark hard line of stormy clouds, such as at this moment lowered over our masts, as if to mark the confines within which the efforts of man would be of no avail, the reader may imagine the sensation of awe which must accompany that of grandeur in the mind of the beholder.’

After a few hours of most anxious solicitude the gale began to moderate; the Trent became comparatively easy; and the mist arising from the breakers driving away, they had the gratification to observe the *Dorothea* still afloat; but they learned by signal that she had suffered very severely. It was a serious and painful operation to get the ships out of the ice; but as soon as both were released, it became evident that both had suffered so much, that, as regarded the main object of the expedition, they were both rendered useless. They therefore, in a leaky state, and one of them in a foundering condition, made the best of their way to Fair Haven, on the coast of Spitzbergen, and thence to a secure anchorage in South Gat, on the same island.

Near this anchorage there are several glaciers, similar to those in Magdalena bay; the largest being about 10,000 feet in length, by two or three hundred feet in perpendicular height. In treating of this subject, Captain Beechey refers to this Journal (No. CLI.) as ‘containing a very interesting and learned article ‘on the Glacier theory and motion.’ That article was written, in reviewing the theory of M. Agassiz and others on this subject; and which he finds to agree nearly with his own observation as to the manner in which the snow of the Spitzbergen Glacier has been converted into the icy form in which it now appears. There is, however, as he observes, a very marked and distinct difference between a glacier that dips into the sea, and the Switzerland glacier that slopes down into the valley;

the former showing universally a perpendicular face towards the sea; the other inclining in a certain angle to the horizon;—the former occasionally throwing off, from the whole line of its facial surface, huge masses, which are precipitated into the ocean, whenever the dimensions of the glacier exceed a given limit, forming those large icebergs that are frequently met with floating far down the Atlantic, sometimes nearly to the tropic; the latter exhibiting, as Beechey says, that ‘most remarkable phenomenon,’ the progressive motion of the entire mass toward the plain beneath;—‘a fact which, extraordinary as it must appear, has been satisfactorily ascertained by M. Hugi and M. Agassiz.’ The former of these gentlemen it seems, in 1827, had occasion to construct a hut on the glacier of the Finster Aar; in 1830 he visited the spot, and found this chamber several hundred feet below its original position. ‘In 1836 it was found 2200 feet from the foot of the rock from which it had been originally measured; and in 1839, twelve years from its construction, it was found by M. Agassiz to have travelled upwards of 4000 feet; or the whole mass to have moved, on an average, upwards of 300 feet a-year.’

If the whole mass had thus been put in motion, what became of it in its new position? We apprehend the whole valley or plain at its foot must, in time, become choked up with one enormous glacier; but if a coating only of the glacier, on which the hut stood, slid down, the foot or toe might be extended into the valley, and gradually melted away. In this case, the waste below and the reproduction above might balance each other. But the formation and destruction of the oceanic glacier proceed in a different way. We apprehend that the formation of an icicle is somewhat similar; commencing at the edge of a sloping roof, for instance, it thickens at the root in proportion as it elongates, gradually diminishing in its substance to the lower extremity. The thawing snow thus feeds the summit of the glacier, and forms an icy covering; while its lower portion, dipping into the more temperate ocean, does not increase; so that in time, by the swelling out of the upper part, it takes its perpendicular face, and at length is wholly or partially precipitated, by its own weight, into the ocean. Something like this is mentioned by Captain Beechey, as ‘the elegant theory of Professor Leslie,’ accounting for the increase and destruction of glaciers.

Captain Beechey had the gratification of being an eyewitness not only of the partial destruction of a glacier, but, at the same time, of the formation of one of those large icebergs that float on the ocean—affording a decisive instance as to the manner in which

they are created, and which has occasionally been a subject of discussion.

‘ In consequence of the immense pieces of ice which occasionally break off these glaciers, it is very dangerous for a boat to approach them. On two occasions we witnessed avalanches on the most magnificent scale. The first was occasioned by the discharge of a musket at about half a mile distance from the glacier. Immediately after the report of the gun, a noise resembling thunder was heard in the direction of the iceberg, and in a few seconds more an immense piece broke away and fell headlong into the sea. The crew of the launch, supposing themselves beyond the reach of its influence, quietly looked upon the scene, when presently a sea rose and rolled towards the shore with such rapidity, that the crew had not time to take any precautions, and the boat was in consequence washed upon the beach, and completely filled by the succeeding wave. As soon as their astonishment had subsided, they examined the boat, and found her so badly stove that it became necessary to repair her in order to return to the ship. They had also the curiosity to measure the distance the boat had been carried by the wave, and found it ninety-six feet.

‘ On another occasion we were viewing the same glacier, and had approached tolerably near when a similar avalanche occurred; but fortunately we were not near the shore, and, by attending to the direction of the boat's head, we rode over the wave it occasioned without any accident.

‘ This occurred on a remarkably fine day, when the quietness of the bay was first interrupted by the noise of the falling body. Lieutenant Franklin and myself had approached one of these stupendous walls of ice, and were endeavouring to search into the innermost recess of a deep cavern that was near the foot of the glacier, when we heard a report as if of a cannon, and, turning to the quarter whence it proceeded, we perceived an immense piece of the front of the berg sliding down from a height of two hundred feet at least into the sea, and dispersing the water in every direction, accompanied by a loud grinding noise, and followed by a quantity of water, which, being previously lodged in the fissures, now made its escape in numberless small cataracts over the front of the glacier. We kept the boat's head in the direction of the sea, and thus escaped the disaster which had befallen the other boat; for the disturbance occasioned by the plunge of this enormous fragment caused a succession of rollers which swept over the surface of the bay, making its shores resound as it travelled along it; and at a distance of four miles was so considerable that it became necessary to aright the *Dorothea*, which was then careening, by immediately releasing the tackles which confined her.

‘ The piece that had been disengaged at first wholly disappeared under water, and nothing was seen but a violent boiling of the sea, and a shooting up of clouds of spray, like that which occurs at the foot of a great cataract. After a short time it reappeared, raising its head full a hundred feet above the surface, with water pouring down from all parts of it; and then, labouring as if doubtful which way it should fall, it rolled over, and, after rocking about some minutes, at length became settled.

‘ We now approached it, and found it nearly a quarter of a mile in circumference, and sixty feet out of the water. Knowing its specific gravity, and making a fair allowance for its inequalities, we computed its weight at 421,660 tons. A stream of salt water was still pouring down its sides, and there was a continual cracking noise, as loud as that of a cart-whip, occasioned, I suppose, by the escape of fixed air.’

This fully explains how the earth and stones which are frequently seen on these floating icebergs, and have puzzled many, happen to be so placed. They may either carry with them detached earth and gravel from the side of the mountain, or bring up a portion of pebbles from the bottom of the sea. Captain Beechey mentions four glaciers near Magdalena bay. The writer of this article, when very young, happened to be there, ‘ ’tis sixty years since,’ when there were seven, known to Dutch whalers by the name of ‘ the *zeven ysbergen*’—can three of them have wholly disappeared?

But as we have compared, or contrasted, the frozen Arctic regions with the frozen Antarctic regions, or rather the great island of Spitzbergen with the great island (if it be one) of Victoria, we may add, that the glaciers of the former, or even those of the Alps, dwindle into insignificance when compared with the latter. This land is fronted towards the north by a perpendicular wall of ice, along which Ross navigated three hundred miles the first voyage, and an additional one hundred and thirty miles in the second; the depth of the sea into which it plunged being from two to three hundred fathoms. The height of this wall or glacier in its perpendicular face (for what was beyond could not be seen) was above two hundred feet, decreasing towards the east to one hundred and fifty, and where the course of the ships was discontinued, from the lateness of the season, to little more than one hundred feet: here and there were projecting points from this long line, rising from seventy to ninety feet in height above the sea. We may safely set down this Antarctic glacier as far superior in magnitude to all others which our earth affords.

Captain Beechey gives an abstract of the several voyages that have been undertaken, at various times, for the discovery of a north-west, north-east, and Polar passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and, in his concluding remarks, offers an opinion of the advantage that might be afforded in navigating among the ice, by the adoption of steam vessels propelled by the Archimedean screw. There appear to us insuperable objections to this measure—first, from the impossibility of stowing fuel for a sufficient length of time; and, secondly, from the damage to which the screw would be liable on account of concealed offsets of ice below the surface, called calves, if we rightly recollect, and the

impossibility of repairing it. Boats too, like those of Parry, are objectionable, as with them, success even, in our opinion, would be fatal; for it is not merely the getting *to* the Pole that is required, but the getting *back again*, when the season may probably be expired and the provisions consumed. It is but justice to Franklin and Beechey to notice, that, on their return from the voyage we are now speaking of, they volunteered their services to proceed over the ice to the Pole; and submitted a plan to the Admiralty, proposing the employment of Esquimaux dogs and skin boats—the Baydars of these people—as best adapted for that purpose.

Our author also adds an Appendix, containing an abstract of the several voyages made into the Arctic regions, with a view to discover a north-west or north-east passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the time of Cabot and Sir Hugh Willoughby, to that of the Honourable Captain Phipps. But we must close our remarks on his volume, which, we repeat, is written in good taste, and with a degree of good feeling towards the animal part of the creation which cannot be too highly extolled.

ART. IV.—*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the Tweed; with a Short Account of the Natural History and Habits of the Salmon, Instructions to Sportsmen, Anecdotes, &c.* By WILLIAM SCROPE, Esq., F.L.S. Illustrated by Lithographs and Wood Engravings, from Paintings by Sir DAVID WILKIE, E. and C. LANDSEER, and others. 8vo. London: 1843.

ALTHOUGH our days and nights of salmon fishing may embrace objects of a less exciting character than the more arduous achievements of the chase, yet Memory draws from them a more varied tribute, and dwells upon its fading visions with a more affectionate and less painful interest. The rod is an earlier gift than the gun; and we are allowed to plunge into the crystal stream, long before we have leave to climb the mountain or to tread the heath. The hazel wand, with its line of thread and its hook of brass, commits havoc among the minnows, before the spring gun has introduced us to the more lethal tube, which is guilty of the blood of sparrows.

But even when we have been mere spectators, and had no concern in the sport, we have had frequent opportunities of witnessing, in early life, the varied seats of the salmon fisher. During the day, we watch him in the stream and at the pool; and the

adventurous youth seldom fails to obtain a glimpse of the burning of the water, whether it is accomplished by the authorized angler or effected at midnight by the daring poacher. In this manner our river sports are not only associated with our earliest recollections, but claim a high place among our amusements, long before we have been either spectators of the chase or partakers in its toils.

But, while early associations thus give a deep interest to the recollection of our river adventures, that interest becomes more pleasing from the greater humanity of the sport itself. We cannot, indeed, affirm that *ichthyological* life is less painfully surrendered than that of the *mammalia*; but our early cruelties make us indulge in the belief, that the amount of suffering is proportional to the magnitude of the sufferer; and when we see the salmon stretched on the grass without a wound, and slain without the shedding of blood, our sympathy is immeasurably less than that which is called forth when we scan the stately Hart with its glazed eye and its quivering limb, or the comely Roe-deer perforated by the rifle or torn by the ferocious hound. Our animal associations, too, have a powerful influence over our sympathies. Ourselves a genus in the *mammiferous* community, we naturally associate their sufferings with our own. The shrieks of the female Orang-outang, so singularly human, are said to thrill through the very heart of her pursuer; and we would not envy the sportsman whose domestic sympathies are not awakened when he has slain the Hart in the presence of his mate, or shot the tender Hind in the act of caressing its offspring. The death of a sportive Fawn, slain by the random shot of the deer-stalker, will call forth a deeper feeling than the demise of three thousand salmon, caught in one net by the Arctic fisherman.

If the reader partakes in these feelings, he will be induced to follow us with more interest and docility while we endeavour to initiate him, by the help of Mr Scrope's interesting volume, into the mysteries and adventures of salmon fishing in the Tweed. Should he be a native of our Border land, he will accompany our author, as we have done, with a still higher relish through the scenes of his infancy—among the haunts of the Scottish Minstrel—over the fields of our Border heroism, and within the magic circle of the Great Wizard of the North; and if a stranger, he may pursue his pilgrimage through valleys adorned with the remains of Gothic and Norman grandeur, and may throw his line into streams which poetry and music have consecrated—under the very cave in which the Poet of the Seasons conned his

earliest lays, and beneath the cliffs within which the assertors of civil and religious liberty obtained shelter from persecution.

Mr Scrope's elegant volume, which we shall now proceed to analyse, is printed uniformly with his work on the 'Art of Deer-Stalking,' of which we formerly gave our readers a full account;* and is embellished with a series of thirteen beautiful lithographs and nine wood engravings, from paintings by artists of the highest eminence. The landscapes and figures, independent of their merit as compositions, exhibit the great perfection of the lithographic art; and we venture to say, that the plate representing two young salmon in the smolt and parr state, and another plate representing a young salmon in the intervening state, both of them from pictures by Mr Cooke, and engraved and coloured by hand by Mr Haghe, have never before been equalled in this department of art.

After a humorous description of the citizen anglers, who quit the smoke and bustle of the metropolis in search of pure air and limpid streamlets, and a slight notice of the 'real scientific fly-fisher,' and 'somewhat of an artist also,' who roves from river to lake, filling his canvass as well as his basket, Mr Scrope proceeds to describe the *three* species of the genus *Salmo* which are found in the Tweed, and which afford most sport to the angler:—the *common salmon*, or *Salmo salar*; the *grey* or *bull trout*, the *Salmo eriox*; and the *salmon trout*, or the *Salmo trutta*. It is certainly a singular fact, that notwithstanding the great national importance of our salmon fisheries, no accurate information was possessed, either by naturalists or practical men, respecting the habits of the salmon, or the appearance of its fry; and hence the real young of this valuable fish were supposed to be a distinct species,† which was not protected by law; and therefore killed in thousands in our salmon streams, not only by the general angler, but by the very individuals who, but for their ignorance, would have been most anxious to preserve them.

Several persons had the merit of contributing to the important discovery, that the *parr* (*samlet* or *fingerling*) are the young

* See this Journal, Vol. LXXI. p. 98.

† "Account of Experimental Observations on the Development and Growth of Salmon Fry, from the Exclusion of the Ova to the Age of Two Years."—*Edin. Trans.*, Vol. XXIV. pp. 447–567. Mr Shaw had previously published his early experiments in the *Edin. New Phil. Journal*, July 1836, Vol. XXI. p. 97, and January 1838, Vol. XXIV. p. 165.

of the salmon. Mr Scrope was, we believe, the first who clearly pointed out the similarity between the trout and the parr; Sir David Brewster confirmed this result, by showing their identity of structure in reference to the arrangement of the fibres of their crystalline lenses. The 'Ettrick Shepherd,' more than fifteen years ago, mentioned to us the result of direct experiments which he had made, by cutting the fins and tail of the parr; but it is to Mr Shaw* that we are indebted for a satisfactory enquiry into the development and growth of the young of the salmon, to which the Royal Society of Edinburgh adjudged the 'Keith prize.'

The common salmon leaves the sea and ascends the Tweed at every season of the year, but most numerous in summer, if the river is discoloured by rain. In little more than twenty-four hours they are found to have travelled forty miles, as Mr Scrope has often ascertained. As the spawning does not commence till September, Mr Scrope conceives that they take shelter in the river, so early as February and March, from the attacks of porpoises and seals, which devour them in great quantities. Concealing themselves in deep water when it is cold, and occupying rough streams when it is warm, they move onwards to their spawning places during every flood, previous to which they frequently leap out of the water—probably as a rehearsal of their future labours in ascending the cataracts which may oppose their course. Mr Yarrel supposes that the salmon can leap ten or twelve feet perpendicularly. Mr Scrope considers six feet as their maximum leap; and, in support of this opinion, he got measured the height† of a *wear* near the mouth of Leader Water, which no salmon had ever cleared. In order to assist the salmon in the ascent of cataracts, Mr Smith of Deanston indulges them with a sort of double stair, for which they are very grateful. In a gap at one side of the river he places 'transverse pieces of wood or stone, each of which reaches 'about two-thirds of the width of the gap. There are two ranges 'of these steps, one on each side; and the steps on one side face 'the centre of the interval between the steps on the other, so that 'the fish ascend from side to side in a zig-zag direction, and can 'rest in their ascent, should they find it necessary.'

The spawning begins in September, but is carried on chiefly in December, January, and February.

Sir H. Davy considered the parr as a mule produced by the sea trout and common trout.—*Salmonia*, p. 67, 68.

† Between five and six feet.

‘The fish,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘become weak and wasted before the spawning time, and change in colour. The male loses its silvery hue, and is deeply tinged in the cheeks and body with orange, and is also dappled with red spots, when, in the upper parts of the Tweed, it is sometimes called a “soldier.” The under jaw also becomes longer, and a cartilaginous substance grows from the point of it, and extends upwards till it buries itself in the nose above. In this state the fish is very thin in the back, and altogether much wasted; but its flesh is sometimes eatable, and, at any rate, infinitely superior to that of a fish which has newly spawned. The female, when ready to spawn, is dark in colour, and her flesh is soft and worthless.’—(P. 14.)

Selecting a tranquil spot in the broad part of the stream, the female begins to form her spawning bed after sunset, with her head pointing to the stream, working up the gravel with her snout, and arranging the loose gravel with her tail. The male then appears, and ‘remains close by the female, on the side on which the water is deepest. When the female is in the act of emitting her ova, she turns upon her side, with her face to the male, who never moves. The female runs her snout into the gravel, and forces herself under it as much as she possibly can, when an attentive observer may see the red spawn coming from her. The male, in his turn, lets his milt go over the spawn; and this process goes on for some days, more or less, according to the size of the fish, and consequent quantity of the eggs.’—(P. 15.)

After spawning, the *kelts*, or females, and the *hippers*, or male fish, move down the river gradually to the sea. In their passage, they are taken in great quantities, in March especially, by the fly and other baits; but they are then lank and weak, and their *flesh* of little value, being often sold at half-a-crown the Dutch stone.

We must now consider what becomes of the spawn, and ‘how and when the young fry arrive at maturity.’ After giving an account of his own early enquiries on this important subject, and also of the observations of others, Mr Scrope has given an interesting abstract of the recent experiments and discoveries of Mr Shaw; and, as the subject is new and popular, we shall endeavour to put our readers in possession of the most important results which that accurate observer has obtained.

After the spawn of the salmon has been deposited and fecundated, it remains embedded in the gravel from ninety to one hundred and fifteen days before it vivifies; the time necessary for this purpose being less in proportion to the temperature of the stream. The young fish remains in the gravel fifteen days after its exclusion from the egg or bag; and after fifty days, the

bag, attached by its base to the abdomen, and affording it nourishment, contracts and disappears. This bag is a conical-like appendage, about two-eighths of an inch long. ‘It is of a beautiful transparent red colour,’ says Mr Shaw, ‘very much resembling a light red currant; and, in consequence of its colour, may be seen at the bottom of the water, when the fish itself can with difficulty be perceived.’ The little fish has a very singular appearance when first excluded: ‘The head,’ says Mr Shaw, ‘is large in proportion to the body, which is exceedingly small, and measures about five-eighths of an inch in length, of a pale blue or peach-blossom colour. * * * The body also presents another singular appearance—viz. a fin or fringe resembling that of the tail of the tadpole, which runs from the dorsal and anal fins to the termination of the tail, and is slightly indented.’ When the bag has disappeared, the fringe also disappears, by dividing itself into the dorsal, adipose, and anal fins, all of which are then well developed. ‘The little transverse bars which, for the period of two years, continue to characterize it *as the parr*, also made their appearance; so that, from the 10th of January till the end of May—a period of upwards of one hundred and forty days—was required to perfect this little fish, which even then measured little more than one inch in length.’

Mr Shaw has represented, in several well executed coloured drawings, the size and appearance of the salmon fry at different periods of their age. The following table, exhibiting the rate of their growth, has been deduced from Mr Shaw's plate.

Age of the Fry. Months.	Length. Inches.
2	1 7 tenths
4	2 3 —
6	3 0 —
12	4 3 —
18	5 7 —
24	6 6 —

In the first three of these stages of growth, the fish has on its sides the characteristic black bars of the parr in distinctly separate vertical patches. In the fourth stage, they are less numerous, and are more like dark festoons hanging from the back. In the fifth stage, the fish are much smaller; and in the sixth, at the age of two years, they have lost entirely the appearance of parrs: the bars have wholly disappeared, and they have assumed the migratory dress of the smolt covered with silvery scales; and have acquired also an increased elegance of form. Descending to the

sea in the first floods of May, the fish returns, in two or three months, generally increased in size, and is then called a *grilse*. It derives another increase of size from a second visit to the sea, when it again returns to the river as a *salmon*. In this state, says Mr Scrope, 'they are greatly altered in their shape and appearance: the body is more full, and the tail less forked, and their countenance assumes a different aspect.'

From the perils to which salmon are exposed, they are seldom allowed to reach any considerable size. The female fish are always the largest, according to Mr Yarrel; and in 1821, as he informs us, a female salmon was exhibited at Mr Grove's in Bond Street, which weighed *eighty-three* pounds. During twenty years' experience, Mr Scrope never caught a salmon above *thirty* pounds, and very few above *twenty*. He has observed that the largest fish are found in the most considerable rivers;—a fact which he ascribes to their greater chance of longevity, from having better means of escape.

We come now to give our readers some account of a very remarkable discovery of Mr Shaw's, and one which no preceding Naturalist had in the slightest degree anticipated. At the age of eighteen months, when the parr, or fry, measure five and a half inches, all the males of the several broods in Mr Shaw's possession exhibited 'a breeding state, by having matured the milt, which could be made to flow freely from their bodies by the slightest pressure of the hand; but the females of the same brood, and of a similar age, although in equal health and condition, do not show a corresponding appearance in reference to the maturity of the roe.' Mr Shaw found that the male and female parrs in the river, of a similar age, were exactly in the same state as those of the broods in the ponds, in regard to their milts and roes. Now, the male parrs, with their milts matured and flowing profusely from their bodies, are at all times found in company with the adult female salmon while she is depositing her spawn in the river; and as the female parrs were in every instance absent, Mr Shaw considered it probable that *the male parrs were present with the female salmon for a sexual purpose*. In order to put this conjecture to the test of experiment, he took, in January 1837, a female salmon of 14 lbs. from the spawning bed, from which he also took a male parr weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz., and with the milt of this parr he impregnated a quantity of the *ova* of the salmon, and placed it in the stream of one of his ponds. The *ova* were hatched in the same manner as when the milt of the adult salmon had been used, the embryo fish appeared at the usual time, and went through all the stages of their growth with

the utmost health and vigour, till they assumed the migratory dress of the smolt. This experiment was repeated many times under various forms,* but always with the same result; and establishes what is a remarkable deviation from the ordinary laws of nature, that the young salmon, when only eighteen months old, and in an immature condition, actually performs the duties of a male parent.

But independent of their physiological importance, the researches of Mr Shaw may be turned to account in another point of view.

‘If ponds,’ says Mr Scrope, ‘were constructed up the Tweed at the general expense, after the model of those made by Mr Shaw, the fry might be produced in any quantities by artificial impregnation, and be preserved and turned into the great river at the proper period of migration. There might at first be some difficulty in procuring food for them; but this would easily be got over. At a very small expense, and with a few adult salmon, more fry may be sent to sea annually than the whole produce of the river at present amounts to, after having encountered the sweeping perils I have mentioned. Proprietors should call meetings for this purpose, and parrs, hitherto so called, should be protected by law. Let all who have an interest in the river consider the wisdom of mutual accommodation. The proprietors of the lower part of the river are dependent on the upper ones for the protection of the spawning fish and the fry; and they, on their part, depend upon the lower ones for the strict adherence to the weekly close-time. I think this method of artificial impregnation would prove somewhat more successful than the following method,* said to be adopted by the Chinese:—“Having collected from rivers and ponds the gelatinous matter containing the eggs of fish, they put it into vessels, and sell it to the proprietors of ponds. When the hatching season arrives, a fowl’s egg is emptied of its usual contents, and this gelatinous matter is put in. The entrance is hermetically sealed, and the egg is then put under a hen. After some days it is opened, and placed in a vessel of water heated by the sun, and it is kept in the rays until the little fish become strong enough to bear the external temperature.”—(P. 43, 44.)

Mr Scrope is of opinion that a river may be stocked with any sort of common fish, by transmitting the *ova* and milt amalgamated, imbedded in gravel, and placed in a vessel filled with water. About thirty years ago, Sir Anthony Carlisle made an experiment

and in one of these forms the young produced by the parr and salmon were made to “reproduce their kind,”—a proof, if any were wanted, that they were not *hybrids*.

* *English Chronicle*, July 25, 1843.

of this kind in the river Wandle. Imbedding the *ova* of the salmon in the gravel without the milt of the male, he left them to be impregnated by the river trout; and he assures us that the river was afterwards full of the fry thus produced.

In order to study the effects of increased temperature in accelerating the development of the infant fish, Mr Shaw took, on the 20th April, four unhatched *ova* 106 days after impregnation, the temperature of the stream being 41°, and imbedded them in loose gravel covering the bottom of a tumbler of water. The tumbler having been suspended from the top of his bed-room window, he placed above it an earthenware jar, with a small spigot in its side, from which a stream of pure spring water flowed into the tumbler, the waste water being carried off by a wooden channel. The temperature of the room was 47°, and that of the river 45°; but as the heat of the room was considerably increased in the night, the young fish in the tumbler were hatched in *thirty-six hours*, while those in the stream were not hatched till the 28th April, a difference of nearly *seven days*. The little fish were now very transparent, exhibiting distinctly their vital organs; and when they were in absolute repose the pectoral fin was in continual and rapid motion. They already showed a desire to escape observation, and on the 24th of May, when thirty-nine days old, and nearly an inch long, they were completely divested of the yelk, (their sole food at this period,) and displayed the characteristic bars of the parr.

The important results obtained by Mr Shaw have been confirmed up to a certain stage, by recent experiments made by Mr Andrew Young of Invershin, manager of the productive salmon fisheries of the Duke of Sutherland. The specimens reared by Mr Young are still in the state of parr, and the only difference between them and those observed by Mr Shaw is, that their dimensions are somewhat greater; and he 'therefore anticipates that a larger number will become smolts in about a twelve-month after their first spring than was the case with those observed in Dumfries-shire'—a result which he ascribes to his vicinity to the salt water, the influence of which on salmon, in all its stages, he considers to be most remarkable.

Regarding Mr Shaw as having exhausted the subject of the fresh water state of salmon fry, from their *ova* to the state of smolts, Mr Young takes up the subject where Mr Shaw left it, and has given us the most satisfactory information respecting the passage of the fish from the smolt to the grilse state, on their first ascent from the sea; and respecting the transition from the state of grilse that have spawned, to the state of salmon, on their

second ascent from the sea. Notwithstanding the slow growth of the parr in fresh water, Mr Young found the salubrious influence of the sea to be so great, that smolts which he had marked by nipping irons in April and May, returned in June and July in the state of grilse, weighing from three lbs. to eight lbs., according to the time of their sojourn in the sea. He found, too, that salmon never grow in fresh water at all; either as grilse or in the adult state; nay, that *they actually decrease in dimension after entering the river*, and that the higher they ascend, and the longer they remain in the river, the more they deteriorate both in weight and quality.

Now this result is certainly a very extraordinary one, if it is true to the extent here stated; because we must conclude that there is something in fresh water, or in the flies, and worms, and other food of the salmon which it furnishes, which is absolutely deleterious to that fish. There is certainly no self-evident improbability in this conclusion; but it is inconsistent with *other facts* regarding the salmon, which, though they may not entitle us to question the accuracy of Mr Young's data, ought to make us enquire further into the subject. In his 'Field Sports in the North of Europe,' Mr Lloyd informs us, that 'immediately near to Katrineberg, at a hamlet called Deje-forss, there is a very valuable fishery for salmon, ten or twelve thousand of these fish being taken there annually. They are, however, of a small size, the largest of them rarely exceeding twenty lbs. in weight, one with another. Indeed, they probably do not average more than six or seven lbs. a-piece. *These salmon are bred in the Wenern Lake; but in consequence of the considerable cataracts at Deje, they never have access to the sea*: from this cause they are said to be inferior in point of flavour to those found in most other rivers.' These fisheries belong to our respectable countrymen, Messrs J. and R. Dixon, from Montrose. In 1820, 21,817 salmon were caught, and Mr Lloyd saw upwards of 500 caught at Deje in one day.—(Vol. I. p. 301-2.) It is therefore a fact beyond all question, that parr will grow into grilse, and grilse into salmon of twenty lbs. weight, in fresh water.

In order to show the relationship between the grilse and the adult salmon, Mr Young marked all the grilses of four lbs. weight, after the spawning season was over. After going down to the sea with the other spawned fish, they returned; and in the short absence of four or five months they had grown into beautiful full-formed salmon—ranging from nine to fourteen lbs. weight, according to the length of their sojourn in the sea.

Mr Young was induced to mark the salmon as well as the

grilse, in order to ascertain whether the fish of a river were a breed peculiar to that river alone, or whether 'the main body, ' returning shorewards from their feeding grounds in distant parts ' of the ocean, and progressing southwards along the coasts of ' Scotland, were thrown into, or encouraged to enter, estuaries and ' rivers by various accidental circumstances.' In the next fishing season he caught great numbers of the marked fish, *each in its own river*, with its distinctive mark. In confirmation of this result, Mr Young states that the salmon in the Shin average from seventeen to eighteen lbs. in weight; while those of the Oykel scarcely attain, on an average; half that weight. Hence he concludes that every river has its own breed, which continues, till captured and killed, to return from year to year into its native stream.*

The sea-trout, *Salmo trutta*, though held in high estimation as an article of food, and of great commercial value in our fisheries, has been the subject of as much controversy as the salmon. It is the white trout, (*Salmo albus* of Dr Fleming,) phinnock, herling, whitling, salmon trout, and the Frodwich trout of Isaac Walton. Mr Scrope has briefly noticed the results of Mr Shaw's experiments on this fish; but as Mr Shaw's paper,† not yet published, is now before us, we are able to give our readers a fuller account of his researches.

On account of the difficulty of capturing a male and female sea-trout in the act of depositing their spawn, Mr Shaw on the 1st of March shot, or rather stunned, a pair lying in six inches of water. He then impregnated the female *ova* with the milt, and placed them in a stream connected with his experimental pond. The temperature of the water was at first 47°, and in winter a few degrees lower. The embryo fish were visible to the naked eye *forty* days after impregnation; and seventy-five days after impregnation the fish were excluded from the egg, and at this time the brood was very like those of the salmon, but only smaller, and of a pale blue colour. When *two months* old they were one inch long, and had the lateral markings of the salmon, &c. At *four months old* the fish were two inches long, at six months two and a half inches, at nine months three inches, and at twelve months three and half inches. At twenty-one months they mea-

* See Mr Young's paper 'On the Growth of Grilse and Salmon,' in the 'Edinburgh Transactions,' Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 343, not yet published.

† 'On the Growth and Migration of the Sea-Trout of the Solway,' in the 'Edinburgh Transactions,' Vol. XV. Part iii. p. 369.

sured six inches; having lost all the lateral bars, resembling some of the varieties of the common river trout. At eighteen or twenty months the whole of the males are capable of procreation. At twenty-four months the average size of the fish is seven inches, and at this time three-fourths of the brood have assumed the migratory dress. Their colour is dark brown on the back, passing into a white silvery appearance on the sides and belly; the pectoral fins are white, with one-third part (the extremities) orange, whence they are called *orange fins*. Spots prevail chiefly along the back, with a few below the lateral line. 'Each spot is surrounded by a circle of a lighter colour than the general surface of the body, and this appears to be a prevailing characteristic of the trout species, and one which the sea-trout fry exhibit even after having assumed the migratory dress, when every other feature of resemblance to the common trout has disappeared.'

In the course of these researches, an anomaly in the economy of the sea-trout presented itself to Mr Shaw. He found that *one-fourth* of each brood never assume the migratory dress; and never migrate, but become permanent residents in fresh water, the females maturing the roe sufficiently to reproduce their species with young males of corresponding age. This power of adaptation to fresh water is proved by the fact stated by Dr Macculloch, that sea-trout are now permanent inhabitants of a fresh-water loch in the island of Lismore in Argyleshire; and also from the fact discovered by Mr James Wilson, that sea-trout have bred, during a period of nearly twenty years, in the Compensation Pond, in the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh. Now, we venture to state, that this same power of adaptation to fresh water, is possessed by the salmon; and in proof of it we have only to refer to their existence in the fresh-water lake of Wenern. It is probable indeed, and we would beg to call Mr Shaw's attention to the probability, that a certain portion of the salmon brood may, like the sea-trout, remain permanently in our rivers.

In studying the more advanced stage of the sea-trout, Mr Shaw, from numerous and long-continued experiments, came to the conclusion, 'that the small fry called *orange fins*, which are found journeying to the sea with the true salmon fry, are the young of the sea-trout of the age of *two years*; that the same individuals, after nine or ten weeks' residence in the sea, ascend our rivers for the first time as *herlings*, weighing about nine or ten ounces, and, on the approach of autumn, pass into our smaller tributaries, for the purpose of continuing their kind; that, having spawned, they soon again make their way to the

‘ sea, during their residence in which they almost wholly acquire
‘ their increase of weight, viz. about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. per annum; and
‘ that they return annually, with an accession of size each sea-
‘ son, to the same river in which their parents gave them birth.’

Although the voracity of the Ichthyological community is well known by the unerring testimony of fossil species still gorged with their prey, yet we do not possess many well-authenticated facts respecting their pugnacious habits and modes of warfare. The pike, as is well known, will often pull young ducks under the water, and devour them; and the Tay trout, which is a large fish with a huge mouth, feeds chiefly on moles, mice, and frogs. John Crerar, the Duke of Athole's gamekeeper, relates, in a MS. possessed by Mr Scrope, the following curious event, which happened to him at Pulney Loch:—‘ One of my
‘ sons,’ says he, ‘ threw a live mouse into it, when a large trout
‘ took the mouse down immediately. The boy told me what
‘ had happened; so I took my fishing-rod, which was leaning
‘ against my house, close to the loch, and put a fly on. At the
‘ very first throw I hooked a large trout, landed it, and laid it
‘ on the walk; in two seconds, *the mouse ran out of its mouth,*
‘ *and got into a hole in the wall before I could catch it.*’ Mr Shaw has described a contest between two male salmon, who were desirous of monopolizing the duty of attending a female while depositing her spawn. The two males kept up an incessant conflict during the whole of a day in order to obtain possession of the female; and in the course of their struggle they frequently drove each other nearly ashore, and, as the battle raged, frequently rose to the surface, displaying their dorsal fins, and lashing the water with their tails.

The social, as well as the pugnacious habits of the salmon, have been recorded in the account of a very interesting experiment made in 1829, by Mr George Dormer of Stone Mills, in the parish of Bridport. Having caught in his mill-dam a female salmon about twenty inches long, he put it into a small well, which measured only five feet by two feet four inches, and in which the water was only fifteen inches deep. The salmon remained in this well *twelve* years, and died in the year 1842. About five years ago, persons came from great distances to witness her doings, and there are many in Exeter who can testify to the truth of the following facts:—

‘ She would come to the top of the water and take meat off a plate, and would devour a quarter of a pound of lean meat in less time than a man could eat it; she would also allow Mr Dormer to take her out of the water, and, when put into it again, she would immediately take meat from his hands, or would even bite the finger if presented to her.

Some time since a little girl teased her by presenting the finger and then withdrawing it, till at last she leaped a considerable height above the water, and caught her by the said finger, which made it bleed profusely : by this leap, she threw herself completely out of the water into the court. At one time a young duckling got into the well, to solace himself in his favourite element, when she immediately seized him by the leg, and took him under water ; but the timely interference of Mr Dormer prevented any further mischief than making a cripple of the young duck. At another time a full-grown drake approached the well, and put in his head to take a draught of the water, when Mrs Fish, seeing a trespasser on her premises, immediately seized the intruder by the bill, and a desperate struggle ensued, which at last ended in the release of Mr Drake from the grasp of Mrs Fish, and no sooner freed than Mr Drake flew off in the greatest consternation and affright ; since which time to this day he has not been seen to approach the well, and it is with great difficulty he can be brought within sight of it. This fish lay in a dormant state for five months in the year, during which time she would eat nothing, and was likewise very shy.—P. 48.

Before leaving what may be called the scientific part of his subject, Mr Scrope treats at some length of the change of colour in fishes ;—a subject to which naturalists have paid very little attention, though one which could scarcely fail to force itself upon their notice. This change of colour, analogous to that which takes place in all natural bodies, is unquestionable. On the approach of Autumn, according to the observations of Mr Shaw, the whole of the *Salmonidæ*, whether migratory or resident, acquire while in fresh water a dusky exterior, accompanied by a considerable increase of mucus or slime ; but when Spring returns they resume their former beautiful colouring. The change of colour which accompanies the transition of the parr is of the same description, arising from an actual change in the nature and thickness of the particles upon which the colours of fishes depend. But a change of colour of a different kind has been observed by anglers and naturalists. Mr Scrope had observed that, at Castle Combe, during a chalky spate, the trout are *white*, and resume their colour when the water clears. Now, if these fishes are actually *white* when taken out of the chalky water, and any *superficial deposit* washed away, the whiteness can arise only from minute particles of chalk having insinuated themselves into the mucus among the usual colouring particles on the scales ; these chalky particles being gradually removed by a subsequent residence in clear water. If this is not the explanation of the fact, we must have recourse to the monstrous supposition, that the fish have become *white* by swallowing *chalk*, in the same manner as some animalcules become *blue* by swallowing *indigo*.

It is likewise stated by Mr Scrope, that in all the rivers in which he had fished, the fish are *clear* in a *gravelly* bottom, and dark in one overhung with trees. When the fish are in these localities, the light of the illuminated gravel will be reflected from the scales of the fish and give them a clear appearance, while no such effect will be produced in the overshadowed part. If this difference of colour exists in the fish when taken out of the water, then we must ascribe the superior clearness of the one class to the continued action of light upon the particles on which the colour depends. The same observations apply to another observation of Mr Scrope, that in one part of the river Chess the trouts are darker and grayer than in another, and that in this part of the river the channel was part of a stratum of *black flint*.

The changes of colour in fishes produced by *drying* them when *wet*, or *wetting* them when *dry*, are easily explained, and analogous facts must be familiar to every person. Water, like varnish, renders all colours more brilliant when *only one reflecting surface* is concerned—deepening blacks, and brightening all other hues, and it does this by polishing, as it were, the surface of the coloured body; and thus preventing the *incident* light from being scattered in entering that surface, and also the emitted coloured light from being scattered in emerging from the same surface. The scattering of the incident light would produce a nebulous whiteness, interfering with the coloured light, and the coloured light itself would be weakened by the same cause. But in fishes, where the scales overlap each other, (and also in all fibrous and porous bodies,) an additional effect is produced by wetting and drying. If the space between any *two* scales, and the space all around the two scales, is filled with water—that is, if the fish is completely wet—we shall see the common light reflected from the first aqueous surfaces mixed with all the colours, whatever they may be, of the wet colouring particles adhering to the scales; but if the fish is dried, and the above spaces not filled with water, the eye will receive the common light reflected from the *four* surfaces of the two scales; mixed not only with the reflected tints of the colouring particles, but with their transmitted colours reflected from the second surface of the first scale, and the first and second surfaces of the second scale. And in addition to all this, the real reflected tints of the colorific particles will be changed by drying, in consequence of their thickness being diminished.

In the wooden *hides*, or troughs for admitting and preserving fish from poachers, Mr Scrope found that the fish were of a very *black* colour, not only on the back, but also of a *granulated inky* cast on their sides and underneath—an effect no doubt produced

from their generally residing in darkness ; but upon catching one of those fish, and placing it in his basket, he observed the following remarkable change of colour. Having been caught first, the black trout occupied the bottom of the basket. The upper side of the fish which had touched the others, ' became also ' bright, and of a colour exactly similar to them, whilst the lower ' side which touched the dry basket retained its original dark hue ; ' but by turning that part of the fish also towards the others, the ' whole trout, after a time, became of a *uniform bright colour*, and ' was not in that respect dissimilar to the rest. I do not mean to ' hint,' continues Mr Scrope, ' that the blackamoor was dyed by ' his dead companions, because I think that a *wet cloth would ' have produced the same effect* ; but it seems extraordinary that ' the water, which had no effect upon his colour when living in ' the river, (and also none when taken out of it,) should have so ' decided a one after he was dead—not bringing back the origi- ' nal dye, but removing the dark tint entirely.' Now we cannot, even by the wildest hypothesis, (excepting that of sup- posing that this blacklegs abstracted the colorific particles from his companions, and though dead, yet pilfered,) conjure up an explanation of this extraordinary fact ; and though we have always found Mr Scrope not only an accurate observer, but a faithful chronicler of his observations, we would yet beg of him to have this experiment carefully repeated.

From a series of experiments on the colours of fishes, made by Dr Stark,* it appears that the colour of sticklebacks and other small fishes is influenced by the colour of the earthenware, or other vessel, in which they are kept ; but modified also by the quantity of light to which they are exposed—becoming pale when placed in a *white* vessel in *darkness*, even for a comparatively short time, and regaining their natural colour when placed in the sun. Hence Dr Stark infers, that, to a certain extent, fishes possess the power of accommodating their colour to the ground or bottom of the waters in which they are found. Mr Shaw is stated by Mr Yarrel to have observed, that the salmon caught in the cruive at Drumlanrig change their colour in consonance with the turbid or pure state of the water. When parr were placed in differently coloured earthenware vessels, the change of colour was perfected in the space of *four minutes*. ' If the parr is taken from the dark-coloured vessel, and put ' immediately to the parr in the light-coloured one, the difference ' of colour between the two fishes will be found strikingly ob-

servable.' As all waters assume, in a greater or less degree, the colour of the light which they reflect, and lights of different intensities develope colours in different degrees, we could desire to have the above experiments carefully repeated. We never will believe, unless on ocular evidence, and that evidence purified from all risk of physiological and local illusion, that a living fish will change its colour in *four minutes*; and still less can we believe in the vulgar error, that fish change colour in the act of dying. When the colour of animal tissues depend, like the human skin, on the greater or less quantity of a coloured fluid intromitted into its vessels, we can easily understand how sudden fear, or joy, or any other cause which influences the circulating fluids, and arrests or alters the secretions on which colour depends, may produce those changes of colour with which we are familiar; but when the colours depend, as in fishes, upon the magnitude of material particles, which we can separate and study, we can no more believe that *these colours* can be instantly changed, than that the human skin would thicken, and the human bones lengthen, when the warrior suddenly falls in the field of battle.

Before entering on the practical department of salmon fishing, Mr Scrope gives us an interesting account of his own natural passion for the sport. His early aquatic propensities—his feats with his first fishing-rod—his adventures and perils by water before he had acquired the right of either angling or shooting by himself;—are recorded with much vivacity and humour. On his way to wander over our blue hills, the Fates arrested him on the banks of the Etterick, in which he caught his first salmon; and returning next season, he 'ensconced himself in an hostel in the 'little town of Melrose,' in order to enjoy the salmon fishing, for which its vicinity was so highly celebrated. In that classical valley

' Where far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed ran,'

Mr Scrope spent a portion of his happiest years—mingling in alternate lustra the pursuit of the salmon with the hunting of the deer;—chastening with intellectual labour the more hardy exercise of his active powers;—and garnering on the river side, and amidst our Alpine wilds, those elements of the picturesque which have been embalmed on his canvass; and those impressions of nature's beauties which have adorned his literary labours.

The following retrospect of his visits to the Tweed with these observations, and afford a specimen of Mr Scrope's creative powers.

' My first visit to the Tweed was before the Minstrel of the North had sung those strains which enchanted the world, and attracted people of all ranks to this land of romance. The scenery, therefore, at the

time, unassisted by story, lost its chief interest ; yet was it all lovely in its native charms. What stranger, just emerging from the angular enclosures of the south, scored and subdued by tillage, would not feel his heart expand at the first sight of the heathery mountains, swelling out into vast proportions, over which man has had no dominion ? At the dawn of day he sees, perhaps, the mist ascending slowly up the dusky river, taking its departure to some distant undefined region ; below the mountain range his sight rests upon a deep and narrow glen, gloomy with woods, shelving down to its centre. What lies hid in that mysterious mass the eye may not visit ; but a sound comes down from afar as of the rushing and din of waters. It is the voice of the Tweed as it bursts from the melancholy hills, and comes rejoicing down the sunny vale, taking its free course through the haugh, and glittering amongst silvan bowers—swelling out at times fair and ample, and again contracted into gorges and sounding cataracts—lost for a space in its mazes behind a jutting brae, and reappearing in dashes of light through walls of trees opposed to it in shadow.

‘ Thus it holds its fitful course. The stranger might wander in the quiet vale, and, far below the blue summits, he might see the shaggy flock grouped upon some sunny knoll, or straggling among the scattered birch-trees ; and, lower down on the haugh, his eye, perchance, might rest awhile on some cattle standing on a tongue of land by the margin of the river, with their dark and rich brown forms opposed to the brightness of the waters. All these outward pictures he might see and feel, but he could see no further : the lore had not spread its witchery over the scene—the legends slept in oblivion. The stark moss-trooper and the clanking stride of the warrior had not again started into life ; nor had the light blazed gloriously in the sepulchre of the wizard with the mighty book. The slogan swelled not anew upon the gale, resounding through the glens and over the misty mountains ; nor had the minstrel's harp made music in the stately halls of Newark, or beside the lonely braes of Yarrow.

‘ Since that time I have seen the Cottage of Abbotsford with its rustic porch, lying peacefully on the haugh between the lone hills ; and have listened to the wild rush of the Tweed as it hurried beneath it. As time progressed, and as hopes arose, I have seen that cottage converted into a picturesque mansion, with every luxury and comfort attached to it, and have partaken of its hospitality : the unproductive hills I have viewed covered with thriving plantations, and the whole aspect of the country civilized without losing its romantic character. But, amidst all these revolutions, I have never perceived any change in the mind of him who made them—“the choice and master spirit of the age.” There he dwelt in the hearts of the people, diffusing life and happiness around him : he made a home beside the border river, in a country and a nation that have derived benefit from his presence, and consequence from his genius. From his chambers he looked out upon the grey ruins of the abbey, and the sun which set in splendour beneath the Eildon Hills. Like that sun, his course has been run ; and, though disastrous clouds came across him in his career, he went down in unfading glory.

‘ These golden hours, alas ! have long passed ; but often have I visions

of the silvan valley and its glittering waters, with dreams of social intercourse. Abbotsford, Mertoun, Chiefswood, Huntley Burn, Allerley—when shall I forget ye?—(P. 101-4.)

The technicalities and adventures of salmon fishing, the *beau idéal* of our river sports, now occupy the attention of our author. After a dissertation on the advantages and risks of *wading*, in which it is left undecided whether the angler should plunge to the fifth button of his waistcoat or to his shirt-collar, we are instructed to have a rod eighteen or twenty feet long, proportioned to the size of the water; with a line of from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty yards in length, tapering to a clear and round single gut, and coiled upon a *single* reel, with a cylinder of very ample circumference. The flies must be adapted to the state of the water, both in respect to colour and size;—a large fly with sober colours being best fitted for deep and clear water, and a smaller one, equally plain, where it is shallower. In the throat of a rough cast or stream, a large fly is most suitable; and at the tail of it, where the current is more gentle, a smaller one will be preferable. Hence we should change our flies once or twice in every stream. Mr Scrope prefers large and rather gaudy flies when the river is swollen and discoloured, in order that they may be seen by the salmon lying at great depths; but he has never found them successful either in the Tweed or elsewhere in clear and low water. If a fish misses the fly in making his offer, the angler should wait a while before he throws his line a second time; and if he has fished a stream unsuccessfully, in which he is convinced there are fish, he may go over it a second time with the same fly with better fortune. After recommending to all fishermen to have plenty of spare tackle, especially when in localities where it cannot be replaced if lost, Mr Scrope gives the following advice respecting the throwing of the line:—

‘Casting the fly,’ says he, ‘is a knack, and cannot well be taught but by experience. The spring of the rod should do the chief work, and not the labour of your arm. To effect this, you should lay the stress as near the hand as possible, and make the wood undulate from that point; which is done by keeping your elbow in advance, and doing something with your wrist, which, as Mr Penn says, is not very easy to explain. Thus the exertion should be chiefly from the elbow and wrist, and not from the shoulders. You should throw clear beyond the spot where the salmon lie, so that they may not see the fly light upon the water; then you should bring the said fly round the stream, describing the segment of a circle, taking one step in advance at every throw. In this manner the fish see your fly only, and not the line. It is customary to give short jerks with the fly as you bring it round, something in the manner of minnow fishing, but in a more gentle and easy way; and I think this manner is the most seducing you can adopt: it sets the wings in a state of alternate expansion and contraction that is extremely captivating.

‘Salmon will often take your fly on one side of the river when they will not touch it on the other. In high-water the channel side, as a general rule, is the best, and at the cheek of the current; and you should not be in a hurry to pull your fly into the more bare and still parts of the channel, where the fish will come more cautiously and lazily. In low water it is best to throw over the channel from the rocky side, drawing at first rather quickly, that your fish may take your fly in the current, which is material. In *very* low water, indeed, when the fish may be said to give over rising, you may try your luck in the rapids by hanging your fly on them; indeed you should always let your fly dwell on this sort of water, or the fish will either lose sight of it, or not choose to follow where you may wish him.’—(P. 131, 133.)

After a graphic account of various fishing adventures, in which our author illustrates the rules of his art, and of a bold descent of the Tay over the Linn of Campsie in small boats, guided by himself and his fisherman, we are introduced to Mr Tintern, a brother sportsman; whose passion for sketching the picturesque objects around him, exceeds his love of salmon fishing, and who falls into contemplative moods, and descants with taste and judgment on the principles of art. In consequence of a pause in one of his dissertations, our author took the opportunity ‘to lay down the law also,’ and to remark:—

‘That he must have arrived at his conclusions from a study of the paintings of those eminent masters, whose works are sealed with perfection, and sanctified by time—productions that elevate us above the level of common thought, and carry us into the regions of poetry and romance.

‘In the pictures of Claude, by a happy treatment of his subject, you see more than the bare materials of common nature. There the glow of Italy lies radiant before you; the eye passes from the flowery foreground, with its tall trees just moved by the zephyr, and wanders from distance to distance over clustering groves and classical ruins, amidst the quiet lapse of waters, and all the pastoral beauty that poets have delighted to feign.

‘Directly opposite to the blandishments of this great master, but true to itself, is the genius of Salvator Rosa. Little recked he of Arcadian scenes. Mysterious and elevated in thought, he delighted to stalk over the wilds of Calabria, and there, in regions desolate and dolorous, by the side of some impending rock, amidst the din of torrents plunging down to the horrid gulf below him, he formed a style original, savage, and indomitable. Nothing entered into his pictures that was commonplace or mean. His figures were banditti, forlorn travellers, or wrecked mariners. His trees the monarch chestnut, forming impenetrable forests, or blasted and riven by the thunderbolt. All his forms were grand. Even his winged clouds had a stern aspect, and partook of the general character. Titian, Claude, Poussin, Salvator Rosa—these and some others of the good old times, drew the poetry and soul of landscape, and not its mere dead image—and this is the triumph of art.’—(P. 165, 166.)

This admirable criticism seems to have roused Mr Tintern

from his reverie; for we find him taking an active interest in a salmon adventure, in which a powerful fish, of above 20 lbs., exhausted the strength both of Mr. Scrope and his fisherman, after an extraordinary run of *a mile and three quarters*, under circumstances which had never occurred during the whole period of his experience in fishing. In this singular encounter, which is well described by our author, we feel all the interest of a deer chase. Dashing through one of the arches of Melrose bridge, now flashing into the shallows, and now digging into the deep water, the bold fish called forth all its powers of escape, and the surprised angler was obliged to follow him with the velocity of a race-horse, now at full speed over the rocks, now plunging into the stream, and now taking refuge in his boat till he overcame the enfeebled powers of his victim.

Cases have occurred in which the exhausted fisherman has been unable to continue his vocation till sleep had recruited him for the contest; and one of these, of not very ancient occurrence, is too interesting to be withheld from our readers. The adventure happened about seventy years ago to one Duncan Grant, a shoemaker, while fishing in one of the pools above Elchies water.

‘Duncan tried one or two pools without success, till he arrived at a very deep and rapid stream, facetiously termed *The Mountebank*: here he paused, as if meditating whether he should throw his line or not. “She is very big,” said he to himself, “but I’ll try her; if I grip him he’ll be worth the hauding.” He then fished it, a step and a throw, about half-way down, when a heavy splash proclaimed that he had raised him, though he missed the fly. Going back a few paces, he came over him again, and hooked him. The first tug verified to Duncan his prognostication, that, if he was there, he would be worth the hauding; but his tackle had thirty plies of hair next the fly, and he held fast, nothing daunted. Give and take went on with dubious advantage, the fish occasionally sulky. The thing, at length, became serious; and, after a succession of the same tactics, Duncan found himself at the boat of Aberlour, *seven hours* after he had hooked his fish, the said fish fast under a stone and himself completely tired. He had some thoughts of breaking his tackle and giving the thing up; but he finally hit upon an expedient to rest himself, and, at the same time, to guard against the surprise and consequence of a sudden movement of the fish.

‘He laid himself down comfortably on the banks, the but-end of his rod in front, and most ingeniously drew out part of his line, which he held in his teeth. “If he rugs when I’m sleeping,” said he, “I think I’ll find him noo;” and no doubt it is probable that he would. Accordingly, after a comfortable nap of three or four hours, Duncan was awoken by a most unceremonious tug at his jaws. In a moment he was on his feet, his rod well up, and the fish swattering down the stream. He followed as best he could, and was beginning to think of the rock at Craigellachie, when he found, to his great relief, that he could “get a pull on him.” He had now comparatively easy work; and, exactly

twelve hours after hooking him, he cleeked him at the head of Lord Fife's water. The fish weighed FIFTY-FOUR lbs. Dutch!—(P. 177, 178.)

Having thus instructed us in a new and ingenious method of managing a large salmon, Mr Scrope proceeds, by example, to show us how a large salmon may manage us. Within the grounds of Makerstoun, the residence of Sir Thomas Brisbane, there is a reach of the Tweed called the *Trows*, (Troughs,) celebrated equally for its salmon and for the picturesque. Here the woods and cliffs descend to the river's brink, and the strong current is broken up by a barrier of rocks at one place, called the *Clippers*, almost choking the stream; and at others, shooting up in so many rugged summits, that, in a low state of the water, the angler, dry-footed, may cross the river. Such a spot has, of course, been the scene of many adventures; but none of its accessaries is more admired than Robert Kerse of the Trows, so well described by Mr Scrope, steering his boat among the rapids—erect and stalwart like one of the finest figures that ever came from Salvator's pencil. We have seen, both in his manhood and his old age, this tall and handsome Neptune of the Tweed, and can vouch for the fidelity of Mr Scrope's delineation.

'In the year 1815,' says Mr Scrope, 'Robert Kerse hooked a clean salmon of about 40 lbs. in the Makerstoun water, the largest, he says, he ever encountered: sair work he had with him for some hours, till at last Rob, to use his own expression, was "clean dune out." He landed the fish, however, in the end, and laid him on the channel. Astonished, and rejoicing at his prodigious size, he called out to a man on the opposite bank of the river, who had been watching him for some time, "Hey, mon, sic a fish!" He then went for a stone to fell him with; but as soon as his back was turned, the fish began to wamble towards the water, and Kerse turned and jumped upon it: over they both tumbled, and they, line, hook, and all, went into the Tweed. The fish was too much for Rob, having broke the line, which got twisted round his leg, and made his escape to his great disappointment and loss; for at the price clean salmon were then selling, he could have got £5 for it.'—(P. 178.)

With river scenes like these, on whose foreground nature has stamped such living forms, memory spontaneously associates the events of our Border struggles, when no virtue was practised save hospitality, and no art studied but that of plunder and violence. That age has now passed away, and these arts have disappeared. But though a superior light had shed its humanizing influence over social life, the Baron's hall long continued to be the haunt of prodigal festivities, if not of corrupting revels. What a transformation marks the picture of the present day! On the Ettrick and the Yarrow, on the Teviot and the Tweed, there is scarcely a mansion where literature and the fine arts,

(and something, too, better than these,) have not raised their banner; and even stern science, the child of tranquillity and peace, has found nursing fathers among the chiefs of the Border. An astronomical observatory now rises upon heights from which castles once frowned; and, in close vicinity, the laboratory of the chemist completes the establishment of the Ducal palace.

After a brief chapter, which recounts the traditions of Michael Scott the wizard—explains the Elfin geology of the Eildon hills—and dwells on the festive doings of the monks of Melrose, Mr Scrope devotes a longer one to the poaching adventures which disturb the tranquillity of our river aristocracy. As the lairds of former times did not repudiate the smuggled claret, so some of our modern water-bailiffs do not abjure the savour of illegal salmon. A noted official of this description was always blindfolded by his wife before she served up to him the unparliamentary fish; and though he was sworn to tell of all he saw anent illegal *kippers*, he considered it very unreasonable, and never indulged in the unreason of 'telling what he did not see.' The next offender whom Mr Scrope summons is your poacher bearing a pout net, 'with which he scoops out foul salmon during the floods.' He, again, is followed by 'your triton,' who, 'quick of eye and ready of hand,' forks out in close-time the poor fish that are spawning in the streams. Then comes the lawless bard with masks of black crape, who, in midnight darkness, burn the rivers for salmon.

'When the winds,' says Mr Scrope, 'are hushed, you may sometimes hear the dipping of oars, and the clanking of a boat-chain; and see at a distance a small light like a glow-worm. In a little while the light blazes forth, and up rise a set of Othellos who are about to take a private benefit. These minions of the night are generally men of a desperate character, and it is not easy to collect water-bailiffs sufficient in number, or willing, to encounter them; but, if water-bailiffs would fight, how very picturesque the attack would be! The rapids—the blazing—the leisters—the combatants driven headlong into the river. Why, the battle of Constantine and Maxentius, and the affair of the bridge, as seen in the famous fresco, would be nothing to it. The only thing I should apprehend would be, that the bailiffs would eventually sport Mark Antony and run.'—(P. 190.)

Were it not for other demands upon our space, we should have treated our readers to the whole colloquy between our author and a rod-poacher, whom one of his fishermen saw in the act of landing a salmon, but whom they did not approach till the fish was fairly hid beneath his capacious skirts. The offender was seized after a close and hot pursuit.

"What makes you run so?" cries the pursuer. "Did ye no see that bogle there, by the quarry stream, that garred me rin this gait? Haud on for your lifies, sirs; for, if he overtakes us, we are dead men."

“ Why, the truth is, Sandy, that I do not choose to haud on at present, because I came forth in quest of a bonny salmon, and cannot go home without one. Could you not help me to such a thing?”

‘ At this Sandy took a pinch of snuff from his mull, and seeing my eyes fixed upon the length and protuberance of his pocket, answered quaintly enough, “ Ay, that can I, and right glad am I to do ye a favour. Ye shall no want for a salmon whilst I have one.” So saying, he pulled forth a ten-pounder, which occupied all the lower regions of his jacket. “ How the beast got here,” said he, as he extracted him gradually, “ I dinna ken, but I’m thinking that he must have louped intil my pocket as I war wading the river.” ’ * * *—(P. 193.)

Mr Scrope concludes the Poacher’s Garland with the Confessions of Tom Purdie, who one Sunday, instead of wending his way to Traquair kirk, took a walk on Tweedside, and was tempted, by the sight of goodly kippers, to arrange a leister adventure for ‘ Monanday, the first o’ the morning,’ when ‘ the Sabbath-day was little mair than o’er;’ but we must not fritter down the enjoyment which our readers will receive from perusing Tom’s own account of the perils and alarms which attended this breach both of the moral and the civil law.

The two last chapters of Mr Scrope’s volume are devoted, by way of climax, to the bolder occupations of the salmon-fisher. The fear of being wanting in details, or perhaps his artistic habit of relieving the masses on his canvass by subsidiary touches, has induced our author to include in these two chapters an account of some of the minor and less inviting processes of salmon fishing; but even these are rendered interesting to the general reader by the vivacity and humour of his dialogue; and a dramatic character is given to the concluding chapter by the appearance on the stage of Mr Tintern, the classical artist, Tom Purdie, and Sir Walter Scott himself. We must, however, refer the reader to Mr Scrope’s pages for the arts of trolling or cross-angling, harling, and fishing with bait, minnow, and parr’s tail; and devote the rest of our space to the more exciting and fatal processes of *sunning* and *burning the water*—throwing the sun’s light among the salmon by day, and the fire light among them by night, till they hide their heads in darkness, and fall under the deadly spear of their adversary.

The art of *sunning* a river consists in taking salmon with the spear by the light of the sun. The river must be quite low, and the water clear, and its surface unruffled; so that sunshine, and calm weather, and pure water, are all necessary to the sport. The passes, or gorges, or heads of streams being carefully watched, or secured by nets, in order to catch the fish which may escape during the sunning process, the boat or boats begin by rowing over the pool with some white object, such as a horse’s skull, hanging in the water from the stern. Frightened at the

unusual sight, the salmon hide themselves beneath the stones and cliffs, and sometimes even lie stupified beside them. When a sufficient degree of terror has been inspired, the spear-holder looks out for his prey; and all his dexterity, and even science, is called into exercise to meet the various emergencies of partial exposure under small stones, or of oblique exposure under rocky ledges, or of the more forlorn hope of a projecting tail. When the fish are wholly concealed under a large stone, two or three often congregating together, Mr Scrope operates by throwing a strong casting-net over the stone, and poking the fish out by the pole of the spear. The fish often escape wounded from these assaults, especially if not struck near their centre of gravity. It has been asserted that 'a Highlander can never pass a seal, a deer, or a salmon, without having a trial of skill with him;' and, in illustration of this, Mr Scrope informs us, that 'the late Staffa, before he came to his title, was once sunning the Pavilion water with John Lord Somerville, and perceiving that the fishermen in their boat had struck a salmon that was likely to get off the spear when he might attempt to lift him, in the true spirit of a Highlander, and without saying a word to any one, plunged at once into the Tweed with his clothes on, dived down to the fish, and brought him into the boat with his hands.'

Mr Scrope suggests a stuffed otter* as an excellent substitute for the horse-skull, as a bugbear for the salmon. In the upper parts of the Tweed, we have seen them float the yellow ragweed down the streams that were to be sunned; and, when our own skin was less tanned by time than it is now, we have when bathing, and at the earnest desire of the *sinner*s, as they would be called in Aberdeen, performed the part of horse-head, by swimming down a long and rapid cast of the Tweed.

The boat generally used for *burning* the water is larger than the usual fishing-boat. 'In the centre of it, close to the side on which the leisterers strike the fish, is a pole fixed vertically, with a frame at top of it, formed of ribs of iron, to contain the combustibles. Three men are sufficient to man the boat—one at the head, another at the stern as boatman and leisterer, and the third at the centre; to kill the fish and trim the fire.' In burning, of course, as well as in sunning, a calm night and a clear stream are essential to success. These requisites were vouchsafed to the burning party whose exploits Mr Scrope has recorded.

* We would recommend a painted board, illuminated by means of a large lens, as a good object of alarm. The condensed light of the sun moving over the bottom of the river might be still better.

‘ All being now ready, a light was struck ; and the spark being applied to rags steeped in pitch, and to fragments of tar-barrels, they blazed up at once amid the gloom, like the sudden flash from the crater of a volcano. The ruddy light glared on the rough features and dark dresses of the leisterers in cutting flames, directly met by black shadows—an effect which those will best understand, who, in the Eternal City, have seen the statues in the Vatican by torchlight. Extending itself, it reddened the shelving rocks above, and glanced upon the blasted arms of the trees, slowly perishing in their struggle for existence amongst the stony crevices ; it glowed upon the hanging wood, on fir, birch, broom, and bracken, half veiled, or half revealed, as they were more or less prominent. The form of things remote from the concentrated light was dark and dubious ; even the trees on the summit of the brae sank in obscurity.’ —(P. 238-9.)

The boat being then pushed up the cheek of the stream till it reached the head of it, she shot across the gorge, and then drifted down broadside foremost. During this brief navigation the leisterers are striking their fish, while other fish are running past towards the head of the cast. The boat is accordingly taken up a second time ; and, during its descent, a huge fish mocks the false stroke of the spearman. Bent on his prey, however, he pushes his boat a third time up the stream, pulls her aside, and jumping ashore, he seizes a brand out of the fire, and plants it in the hands of a ‘ male Thais.’ Thus lighted on his way—

‘ He stood upon a rock which hung over the river, and from that eminence, and with the assistance of the firebrand, examined the bottom of it carefully. His body was bent over the water, and his ready leister held almost vertically ; as the light glared on his face you might see the keen glistening of his eye. In an instant he raised up his leister, and down he sprang from the rock right into the river, and with that wild bound nailed the salmon to the channel. There was a struggle with his arms for a few seconds ; he then passed his hands down the pole of the weapon a little way, brought himself vertically over the fish, and lifted him aloft, cheered by shouts of applause from his friends on the shore.’ —(P. 241.)

The produce of the burned water was a hundred and two fish, great and small—whitlings, bull-trout, and salmon ; but, notwithstanding this great success, the sport was not over. After shooting through one of the arches of Melrose bridge, and lighting up with their red flame its lofty roof, the party entered the salmon cast called ‘ *the Whirls*,’ where they encountered a hungry otter devouring a twelve-pound salmon in the dry channel of the river. Disturbed at his meal the otter plunged into the shallows, where no boat could follow him. Charlie Purdie, the hero of the party, assailed the otter by a distant throw of his leister ; but having to move his arm, he leaped out of the boat to the river, and thus gave his amphibious adversary the advantage of element.

drama ended, in this rather sorry manner. A most shifty, wiry man; one of Heaven's Swiss; that wanted only work. Fifty years of unnoticed toil and valour; one year of toil and valour, not unnoticed, but seen of all countries and centuries; then thirty other years again unnoticed, of Memoir-writing, English Pension, scheming and projecting to no purpose: Adieu thou Swiss of Heaven, worthy to have been something else!

His Staff go different ways. Brave young Egalité reaches Switzerland and the Genlis Cottage; with a strong crabstick in his hand, a strong heart in his body: his Princedom is now reduced to that. Egalité the Father sat playing whist, in his Palais Egalité, at Paris, on the 6th day of this same month of April, when a catchpole entered: Citoyen Egalité is wanted at the Convention Committee!¹ Examination, requiring Arrestment; finally requiring Imprisonment, transference to Marseilles and the Castle of If! Orleansdom has sunk in the black waters; Palais Egalité, which was Palais Royal, is like to become Palais National.

CHAPTER VII.

IN FIGHT.

OUR Republic, by paper Decree, may be 'One and Indivisible;' but what profits it while these things are? Federalists in the Senate, renegadoes in the Army, traitors everywhere! France, all in desperate recruitment since the Tenth of March, does not fly to the frontier, but only flies hither and thither. This defection of con-

¹ See Montgaillard, iv. 144.

ART. V.—1. *Les Français, Peints par Eux-mêmes* ; Texte par les Sommites Littéraires ; Dessins par MM. GAVARNI et H. MONNIER. 9 vols. grand oct. Paris, 1840–1842.

2. *Physiologie de l'Employé*, par Balzac, dessins par Trimolet.
3. ———— *de l'Etudiant*, par L. Huart, dessins par Alophe.
4. ———— *de l'Homme Marié*, par Paul de Kock.
5. ———— *de la Lorette*, par Maurice Alhoy, dessins de Gavarni.
6. ———— *du Garde National*, par L. Huart, dessins par Trimolet.
7. ———— *du Tailleur*, par le même, dessins de Gavarni.
8. ———— *de la Portière*, par James Rousseau, dessins de Daumier.
9. ———— *de l'Ecolier*, par Ourliac, dessins de Gavarni.
10. ———— *des Amoureux*, dessins par Gavarni.
11. ———— *du Célibataire*, par Couailhac, dessins de H. Monnier.
12. ———— *de l'Homme de Loi*, dessins par Daumier.
13. ———— *du Provincial à Paris*, par Pierre Durand (du *Siècle*.)
14. ———— *du Médecin*, par Louis Huart, dessins de Trimolet.
15. ———— *de l'Homme à bonnes Fortunes*, par E. Lemoine, dessins de Janet-Lange.
16. ———— *du Théâtre*, par Couailhac.
17. ———— *du Flaneur*, par L. Huart, dessins d'Alophe.
18. ———— *du Bourgeois*, texte et dessins de H. Monnier.
19. ———— *de la Femme Malheureuse*, par E. Lemoine, dessins de Vernier.
20. ———— *du Troupier*, par Marco Saint-Hilaire, dessins de Vernier.
21. ———— *du Voyageur*, par Maurice Alhoy, dessins de Daumier et Janet-Lange.
22. ———— *de la Parisienne*, par Delort, du *Charivari*.
23. ———— *du Viver*, par James Rousseau, dessins d'Emy.
24. ———— *du Rentier*, par Balzac, dessins par plusieurs Artistes.

true criterion of its tendency ; and the class of novelists, of which MM. de Bernard and Balzac are the chief, too often leave their female readers languid, restless, dissatisfied with domestic life, and apt to view with an extremely lenient eye any sort of tie or connexion which promises to satisfy the vague, undefined longing which agitates them. Most of the other popular writers are principally objectionable on the score of their hard, cold, sceptical, mocking, material, analyzing, illusion-destroying tone. They appear to have no faith in any thing or any body ; but, at the same time, it would be absurd to deny the praise (if it be a praise) of great talent, often amounting to genius, to many of them. In fact, the wonder to us has always been, how such extraordinary powers could be so long and so habitually perverted ; how minds capable of such keen analysis, such fineness of observation, such tenacity and intensity of thought, could help discovering, in their own despite, that they were wrong—could help seeing that neither private happiness nor public prosperity ever was, or ever will be promoted by selfishness or sensuality,—gloss, colour, polish, sift or filter them as you may. To argue with these gentlemen, on their own ground, and parody a famous saying—a true philosopher would have invented modesty had no such quality been known before his time ; and even an enlightened epicure would wish to keep the female mind as long as possible in the state so beautifully described by Moore—

‘ When not a voice whispers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move ;
And the senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach’d through the temple of love.’

Still stronger indications are afforded by the Drama, particularly as to one essential point in national morals, the comparative prevalence of matrimonial infidelity. We once asked the late Mr Yates, whom we met on the look-out for novelties, why he did not dramatize M. de Bernard’s clever story of ‘ Une Aventure ‘ d’ un Magistrat ? ’ and his answer was, that the mere fact of the frail and pursuing fair one being the wife of a decent tradesman, (a watchmaker,) presented an insurmountable difficulty. The only mode, he added, of giving probability to the plot in the eyes of an English audience taken from the middle class, or reconciling it with their notions, would be to convert the faithless *madame* into a ruined *mademoiselle*. Now, just about the time that this suggestion was hazarded, a piece in which three tradesmen are *aux petits soins* with each others’ wives at once, was brought out at a French theatre, and had what is technically called a *run* ;—no one seeming to think that there

was any thing overcharged or improbable in such a representation.

Still we feel bound to state, that many of our French friends on whose judgment and accuracy we place great reliance, assure us that the corruption (if any) is confined to the bottom and the top, and that their middle classes are free from it. A little laxity among the rich, idle, and luxurious, is not denied; and perhaps these are essentially the same in all the great European capitals—London, Paris, Vienna, and Petersburg. But we are assured that there are no better wives in the world than those of the French lawyers, doctors, brokers, bankers, merchants and shopkeepers. Stage morals, they contend, are conventional, and may long survive the manners which originated them. For example, the comedies of Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh, in which our city dames are cruelly calumniated, remained in vogue for nearly half a century after it had ceased to be the fashion for the courtiers of Whitehall to make incursions into the city, for the avowed purpose of invading the domestic happiness of aldermen. As to novels, they boldly ask, whether we consider our national character involved in the popularity of ‘Jack Sheppard?’ or whether (if mere reading is to be the test) ‘Mathilde,’ ‘Les Mystères de Paris,’ &c., have not been as much read in the higher circles of London as of Paris?

This style of defence is far from satisfactory; but it would be worse than useless to quarrel over a disputed authority, when a host of others, undisputed and indisputable, are at hand; and such we conceive ourselves to possess in the books selected as text-books for this article. Nine volumes of *The French, painted by Themselves*, with thirty elaborate *Physiologies*, must surely afford ample materials for ascertaining whether the people of Paris are fairly entitled to that place and precedence in the vanguard of civilization, which has been quietly (too quietly) conceded to them; and throw new light on a question hourly becoming more and more important—whether the spread of Parisian influence, Parisian manners, and Parisian opinions, is likely to prove a curse or a blessing to society. We are far from denying the possession of high, sterling qualities to our neighbours. They have contributed their full share to the science, philosophy, solid literature, and (above all) historical writing which do most honour to the age; but manners are best learned from the light and sketchy, laughing or sneering, literature which both forms and indicates the habits of the mass;—particularly when, as in the present instance,

it enjoys an extensive popularity, and has called forth a host of imitators.

The term *Physiology*, as used by these gentlemen, includes every light in which a subject can be placed, with all its relations. The scope of the principal work (*The French, painted by Themselves*) is precisely what might be collected from the title-page; for the conductors have kept faith, and it really does contain full-length and striking (if occasionally overdrawn) portraits of the French of all ranks and both sexes, by contributors of established reputation. Nor has there been any wish in any quarter to contract the sphere of their labours, by keeping back any thing that lay fairly within the range of pen or pencil, but the contrary. Both portrait-painters and physiologists have been left free: the world was all before them where to choose; and not only has every recognised class, trade, profession, calling, or employment been portrayed, but the human species (as it exists in France) would almost seem to have been divided, subdivided, analyzed, and classified anew, with an especial eye to these works;—so numerous are the *états* or conditions, so endless the variety of hitherto unknown or unnoticed forms and modes of existence, brought to light in them. The ingenuity and invention of some of the editors and authors are beyond all praise. Surely Buffon must yield the palm to the naturalist who first discovered a *lorette*; Cuvier might take lessons from the physiologist who can tell the precise age and rank of a female pedestrian from the fashion of her *chaussure*; and the Roman epicure who could name, at the first mouthful, the exact part of the Tiber in which a fish was caught, is alone worthy to be named alongside of the observer who can distinguish, at the first glance, a *habitué* of the *Porte St Martin* from a *habitué* of the *Gymnase*. Instead of crying ‘Long life to the people who taught us two hundred and thirty-eight ways to dress eggs!’—Mr Fudge might well cry now, ‘Long life to the people who taught us an odd hundred or so new subdivisions of mankind!’

There is such a thing, however, as a distinction without a difference; and on looking more minutely into these portraits and *Physiologies*, we arrive at pretty nearly the same result to which we have occasionally been brought by the careful study of the *carte* at Very’s, or the *Café de Paris*; namely, that the French have a wonderful knack at giving a false, or at all events exaggerated, notion of the extent of their resources, and are as prone to exercise it in book-making as in cookery. We therefore hope to find room for most of those which are really new, striking, or illustrative.

Place aux Dames.—We begin with the ladies, and put *La Dame comme il faut*, a truly indigenous production, at the head of them. It is from the pen of M. Balzac, the highest living authority on such matters. Goethe said of him, that each of his best novels seemed dug out of a suffering woman's heart; and the ladies of Paris are agreed, that his power of penetrating into the inmost recesses of their minds, and translating their minutest movements, is little short of miraculous. To the best of our information, he was originally a printer; so that, in one material point, the parallel which we once saw attempted between him and Richardson holds good; and the patience with which he has worked his way *invitâ Minervâ* to celebrity, was certainly little inferior to that of the author of 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison'—works which, long as they are in print, were rather more than twice as long in manuscript. M. Balzac wrote and published between twenty and thirty volumes of novels (most under the assumed name of Horace de Raison) before he succeeded in attracting notice; and he has never forgiven the press for their neglect of these;—though his earlier efforts gave about the same promise of *Eugenie Grandet*, *Le Père Goriot*, or that most exquisite of all his sketches, *La Femme de Trente Ans*, as the 'Hours of Idleness' gave of 'Childe Harold' or 'Don Juan:' and an excellent French critic, Sainte Beuve—in allusion to the falling off in the more recent, as well as the total absence of his peculiar merits in the first productions of his pen—compares him to a fish basking on the surface of the water, whose head and tail are sunk, whilst his back reflects the sun. He certainly saw little or nothing of the society he describes, till he had earned his *entrée* by describing it; and we must set down his knowledge to the credit of that instinct of genius which, given the human heart and the external circumstances at any particular period, arrives at every thing else, which is wanting to fill the canvass, or individualize the actors on the scene, by a succession of bold, rapid, intellectual leaps or inferences. Shakspeare had nothing beyond Plutarch and a bad history or so to go upon, yet what Greeks or Romans are comparable to his?

Three of the greatest names in English literature have been introduced, in the course of a few sentences, to illustrate our notions of M. Balzac. He will have no occasion to complain of any want of respect thereafter, should we find it necessary to qualify our really high estimate of his powers. His masterly portrait of the *Femme comme il faut* would not bear literal translation—what good French writing of the lighter order will?—

and it is too long to quote. We must therefore endeavour to bring together the leading traits in a sort of abridgement.

‘ You are lounging in Paris some fine afternoon between two and five. You see a woman coming toward you. The first glance is like the preface of an agreeable book ; it leads you to anticipate a world of pretty things. Either she is accompanied by two distinguished-looking men, one at least decorated, or a servant in a quiet livery follows at a short distance. She wears neither showy colours, nor open clocked stockings, nor ornamented waist buckle, nor trowsers with embroidered trimmings flourishing about her instep. On her feet (we copy these details for the instruction of our female readers) you see either prunella shoes, with sandals over a cotton stocking of excessive fineness, or a plain silk stocking of a greyish hue, or half-boots of the most exquisite simplicity. She has a manner all her own of folding and wearing a shawl, and needs no patent to keep the invention to herself. Her bonnet is perfectly simple. Flowers attract attention ; feathers require a carriage ; she wears only fresh ribands in the streets. Then, mark her mode of walking ; how gracefully the gown is made to undulate before the foot. Let an Englishwoman (adds this prejudiced and patriotic writer) try this step, and she will have the air of a grenadier advancing to the attack of a redoubt.’

It is an old piece of Parisian impertinence to suppose that they alone know how to dine—*Chez vous, Monsieur, on mange, mais on ne dine pas*. Improving on this, it is here asserted that the Paris woman alone is endowed with the genius of walking, and that the asphaltic pavement was a tardy but just tribute to her merit. Its first effect, however, will be to make her change her mode of walking, which was modified in no slight measure by the necessity of stepping from one stone to another, before the introduction of the *trottoir*.

This charming variety of the species affects the warmest latitudes, and cleanest longitudes of the French capital. She is to be met with between the 20th and 110th arcade of the Rue de Rivoli ; along the line of the Boulevards ; from the equator of the Passage du Panorama, to the cape of the Madeleine ; and between the 30th and 150th number of the Rue Faubourg St Honoré : so that the *attachés* of the English have occasionally a good chance of meeting one.

‘ In the evening she is to be found at the opera, or a ball, where her little feminine strokes of policy are well worth studying. If she has a beautiful hand, the most acute and sceptical observer would believe that it was absolutely necessary for her to raise or part that very band or ringlet which she is caressing.

If she has a fine profile, it would appear as if she was merely turning to give effect to what she is saying to the man at her side ; whilst she is placing herself in such an attitude as to produce that magical effect of which the great painters are so fond—throwing the light upon the cheek, defining the clear outline of the nose, leaving the eye its rich, full, and concentrated expression, and bringing out the elegant contour of the chin. If she has a pretty foot, she will throw herself upon a divan with the coquettishness of a kitten in the sun—the feet in advance, without suffering any thing to be seen in the attitude except the most delicious model presented by lassitude to the statuary.’

The art of exhibiting the hand and foot is pretty well understood all the world over, but the choice of a good light is a refinement peculiar to Frenchwomen ; who cannot be made to understand how Englishwomen, no longer in the first blush of youth, can be so imprudent as to hazard a morning party in the open air. Probably the beautiful friend of Madame de Staël—the same who boasted of having had half the celebrated men of Europe for her adorers, and kept them as her friends—has never been seen for the last twenty years, except in that sort of half-day which best conceals the ravages of time, or with an artificial light falling from behind her or above. ‘ Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sara quello, che rendera le parti-
‘ cole dei corpi molto grati.’

The lady’s mode of receiving her particular friends is simply remarkable for grace and tact ; but we cannot say the same of her conversation. She is actually made to talk a mixture of bad politics and doubtful religion, till the visiter has had enough, and goes away exclaiming—what few visitors, we fancy, would exclaim under the circumstances—‘ Decidedly, this is a superior woman!’ Irreligion is sufficiently repulsive in a man, but the slightest taint of it in a woman excites a feeling of disgust. We recommend M. Balzac, should he reprint the sketch, to make her choose a different set of subjects, and not prose so long about them. Dean Swift’s rule is as good for women as for men—never to talk above a half minute without pausing, and giving others an opportunity to strike in.

The state of her heart is a mystery ; the only thing known about it being, that it is irregularly bestowed. This leads to some disclosures explanatory of the greater decency of modern manners—sometimes, not always, a symptom of a corresponding improvement in morals.

‘ In times past, the great lady loved, as it were, by advertisement ; in times present, the woman *comme il faut* has her little passion ruled like

a music lesson, with its crotchets, quavers, notes, and demi-notes. Feeble creature! she shrinks from compromising either her love, or her husband, or the prospects of her family; home, position, fortune, are no longer flags sufficiently powerful to cover all the merchandize on board. The whole aristocracy no longer step forward to screen a woman guilty of a false step. The woman *comme il faut*, therefore, has not a proud defying gait like the great lady of the olden time; she can tread nothing under her feet; it is she herself who will be trodden down. She is consequently the woman of the jesuitical *mezzo termine*, of *convenances* respected, of anonymous passions conducted between two rows of breakers. She stands in awe of her servants, like an Englishwoman; she has the action of *crim. con.* eternally before her eyes.'

If this were meant as a joke, it would be a bad joke; but it is meant in sober seriousness. M. Balzac, a man of the people, a man of yesterday, regrets the times when a Duchess of Longueville, or a Duchess of Orleans, could trample decency under foot, and defy public opinion with impunity—secure in the protection of her order, who, under the kindly influence of a *fellow-feeling*, were never found deficient in charity. Byron would not have said or sung in these days:—

‘ And every woe a tear can claim,
Except an erring sister’s shame.’

The only difficulty would have been to find a sister who would be regarded as erring. M. Balzac has also an evident contempt for the ‘ feeble creature ’ who cannot make up her mind to sacrifice the peace of her family, and the prospects of her children, to gratify an illicit passion; but, with all due deference to him, he has here unconsciously described one of the most beneficial effects produced by the division of property and the progress of opinion, *Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte*; and the first step towards the general amelioration of morals has been made, when the leaders of fashion are compelled to hide their occasional transgressions from the world.

The varied accomplishments required to form the character of the *femme comme il faut*, demand time, and the finishing touch must be given by the world. Twenty-five is named as the earliest period at which an aspirant can become qualified for the part. The writer says, that indiscreet persons have enquired of him, whether an authoress can ever attain to the distinction; a question which he enigmatically evades by saying, ‘ when she ‘ does not possess genius, she is a woman *comme il n’en faut pas*.’ We are not disposed to profit by this evasion; and, with the aid of M. Soulié’s *Physiologie du Bas-Bleu*, we will endeavour to answer this question in good earnest. No one, after numbering up (we will not say reading) the books by women of rank

which have appeared within the last two years, can doubt that it is becoming a highly important one in England, whatever it may be in France.

Lord Byron, as may be seen in his Journals, regarded Madame de Staël as a bore, and liked to see her put down or discomfited. On one occasion he records, with a chuckle, that she had been well *ironed* by Sheridan. We regret to say that literary men in general are influenced by the same feelings which lay at the bottom of the noble poet's prejudice, and seldom betray a weakness for blue-stockings. M. Soulié assuredly has none; and he states at the commencement what seems to strike him as a sufficient reason for disliking them. 'The word *Bas-Bleu* is of the masculine gender: whilst a woman remains actress, singer, dancer, queen, or washerwoman, we speak of her as *elle*; the moment she becomes *Bas-Bleu* as *il*; e. g. *il est mal-propre, il est pretentieux, il est malfaisant, il est une peste.*' The example indicates what sort of treatment she may expect at the hands of the *physiologist*.

His first division of the subject is by epochs. Besides the contemporary blue-stocking there is the aristocratic blue-stocking, whose principal occupation is to turn the heads of young poets and artists; the imperial blue-stocking, who begins every third sentence with *C'est Fouché qui m'a raconté l'anecdote, &c.*—*M. de Talleyrand me l'a montré*; and the blue-stocking of the Restoration, of whom we find two anecdotes curiously illustrative of the court and character of Louis XVIII.

The refined taste, wit and cultivated understanding of that monarch, are well known. He was also famous for gallantry, and is said to have bestowed more pains on his *Billets-doux* than on his Ordinances.* It is, consequently, rather surprising to find that, among his female favourites, one was uneducated, and another a blue-stocking. The learned lady felt confident that the reign of the unlearned rival would be short, if a decided proof of her weakness, on the side of grammar, could be brought under the quick sarcastic eye of majesty; but this was no easy matter, since, distrustful of her own spelling and penmanship, she invariably employed an amanuensis. It was necessary to approach

* 'When Bonaparte entered the Tuileries during the Hundred Days, he found many of these little billets, and a large collection of Louis's interesting Correspondence. The Emperor would never hear of their being read or published.'—See *France, Social, Literary, and Political*. 1834. By H. L. Bulwer, Esq.,—a hasty, but clever, amusing, and by no means superficial book.

her in an unguarded hour; and one evening, during a private audience with the King, she received a note to say that some ladies of the highest rank, associated for some pretended object, proposed to elect her their president, and waited only an intimation of her pleasure to proceed. She seized a pen, and traced, in large pot-hook characters, *J'accepte*. A little while afterwards, the lettered competitor, seated in the royal closet, was celebrating her victory by a *mot* which is hardly on the verge of *bon*: '*Le règne de tous les usurpateurs a cessé.*' (cc.)

The same lady was paying over some *rouleaux*, just received from the King, to a gentleman who was suspected to stand in much the same relation to her in which Tom Jones stood to Lady Bellaston. He rather ungallantly took to counting the contents, and found several pieces wanting; '*C'est vrai,*' said the lady after verifying the discovery, '*ces pauvres rois! comme on les trompe.*'

The contemporary blue-stocking is divided into the married, and unmarried, (which is not exactly the same thing as single.) The married lives with her husband, or does not live with her husband, or, living with her husband, does not consider him, in that light. In this sort of establishment, his position resembles that of the witty Charles Townshend when he married a dowager Countess of Dalkeith, and paid his first visit to Dalkeith palace in her company. The friends and retainers of the house came out in full force to welcome her; and were hurrying her forward in entire forgetfulness of her lord, when he called out, 'For heaven's sake, gentlemen, remember that I am Prince George of Denmark at any rate!' The husband of the blue-stocking in question is fortunate if he gets to be considered even as Prince George of Denmark. The chances are that he remains a mere nullity through life, or worse than a mere nullity, considering the trouble, expense, and ridicule, that devolve upon him. 'He has no distinctive independent character. Monsieur A. is not Monsieur A. He is the husband of Madame A. No one ever hears of him unless they happen to enquire for his wife's children, when they are informed that he is gone with them to the Luxembourg gardens.'

'There is told,' says M. Soulié, 'of I know not what painter, an anecdote that has also been applied to David, at an epoch when it was the fashion to impute every crime to a man who had belonged to the Convention. It is related that this painter, wishing to paint a dying Saviour, sent for a model, and persuaded him to let himself be fastened to a cross. As the model, despite of the exhortations of the painter, gave nothing but an expression of *ennui* to the immortal agony, the painter, in a moment of artistical enthusiasm, seized a pike and thrust

it into his side. The model died, and the painter produced a masterpiece. Well, the blue-stocking has been often known to try this experiment, morally, upon her husband. If she wants a scene of despair, she irritates, insults, agonizes, maddens him; and, despite the endurance of the victim, ends by forcing from him a movement of revolt, of rage, of despair; then, at the moment when he is going to throw himself out of the window, she stops him with an inspired air, observing—"That is fine, very fine; I have got my scene; I must go and write it down; you will put off dinner till six."

'Then she goes away, or after hovering a moment at the door, from which she contemplates the stupefaction, the disorder, the annihilation, of the model, she retires to her study, telling him—"Order me some coffee. I shall work all night.'"

The husband of the blue-stocking who makes it her chief duty to advance him in the world, is not much better off. The modes she is said to employ for this laudable purpose, are developed in a dramatic scene between the lady and a cabinet minister, which is rather too highly seasoned for English readers. We have then the blue virgin, the blue widow, and the blue wife married to a man of her own tastes and pursuits; forming the sort of *ménage* described by Sheridan, when, in allusion to some early compositions in which his first wife assisted him, he said, 'it was literally a *joint* business, for we got no *joint* till it was done.' The effect of this sort of union, according to M. Soulié, is to produce a fair allowance of domestic harmony, and convert the pair into a downright nuisance.. 'If the blue-stocking and her spouse are 'deceitful and impertinent, they become a hundred times more 'deceitful and impertinent; as ten multiplied by ten make a hundred, the couple increase all their ridiculous points, all their 'vices, all their petty passions, to the square of their original 'number.' In a word, he has no mercy for any individual of the class; and after making every possible allowance for malice or prejudice, his sketches cannot fail to leave a most unfavourable impression of the female writers, and learned ladies of Paris. In attacking their reputations on the score of chastity, he would perhaps scarcely conceive himself to be saying an unkind thing of them; but it may be as well to add, that he heaps anecdote upon anecdote to confirm the axiom, *une femme savante est toujours galante*; and we are not sufficiently conversant with the private history of his more celebrated countrywomen, (with the exception of George Sand and one or two others who would not much advance the charitable side of the question,) to be able to enter the lists in vindication of their fame. But never was axiom more completely local and temporary, if we may judge from what falls directly under our own observation in this country.

t. There may still exist a good deal of silly vulgar pretension, in

persons of both sexes, who affect to patronize authors and artists, though the example made by Mr Dickens of one of them, has gone far to exterminate the entire breed of lion-hunters. It is also undeniable that a great many books are annually produced by women, which add little to the general stock of knowledge or thought; but, among those to which public attention has been attracted by the rank of the writer, we hardly remember one which fails to conciliate the good opinion of a candid reader; or which does not exhibit abundant traces of cultivation, refinement, good feeling, and good taste. When people sneer at the multiplication of authors, and sarcastically observe that every body writes now, they are unconsciously bearing testimony to the progress of education; nor is it a slight thing to say of the higher classes in any country, that the majority of them are equal to the composition of a book; which assuredly implies some command of language and a certain capacity for thought. At the same time, authorship, particularly of the Journalizing sort, is often neither more nor less than a culpable indulgence of egotism; the excitement is by no means of the most wholesome description; and we would rather not see a woman we respected dependent for her peace of mind upon the opinions of the press, or going out of her way to attract the regard of an Editor or Reviewer, though we ourselves should be the man.

This brings us back to the question from which we diverged, into the subject of blue-stockings. Undoubtedly authorship will be fatal to the pretensions of the *femme comme il faut*, if it impairs the graceful ease, the *aplomb*, the self-dependence, the repose, which are absolutely essential to the part; and if she possesses genius of the highest order, or succeeds in acquiring a brilliant literary reputation, this again will militate against the minor object of ambition; as, it is to be hoped, we may take the liberty of considering it. For example, no effect of the imagination could convert Corinne, or George Sand into women *comme il faut*; and our impression is, that in this country, if a woman of fashion ever ventures further than a graceful well-written book of travels—like Mrs Dawson Damer's, Lady F. Egerton's, Lady Grosvenor's, or Lady Chatterton's—she must make up her mind to come down from her pedestal. In a word, women *comme il faut* in Paris, and the corresponding (or nearly corresponding) class in England, should be content to resemble Voltaire's trees—which grew into grace and symmetry because they had nothing else to do.

The next enquiry regards birth. Is any, and what, qualification required in this respect?

‘Alas, she is a creature of the Revolution!—the triumph of the elective system applied to the fair sex. The duchesses are going out, and the marchionesses along with them. As for the *baronnes*, they have never been able to get themselves recognized in good earnest. Aristocracy begins at the viscountesses. The countesses will live. As for the great lady, she is dead with the formalities of the last age.’

This is calculated to give rather an erroneous notion of the value attached to birth in France. Far from being underrated, it is decidedly at a premium; as may be seen by the constant assumption of the *De*, even amongst the most vehement proclaimers of equality; and it is an undoubted fact, that certain seignories in the neighbourhood of Paris, which legitimate a change of name, vary in price from ten to fifty per cent, according to the euphony of the title. But a great change in manners, as well as fortunes, has been effected by the law of partibility; the operation of which is accurately traced in the following passage:—

‘Under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., a duke might occasionally be met with who possessed two hundred thousand livres a-year, a magnificent hotel, and a sumptuous train of attendants. Such a one might still be a *grand seigneur*. The last of these, the Prince de Talleyrand, died the other day. This duke has left four children, two of whom are daughters. Even supposing that he has secured more than ordinarily good marriages for all of them, each of his representatives has not a hundred thousand livres a-year at present; each is father or mother of several children, and consequently obliged to live in an apartment, a single floor of a mansion, with the greatest economy. Who can say that they will not turn fortune-hunters? Thenceforward, the wife of the oldest is only duchess in name; she has neither her carriage, nor her servants, nor her box at the theatre, nor her time to herself; she is buried in her establishment, like a woman of the Rue St Denis in her shop; she buys the socks of her children, nurses them, and keeps guard over her daughters, whom she can no longer send to a convent.

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‘The knell of high society has been rung, be assured. The first stroke is this modern phrase of *femme comme il faut*. Coming forth from the ranks of the nobility, or sprung from the trading class, the produce of every soil, even the provinces, she is the type of the times we live in; a surviving image of good taste, wit, grace, and distinction, reunited but reduced. We shall see no more great ladies in France; but there will long be women *comme il faut*, elected by public opinion to a female House of Lords, and filling amongst their own sex, much the same place as *gentlemen* in England [a happy illustration] amongst men. Such is the course of things. In the old time a woman might have the step of a grenadier, the front of a courtesan, the voice of a fisherwoman, a large foot, a clumsy hand: she might be a great lady notwithstanding; but now-a-days, were such a one a Montmorency—if the Mademoiselles de Mont-

morency were ever so formed—she could not, and would not, be a woman *comme il faut*.’

This is a curious passage, and suggests more than it expresses. A fortune of 200,000 livres (about £8000) a-year, is mentioned as we should mention a rent-roll of a hundred thousand pounds sterling; and even this is spoken of in the past tense. No wonder that the resources of the nobility are no longer on a par with their pretensions; that they cannot dazzle by magnificence; and have no alternative but to retreat into obscurity, or aim at distinction by grace, refinement, and simplicity.

It is not true, however, that there are no great ladies. There is *La Grande Dame de 1830*—an emanation of the revolution of July. She has a chapter to herself in *Les Français, Peints par Eux-mêmes*; the delineator being Madame Stephanie de Longueville. We are introduced to her at one of her own grand receptions, which is attended by a German duke, with a French count for his *cicerone*, who supplies all the particulars of her history. The motto of the sketch, from Molière, indicates the main features: ‘Voyez-vous cette Madame la Marquise qui fait tant la glorieuse? c’est la fille de M. Jourdain.’

Madame de Marne is the daughter of a rich iron-master. Her husband is a member of the Cabinet, and derives no small portion of his influence from her wealth. Her own pride of place is based upon the same foundation. ‘Is he noble?’ is the first enquiry of the great lady of other days. ‘Is he rich?’ is the first enquiry of Madame de Marne. Like Napoleon—like *parvenus* or *parvenues* of all sorts—she is gratified at hearing an historic name resounding through her antechamber, but her warmest sympathies are with the *millionaire*. The instinct of origin is too strong for her: in the enumeration of a man’s qualities, she invariably commences with his fortune; and she cannot praise a trinket without dwelling emphatically on its cost. How different from the De Crequis and Crillons, who possessed about the same amount of information regarding money, as Marie Antoinette exhibited regarding bread and pie-crust, and would have viewed an act of prudence much in the same light as that Prince of Condé, who, when the heir of the house brought home half his allowance from college, and expected praise for his economy, indignantly flung the purse into the street.

It has been stated that Madame de Marne is not indifferent to the birth of her visitors. She is not altogether indifferent to her own. To conceal it as much as possible, she makes small and gradual changes in her name; slipping in the *De* at once by

way of prefix to the place of her nativity, or the name of her country-seat. Her morals are doubtful at the best :—

“ Love, gallantry, (says the Count,) all is dead in France. Women no longer stand, as regards men, even next in order to business; they are no more than a sort of interlude to their pleasures, a halting point between the horse-race at the *Bois* and a supper at the *Café de Paris*. Beset with fewer seductions than the great lady who preceded her, is she more faithful to the conjugal vow? I have my doubts, but the age has nothing to say to her; she lives virtuously in her fashion; she observes its precepts, she saves appearances. Moreover, mystery in her intrigues is a necessity of position, a condition of existence.”

‘ As the Count uttered these words, a tall young man, with a long pale face and his chin covered with a beard, was in the very act of stealing mysteriously into the boudoir, but on seeing it occupied, retreated precipitately. “ My doubts are at an end,” said the Count. “ Yes, the great lady has her private hours of reception, like her predecessors.”

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‘ Who is that man, pivoting in the middle of the room, like a swan in a marble basin—he whom the surrounding group are listening to with such respectful attention?

‘ The son of a village schoolmaster: prior to 1830, an insignificant journalist; now the representative and defender of the interests of France in all the courts of Europe, in all the countries of the world—the husband of the great lady—M. de Marne, the minister of yesterday!’

Remarks of this sort must be taken with many grains of allowance; for hardly any writer can avoid the temptation of a sneer at the men and women of the Three Days; the legitimist, from honest hearty hatred—the democrat or republican, from spite. There is nothing one adventurer will not say against another adventurer who has got the start of him; even the very truths or falsehoods which are sure to be flung against himself, when he gets high enough to form a mark for them. The fiercest assailants of M. Thiers, on his first accession to power, were his old colleagues of the press, who used to dine with him at the *Café Anglais* on the Boulevards; and M. Guizot’s want of aristocratical distinction is made a reproach to him, by persons who have none, and are angry that they cannot rise as high, without half his talent, or a tithe of his integrity. How eagerly, a year or two ago, did some of them retail an alleged repartee of M. Royer-Collard! The story ran that M. Guizot remonstrated with his ancient chief for calling him *un intrigant austère*, and that the only explanation he received was—‘ *Intrigant, mon ami, mais pas austère.*’ Nothing of the sort took place; but such anecdotes are serious evils in Paris, where reputations, male and female, are frequently demolished by a *mot*. The atrocious falsehoods circulated, and long believed, regarding the domestic connexions

of M. Thiers, occupy a conspicuous place in Madame de Girardin's clever comedy, *L'Ecole des Journalistes*.

The prejudice against low birth is conspicuous in the sketch entitled *Les Duchesses*, by M. Le Comte de Courchamps; who, for aught we know to the contrary, may have a hereditary right to be fastidious, though we suspect from his tone that he has not. He falls with extreme bitterness on the Duchesses of the empire, the wives of Napoleon's generals, whose titles, recalling conquests and victories, might well command respect in France.

'The type of revolutionary illustrations, in the true "duchess of the empire," is a woman who is continually crying "The Queen, my aunt," and who might say, "My grandfather, the linen-draper." She is commonly called Duchess of Gertrudemberg, Princess of the Danube; and as the Danube is a principality, not less than five hundred leagues long and twenty fathoms broad, there are several sovereigns who do not choose to admit the title of this Princess. The Grand Turk is the only one who takes the matter philosophically. "*Allah Akbar!*" exclaims the father of true believers; "the river Danube flows all the same into my sea."'

The writer repeats the well-known problem of La Bruyère: 'Which is the greatest advantage—to be well born, or to be so distinguished that no one thinks of asking whether you are so or not?' We do not well see how this question could ever arise in Paris, where enthusiasm for contemporary greatness, or faith in contemporary virtue, never mounts high enough to protect the individual from detraction. In England, the case is widely different. We have a sound, rational, philosophical, respect for birth; but who, unless the fact or the enquiry was forced upon him, would ask, or care to know, whether a Nelson or a Canning ever had a grandfather? .

Perhaps there are no writers in the world who make such blunders regarding foreigners as the French. The plot of a comedy, entitled *Popularité*, by M. Casimir Delavigne, a member of the Academy, published five or six years ago, turns on the ambition of a Comte de Derby to become lord mayor of London; and a French journal, in giving an account of the *reduction* of the *Morning Post*, says it is principally managed by 'M. Wetherall, et quelques autres jeunes fashionables.' This arises principally from their excessive confidence; and the national vanity, which leads many of them to suppose that there is, and can be, nothing worth studying out of France. The following are some of the peculiarities attributed to one of the Duchesses of the ancient régime, with whom, it seems, Anglomania is the prevalent disease:—

'She has English governesses for her children; she speaks nothing but

English, although her mother and husband do not understand a word of it. What she likes best is giblet soup and bread sauce, though the Duke would prefer pigeons *à la crapaudine*, or fricasseed chicken occasionally, and has never yet succeeded in procuring a melon at his dessert: to insure domestic peace, he is obliged to eat it with *rhubarb*. He is regaled every day with English broth—that is to say, water, pepper, and thyme. The moment she hears the three raps at the door, which announce a visitor, she takes up an English newspaper, an enormous gazette, and the conversation turns infallibly on the last ball at Almack's, the fetes of Count D'Orsay, and the cockfights at Epping Forest. If you are not obliged to sit out the reading of a tale of Lady Blessington's, you may consider yourself let off cheaply.'

There was a time when the vulgar error, that the French were essentially a frog-eating people, was extensively diffused in this country; but we never remember seeing it embodied in an Essay by a person of quality. The Count de Courchamps will find, upon enquiry, that cock-fighting has ceased to be a fashionable, or even popular, amusement for more than half a century; that English soup is a richer composition than French, which we are wont to call *soup-maigre* by comparison; that we do not eat melon with rhubarb; and that, though conversation might turn on Count D'Orsay's agreeability and accomplishments, it never turns upon his *fêtes*, for the simple reason, that he never gives any.

The *Femme à la Mode* is a character essentially distinct both from the great lady, and the *Femme comme il faut*. She is, or aims at being, the queen of society; no party is, or ought to be, complete without her; no set or circle unexceptionable but her own. To succeed in this career, to win and keep her proud pre-eminence, the aspirant should possess a host of qualifications, negative and positive, acquired and natural—fortune, position, connection, some beauty, a varnish of refinement, indomitable assurance, little or no sensibility, and the perfection of tact. Above all, she must begin by imposing a self-denying ordinance on herself. She must make up her mind to sacrifice every thing—tastes, habits, feelings, family, friends, lovers, (if she has any;) let her turn aside a moment to indulge a caprice or emotion, and she is lost. The struggle for power is conducted much in the same manner, and depends on nearly the same description of contingencies, whether the object be to become a Lord of the Treasury, or a Patroness at Almack's.

The splendid Countess of Marcilly, in whom the idea of the character has been embodied by Madame Ancelot, is introduced pensive and soliloquizing:—

'Did not Mademoiselle de Merinville occupy the *salons* an entire

week by her imposing beauty? Happily she was so deficient in mental attractions, that at the first assembly which admitted of conversation, I found no difficulty in exposing her dulness, and thus destroying her empire; for no power can be preserved any where for any length of time without mind.

The delicate features of Lady Morton might well have captivated the capricious attention of the world, but her dress was so fanciful that its singularity nearly approximated to bad taste; it was eccentric, it is true, but without grace; the simplicity of mine made the absurdity of hers more glaring. In France, one pleases only for the moment with bad taste.

As to the brilliant Duchess de Romillac, she was indeed a formidable rival. Her rank, her fortune, her *eclat*, might well have triumphed in this land of vanities. She fixed attention for a month, but she had the imprudence to compromise herself with the handsome Edward d'Arcy; and for a woman *à-la-mode*, who ought to reckon hopes adroitly scattered among her most effective weapons, to love in earnest is to abdicate.

'My power had increased by all the renown of my dethroned rivals. I began to think I had escaped every danger, and it is she!—Alix de Verneuil, a provincial, a relative that I receive when, after two years of widowhood, she wishes to revisit Paris—less beautiful, less elegant, less occupied with the cares of pleasing than myself—she it is who now commands universal attention.'

In London, a considerable degree of social influence is, or was to be obtained by a persevering course of assumption, backed by a reasonable allowance of rank and fortune. In Paris, it is more frequently founded on caprice, and may really be won or lost as intimated in the foregoing extract.

Of all the products of Paris, the most trusty Parisian is the *grisette*. So says M. Jules Janin, to whom she has been confided; and she could scarcely be placed in better hands, if a thorough love of the subject, and a gay lively style, full of glancing allusion, fun, frolic, and sparkle, will suffice.

'Travel as long as you choose in distant countries, you will meet with triumphal arches, royal gardens, museums, cathedrals, and churches more or less Gothic; as also, go where you will, you will be elbowed on the road by tradesmen and highnesses, bishops and captains, counts and great lords; but nowhere, neither at London, St Petersburg, Berlin, or Philadelphia, will you encounter that thing so young, so gay, so fresh, so slender, so delicate, so light, so satisfied with little, that we denominate a *grisette*. Did I say in Europe? You might traverse the whole of France without meeting, in all her truth, in all her abandonment, in all her improvidence, in all her restlessness and roguishness, the *grisette* of Paris.'

The origin of the term has been long a source of embarrassment to etymologists. The best of their guesses is, that it is derived from a coarse sort of cloth or stuff formerly much worn by females of the working-class.

‘ But enough of the etymologists, and their silly etymologies. There is no defining what is simple, full of life, and pretty. The only mode of understanding this world of Parisian *grisettes*, a world within the world, is to take a close view of it. Sally out at break of day, and look about you for the first woman who is awake in this rich Paris that is still sleeping. The *grisette*! she rises an instant after the sun, and, on the instant, behold her beautified for the day. Her ablutions are complete; her hair is combed and braided—her clothes are dazzling from cleanness; and well they may be, for she has made and washed them herself. At the same time, she embellishes the garret which is her home—she puts in order her little property—she decorates her poverty as other women would not know how to decorate their opulence. When this is done, she takes a parting glance at her looking-glass; and, when she has ascertained that she is as pretty to-day as she was yesterday, she repairs to her work. In a word, in naming a *grisette*, you name a little charming creature, content with little, who produces, and who works; a lazy *grisette* is not in nature. She then becomes quite a different thing; she has crossed the feeble limit which separates her from the vice of Paris.

A single lover does not rank as vice. ‘ La Parisienne qui n’a qu’un amant croit n’être point coquette; celle qu’en a plusieurs croit n’être que coquette.’* According to this rule, the *grisette* is not even coquette, though she is the prescriptive friend of the student. Her mode of housekeeping has been rendered so familiar by M. Paul de Kock, that it would be a waste of time to dwell upon it in England, where (we believe) his novels are much more read by the higher classes than in France. There they are voted low. The truth is, they are low, just as Smollett and Fielding are low, from the too frequent use of words not admitted into the drawing-room; but, with all his faults, he is the only popular writer who is altogether free from that cold, selfish spirit which we have ventured to hold up to reprobation. At the same time, he can hardly be deemed fit for the boudoir whilst ‘ Peregrine Pickle’ and ‘ Tom Jones’ are exiled from it; unless, indeed, as we have said already, the fair occupants are resolved, at all hazards, to become familiar with the *grisette* mode of life—a sort of knowledge which would not prove altogether valueless, should it chance to direct their attention to the present condition of the corresponding class in London, and lead to some reform in the practice of dressmaking.

The factory children have called forth a poem from one of our most gifted poetesses, and found support among our most enlightened statesmen; the bankers’ clerks have got their hours of

work reduced at the expense of the community; but the unhappy dressmakers, the true 'victims' of society, are still without an influential friend. Our gracious Queen is certainly not aware that the sudden announcement of a court entertainment is a sentence of imprisonment, with hard labour, to hundreds of the youngest, prettiest, and most delicate of her subjects; and that it is not at all rare for them to be obliged to sit up two or three nights in succession, and sometimes encroach on the Sunday, to supply the required amount of new finery. The same kind of suffering, though to a more limited extent, is produced by every young lady who has put off ordering her *trousseau* till the last moment, or is seized with a more than ordinary desire to outshine a rival at a ball.

It has long and justly been a subject of complaint in England, that men are rapidly encroaching on the employments of women. Shopmen are now every where substituted for shopwomen, under the curious plea that the ladies prefer being served by young men. The same fatal system is silently operating in France. From the *Physiology of the Tailor*, we learn that men have taken to making shirts; and the author of the *Physiology of the Grisette* assures us that, within the last fifteen months, male dressmakers (*modistes*) have made fearful advances; though Victorine, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, and a few others, are still unshaken in their supremacy. Formerly there used to be a species of *grisette* called the *trottine*, usually the prettiest of the establishment, whose duty it was to carry home the bonnet or the gown. She has been suppressed or superseded and the streets of Paris now resemble a parterre stripped of the gayest of its flowers. We cordially join with the Physiologist in deprecating all innovations of the sort. Indeed, we are disposed to go still further and exclaim, with the Ettrick Shepherd, that if we could afford a dozen serving lads, they should all be lasses.

The Physiologist of the *grisette* devotes a chapter to what he is pleased to term her passions—two innocent, and one doubtful; their objects being chestnuts, mustaches, and galette. Chestnuts and mustaches require no explanation. Galette is a sort of cake, distributed at a *sou* a slice on the Boulevards. It was invented many years ago by the occupant of a stall on the Boulevard St Denis, popularly known as M. Coupe-Toujours. He did nothing but cut *galette* from morning to night; and, according to M. Guerry, the celebrated statician, was computed to cut up and distribute about 22,000 mètres a-year. Bets have frequently been made and won, that no two consecutive slices would be found to vary above two grains in weight—his skill

with the knife wellnigh rivaling that of the old carver of Vauxhall, who undertook to cover the whole garden with a ham. M. Coupe-Toujours cut to some purpose; for he left a fortune of 3,000,000 francs, and a name at which *galette* venders grow red. His behaviour during the cholera may afford a lesson to ministers of state. When his *galette* was publicly accused of contributing to the epidemic, he took not the slightest notice of the calumny, but quietly went on cutting, and his customers soon rushed back to him in crowds. ●

Grisettes vanish like donkeys and postboys from the stage, without any one knowing what has become of them. Some, not many, are metamorphosed into *Lorettes*;—young ladies who, without exactly belonging to the class of *industrielles* treated of in a celebrated work by M. Parent Du Chatelet, must be content to be denominated *coquettes*. A volume of a hundred and twenty-seven pages devoted to them is before us; but the only distinctive facts we can collect from it are, that they always dress beyond their ostensible means, almost always stand in need of protection, and were discovered and classified not long ago by M. Nestor Roqueplan—the Editor of the *Nouvelles à la Main*, one of the monthly repertories of personality founded in imitation of *Les Guepes*.

Formerly, no unmarried women, either young ladies or old maids, were to be seen at a Paris reception. Husbands were forthcoming at the proper age; or, in the rare case of parents neglecting to provide one, the demoiselle took refuge in a convent from the stings and arrows of the world. Of late, a sort of *juste-milieu* system has been adopted; the marriage is still arranged by friends, but the parties are admitted to look at one another before the arrangement is definitely concluded, and sometimes allowed a *veto*. In the higher classes it has also become the fashion to spend a long honeymoon abroad. Accurate observers are of opinion, that the husband is not the less apt to neglect his wife, or the wife to seek for compensation, on their return. Be this as it may, the change accounts for our finding *La Vieille Fille* and *La Demoiselle à Marier* amongst the portraits.

Ever since reading the late Mrs Sullivan's affecting story of 'The Old Maid,' we have felt the most unfeigned respect for the sisterhood. We never hear an invidious application of the term without thinking that she, who is now the object of it, may once have been courted, flattered, idolized, for her grace, her beauty, or her wit—may have loved and been loved—with heroic self-devotion, may have surrendered all her hopes of happiness to secure that of a sister or a friend. We, therefore, decline retailing the jokes and sneers which form the staple of the paper devoted to her.

The only material statement in it is, that old maids have increased to an appalling extent in Paris; which the writer attributes to the growing passion for wealth; no young man of spirit being content to sit down with competence and a wife.

La Demoiselle à Marier, who is introduced speaking for herself, describes, with some humour, a few of the most marked consequences of the modern system. Here, conversation is adapted to the actual state of things; at Paris, people are rather apt to forget the presence of those who, until within a few years, were exiled to the nursery.

“ I have heard (says an English friend) that at Paris conversation was often very free, and I fancy you must now and then hear odd things.”
 “ Yes, they talk of every thing before us—intrigues, scandalous anecdotes, *bons-mots*, which are not always restrained within due bounds, but woe to us if we comprehended the plainest language; we must neither smile nor blush, under pain of passing for knowing more than would be suitable to our condition.”

“ And are you, in point of fact, so ignorant?”

“ Ah, as for that, I believe we are a little like the children, whose nurses boast of them—He cannot talk yet, but he knows every thing.”

Some degree of compulsion is occasionally put in force still; as we find the young lady talking of being compelled to make a marriage of inclination:

“ Compelled to make a marriage of inclination! you are joking.”
 “ No, I am quite in earnest; it is a new mode, but one ought to be immensely rich to follow it. One should have at least 100,000 francs a-year, and a mother whose dearest friend has not above half; but, by way of compensation, a title, or a name—one of those names that are in themselves a dignity. Then the mothers arrange the marriage of their beloved children, which they have been planning for the last ten years, in an hour of sentimental expansion. However, it is settled that the young people are not to be united till they become attached to one another.”

To bring about this consummation, the gentleman receives permission to make himself agreeable, and has all reasonable facilities afforded him. In other words, he plays the fortune-hunter, with the mothers for accomplices. A correspondence given in *La Physiologie de la Parisienne*, may serve to enlighten us as to the result. The bride, Louise, writes thus to her friend:—

“ Chère Ernestine,—La première fois que j’ai vu mon mari, c’était à quinze jours avant mon mariage. Le soir même des noces nous sommes partis pour l’Italie. Comme je serois contente si tu étais après de moi! Que de confidences j’ai à te faire! Mais le papier me fait peur; il me semble qu’il a une âme, qu’il comprend tout ce qu’on lui dit, et qu’il le raconte. Nous ne voyons ici que des Anglais et des Anglaises. Les uns ont traversé le Bosphore à la nage, les autres ont fait l’ascension du Mont-

Blanc. Toutes ces dames montent à cheval. Adolphe veut aussi que j'apprenne. J'ai voulu résister, parce que je n'aime pas les chevaux ; il m'a brusquée. J'ai pleuré ; il m'a quittée en riant. Depuis hier, un carabinier pontifical me donne des leçons. Adolphe prétend que je me formerai.

'Tiens, ma chère amie, tout ceci n'est que du bavardage ; il faut que je te dise la vérité. Je crois qu' Adolphe ne m'aime pas, et qu'il ne m'aimera jamais. Et si, à mon tour, j'allais faire comme lui ? ma mère ne m'a-t-elle pas dit, quand je refusais de la quitter, qu'il fallait aimer quelqu'un dans la vie ?'

The bridegroom writes thus to *his* :

' Dans un mois je serai à Paris. Le tête-à-tête avec ma femme est insupportable. Décidément le mariage ne me vaut rien. Louise est une petite pensionnaire ignorante, dont il est impossible de rien faire ; je crois qu'elle est romanesque. C'est une femme jugée. A Paris, nous vivrons séparés. Tu conçois bien que je n'ai pas de temps à perdre à faire l'éducation de ma femme. Dans un mois nous nous reverrons. Informe-toi si Rosalie est toujours vacante à l'opéra.'

Ernestine gives Louise good advice :—

' Notre plus grand ennemi est nous-mêmes ; c'est l'imagination qui nous perd. Méfie-toi de la tienne. Ton mari finira pas t'aimer, mais il faut faire bien des sacrifices, cacher bien des blessures, pour arriver à ce résultat. S'il résiste, si tu ne peux parvenir à te l'attacher, alors, ma pauvre Louise, tu feras comme tant d'autres : tu mourras de chagrin de voir ta vie ainsi livrée à la solitude du cœur, ou bien tu te consoleras. *Je crois même qu'à ta place je prendrais ce dernier parti ;* mais heureusement le moment de faire un choix n'est pas encore venu.'

The separation takes place. Ernestine introduces the bride into society. At the end of the season they set out for Baden-Baden, accompanied by a friend of Adolphe, the Marquis de B., who has been constantly in attendance on Louise. Adolphe goes to Spa with Rosalie. On their return Louise seems reconciled to her fate. The young couple behave with the most finished politeness to each other, and when they chance to occupy the same opera-box, the painter of manners points to them : *Voilà un lion et une lionne.*

A Paris *lion* pretty nearly resembles what, in the early days of the late Charles James Fox, was called a *macaroni*, and in Brummell's day a *dandy*, in England. A Paris lioness is a woman, commonly of rank and fortune, who attracts public attention by demeanour, equipage, and dress. The term may be regarded either as a censure or a compliment. It necessarily implies nothing more than a certain degree of fashionable notoriety.

We shall now vary the scene by introducing a few portraits of men. Amongst the most striking, true types of the nation and the epoch, are the *Epicier* of Balzac, the *Gamin de Paris* of

Janin, and the *Agent de Change* of Soulié. We begin with the *Epicier*.

According to Napoleon, England was a nation of shopkeepers ; according to M. Balzac, Paris is not far from being a city of grocers—so marked the position, so commanding the influence he attributes to them :—

‘ A grocer is supposed never to think the least in the world—to be equally ignorant of arts, literature, and politics. Who, then, has devoured successive editions of Voltaire and Rousseau ? Who weeps at melodramas ? Who treats the Legion of Honour as a serious matter ? Who takes shares in impossible speculations ? Who hesitates to wipe his nose at the Français whilst they are acting Chatterton ? Who reads Paul de Kock ? Who hurries to see and admire the Museum of Versailles ? Who has made the fortune of the *Postilion of Longjumeau* ? Who buys timepieces, with Mamelukes weeping over their chargers ? Who names the most dangerous deputies of the Opposition, and who supports the energetic measures of power against disturbers ? The grocer—the grocer—still the grocer. You find him armed for action on the threshold of all emergencies even the most opposite, as he is on the threshold of his door, not always comprehending what is going on, but supporting all by his silence, his labour, his immobility, his money. If we have not become savages, Spaniards, or Saint-Simonians, thank the grand army of grocers. It has maintained every thing ; to maintain, is its device. *If they did not maintain a social order of some sort, where would they find customers ?*’

This is the true character of the shopkeepers of Paris, and the real secret of conservatism in France. Ever liable to be misled, in the first instance, by all sorts of absurdities and weaknesses, those of the sentimental order not excepted—for it was they who clamoured loudest for the ashes of Napoleon—the moment they see the commerce of daily life disturbed or threatened, they stop short, form themselves into national guards, and stand prepared to defend any dynasty whatever that is strong enough to maintain order by their aid.

We hardly know one good anecdote, of long standing, that might not give rise to as doubtful a contest as the birthplace of Homer. The story of the retired tallow-chandler reserving the right to attend on melting-days, sounds like genuine English ; yet here we find it fitted to the retired grocer, with an added grace ; for he returns to beg permission to stand behind the counter, exclaiming, *Je suis comme le lièvre, je meurs où je m'attache*.

The *Gamin de Paris* (made familiar to many of our readers by the inimitable acting of Bouffé) represents the progressive (or in American language) go-a-head principle, as surely as the grocer represents the stationary or conservative principle : and M. Janin, in the course of his lively but rather overdrawn sketch,

unconsciously unfolds the danger to which the peace of Europe is exposed from the rashness, thoughtlessness, volatility, and vanity of his countrymen.

‘No sooner is the *gamin* awake, than he becomes the prey of two passions which make up his life—hunger and liberty. He must eat, he must go out. If the fit takes him, he has no objection to a school. The lesson has begun; the master is explaining, but the *gamin* understands it all already; his is the most lively, the most rapid, the truest understanding in the world—a mind which is ever in advance, clear and quick as lightning. Nothing surprises him; he learns so quickly, that he has the air of recollecting. In their vocabulary is a word which is, for them, a summary of all branches of knowledge, political, scientific, or literary; when they have said *connu, connu*, they have said all. Speak to them of St Peter and St Paul—*connu, connu*; of Charlemagne and Louis XIV.—*connu, connu*; explain that two and two make four, that it is the earth that turns and not the sun—*connu, connu*. But pronounce the name of Napoleon Buonaparte, and on the instant you will see these young heads uncovered—these wicked smiles grow serious; instead of repeating *connu, connu*, they will listen with inexhaustible attention to the slightest details of this their gospel-history of modern times.’

The boy is father of the man. This is young France to the letter and the life; neither grasping nor selfish in the full sense of the words, but careless of consequences to themselves or others, so long as their insatiable longing for excitement can be gratified; incorrigible from temperament, unteachable from self-conceit, adoring Napoleon for what he added to their glory, without a thought of the disasters that he brought upon them. Unfortunately the sufferers in these are fast diminishing, and it would be no easy matter to learn them from his bulletins; which afford the strongest negative evidence in favour of a statement we once heard boldly hazarded by a young Frenchman at a *table-d'hôte*, that the French had never been beaten in fair fight. ‘But,’ said one of the company, ‘if this be so, how happens it that the English, who landed on the extreme verge of the Peninsula, found themselves, after several pitched battles, in your territory?’ ‘*C’était la trahison, monsieur.*’ This is the pendant to their *connu, connu*, whenever the unfortunate side of such questions is pressed upon them.

In the *Catechisme du Soldat Français*, we find; ‘Quelle était dans cette occasion (1814) la politique Anglaise? De rompre les magistrats pour s’emparer de nos villes sans effusion de sang. M. Lynch, maire de Bourdeaux, parut à Wellington mériter une demande, et Bourdeaux fut à l’instant au pouvoir de l’étranger.’ The same work represents our generals at St Sebastian pointing out the women and children whose throats

wère to be cut, and thus describes the condition of the English at Waterloo: ‘Enfoncés sur tous les points, rompus dans tous les vus, et fuyant en desordre, les Anglais demandaient à la terre des abîmes pour se cacher.’ It is wonderful how the French can read this sort of stuff without a sense of national degradation; almost as keen as that which every high-spirited or honest American must feel at reading the late manly, earnest, unanswerable appeal of the Rev. Sydney Smith. But Louis Philippe understands his countrymen; and the battle of Toulouse still keeps its place in the gallery of French victories and conquests at Versailles.

Let it be said to their credit that all their enthusiasm is not reserved for the more dazzling glories of the conqueror. The longing desire of a printer’s lad was to see M. de Châteaubriand; at length he was entrusted with a *Proof* to carry to him. He rushed out of breath into the presence of his idol, and began to search his pockets. Sheets of novels, reviews, and vaudevilles appeared by the dozen; but the *Proof* in question was not amongst them, and M. de Châteaubriand began to grow impatient, when the lad, suddenly recollecting himself, put his hand into his breast and drew it forth. It had been placed, says M. Janin, upon his heart, and M. de Châteaubriand was more touched with this simple *homage*, than by all the flatteries addressed to him throughout Europe!

Let us also do justice to the gallantry of these lads, who, in the contests of the military with the people, might be seen combining the bravery of the veteran with the frolic spirit of the boy:—

‘He answers musket-balls with stones, he confronts grape-shot like a veteran. If he happens to lose his cap in the *mêlée*, he returns to fetch it under the horse’s feet, *so afraid is he of being scolded by his mother*. He glides through the armed battalions, he mounts behind the horseman at full speed, he is astride upon the cannon as it rolls gloomily along, he anticipates the fire, and throws himself flat upon his face; the balls seem to know him and pass on; not a soldier dares touch him with his bayonet, for that soldier would think he was assassinating his brother or his child; *and, mark me well, in these dreadful conflicts, where the destiny of empires is at stake, the gamin sees but one thing—a good pretext for quitting the workshop, for deserting the school—a kind of sport for his particular benefit.*’

Here, again, a melancholy truth is suggested. The French Government is hourly liable to be upset by revolutions, in which the most active of the parties engaged have no definite object beyond the excitement of the moment, or a vague desire of change;—turning out to upset a dynasty, like school-boys for a barring-out, or Irishmen for a row.

The *Agent de Change* (stockbroker) is another type of the epoch, of whom it is impossible to form a notion from what we have seen of the same class in England. In a city where large established fortunes are rare, and all that glitters passes current for gold, the speculator who can manage to keep his head above water for a time, and spends his money freely, becomes a member of a newfangled description of aristocracy. In this country, we are fond of associating the notion of wealth with the outward symbols of poverty, or even meanness. An old-established firm would rather fall than rise in the opinion of its customers by substituting a handsome showy house of business, for a plain, low, dark, and gloomy one, like that of Messrs Child and Co. at Temple Bar; and if either of the partners be inclined to expense, he had better keep his weakness a secret.

An incident, well-known in Lombard Street, is in point. There was a banking firm headed by a baronet: a retired merchant, of enormous fortune, living in a small lodging in Threadneedle Street, was a customer of this firm, and generally left a balance of thirty or forty thousand pounds in their hands. All possible attention was to be paid to a customer of this importance, and, in an evil hour, the baronet requested the honour of his company to dinner at his suburban villa. The old man reluctantly complied. The hall door was opened by a fat porter; a refined groom of the chambers was in waiting; there were as many servants in and out of livery as guests, and a pompous butler was liberal of champagne. 'I fear,' said the guest, apologetically—'that I am putting you to a great deal of inconvenience.' 'Not the least,' said the baronet; 'indeed, I should apologise to you, since we have taken the liberty of asking you to partake of our family dinner!' Not another word was uttered; but the customer took an early leave, and next morning drew out the whole of his balance.

Now, at Paris, the baronet's villa would have been prudence, the fat porter a standing advertisement, the champagne and livery servants judicious expenditure; there, accordingly, the broker or speculator who wishes to get other people's money into his hands, assumes the style and (as far as he can) demeanour of a man who has already got as much as he knows what to do with of his own.

'As he has adopted the attitude of one of the rulers of fashion, he must play out the part. His interior is an elegant sanctuary of the prettiest fancies, the most costly trifles; these are to be found in his drawing-rooms, in his wife's boudoir, in his dining-room, and in his ante-chamber. Whether the furniture be Gothic, or *à la Louis Quinze*, he has every thing in the best taste; precious volumes in elegant bindings,

with divine little statues, are exactly where they ought to be. But all this belongs to him only because he has paid for it : he does not possess it by his heart, by his predilections ; he only enjoys it through the envy it may inspire in his brethren. He does not use it as a thing which suits him ; he possesses it as a superfluity it is necessary to have, in order to be like others.'

Conceive a commercial city, where albums, bronzes, Elzevirs, prie-dieu chairs, and inlaid cabinets, form an essential part of the stock in trade of a stockbroker !

The broker makes a point of stopping at Tortoni's on his way to the *Bourse*, and frequently breakfasts there. He arrives in a gay cabriolet, dressed and gloved as for a ball ; affects to be entirely taken up with the most frivolous topics of the hour, whilst he is bending all his faculties to collect intelligence.

' There is not one of these apparently artless persons who has not read every newspaper of every side, who has not listened eagerly to the most opposite reports ; not one who, during the night, has not given his attention to the one ambition, the one thought of his life—money. To gain money, to gain much of it, to gain it in order to spend it with a carelessness which savours of delirium—this is the trade of these people !'*

Our stockjobbers have pretty nearly the same passion, but they do not meet at Long's or Gunter's. They come to the ground in omnibuses, and a solitary basin of mock-turtle is their only luxury till the business of the day is at an end.

' Suddenly,' continues the same writer, ' a particular hour strikes mournfully. That very instant all breakfast is stopped—the conversation is interrupted ; he who had just put the cup to his lips returns it to the table half full—another rises without finishing the speech he has commenced—each mounts his carriage, and the horses gallop off. The intelligent steeds, bankers in harness, know well the hour for the *Bourse* ; more than one English horse has become broken-winded, merely in going over the hundred paces which separate the Boulevards from the *Bourse* ! money goes so quickly ! But there is something which travels even faster than money, and that is ruin.'

The *Physiology of the Student* presents another startling contrast to purely English customs. We say purely English, for the university life of Scotland and Ireland bears some, though not a close, affinity to that of Paris.

* The ' American in Paris ;' or ' Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1843.' By M. Jules Janin. Illustrated by eighteen engravings, from designs by M. Eugene Lamis. London : 1843. The most amusing and instructive Handbook for Paris we ever remember to have read.

Amid all the obstacles thrown in the way of obvious improvements since the commencement of the century, the opposition offered to the establishment of universities in London and other great towns, always struck us to be the most unreasonable. Suppose there were, at this moment, only five or six hotels in London, and those of the very first class—suppose there existed a law prohibiting the opening of more, and it were proposed to abolish that law, with the view of extending the accommodation to the middle classes, and other members of the community, who could not afford to pay half-a-guinea for a dinner or five shillings for a bed. The expediency of a reform of this kind could hardly be contested for a moment; yet the universities of Oxford and Cambridge stood on nearly the same footing as our supposed monopolists; it being hardly possible for a young man to receive an education in them without spending, at the very lowest estimate, from two to three hundred pounds a-year; and contracting habits which may make his own humble home distasteful to him during the remainder of his life. Such institutions are open to grave censure, when considered merely as places of education for the aristocracy: as exclusive places of education for the working-clergy, the medical profession, and the bar, they are utterly indefensible.

We have said thus much in the hope of averting or mitigating the sneer with which the Cantab or Oxonian will be too apt to contemplate the Parisian student, with his neglected dress, his mean lodging, his low associations, his vulgar amusements, and his poverty.

‘To be twenty years old, and alight in the court-yard of the *Messageries Lafitte et Caillard*, with two hundred francs, a family umbrella, and an unsophisticated heart—behold all the elements of perfect happiness—happiness especially reserved to the student who arrives from a provincial school to pass three years at Paris.’ Let us follow him, and see how he settles himself. His first care is to choose a lodging, and his choice is soon made amongst the garrets of the Latin quarter. He dines at one of the *restaurants* in the Rue St Jacques, at an expense rarely exceeding, seldom amounting to, a franc. ‘Wine,’ says the Physiologist, ‘is regarded as a chimera or a prejudice, in the majority of these establishments; there, one eats because one must eat, but one does not drink, or drinks only the small quantity of water strictly necessary to dilute one’s food.’ A cup of coffee and a game of dominoes succeed, when our hero is in funds—but these are luxuries. It is a melancholy fact, which cannot be suppressed, that few students are long in Paris without coming to an understanding with some young lady of the

grisette species; and a large part of the book before us is occupied with the details of their *ménage*, and their parties of pleasure to the dancing-booths of the suburbs or the minor theatres. Another of their culpable caprices is an extravagant addiction to smoking in all its grades, from the hookah to the cigar; whilst their rooted dislike to soap and water, combs and razors, must be obvious to the least curious observer. Yet this is the class which furnishes the eloquent advocates, the learned physicians, the scientific surgeons, the eminent mathematicians, the great naturalists of France—the Dupins, the Larrys, the Aragos, the Cuviers. To do justice to the French student, therefore, we must contemplate him in his strength as well as in his weakness—not chasing *grisettes* in the Luxembourg gardens, or denouncing death and destruction to the English on the Boulevards, or recklessly wasting the slender pittance his humble and laborious parents have scraped together for him—but devoting himself, heart and soul, to the profession of his choice, or steadily pursuing science for her own sake, without a thought of the cares or a sigh for the pleasures of the world. We must not condemn a class for the follies of the least meritorious members of it; and the merits of a system of education, whether French or English, will depend on much more extended considerations than it would be possible for us to discuss incidentally, *apropos* of one of these light and ephemeral *Physiologies*.

Neither must we be supposed to utter a deliberate censure on the lawyers of Paris, if we venture to quote from the *Physiologie de l'Homme de Loi*, in which the tone is worse than *light*; it is as malicious and depreciating throughout, as if the writer had been bred up in the school of Swift, whose hatred of the legal profession colours some of the most remarkable passages in his writings.

An English law-student literally eats his way to the bar. No qualification in point of legal knowledge is required from him; it is simply necessary to keep a certain number of terms, *i. e.* to eat a certain number of dinners in the common hall of one of the Inns of Court. The French student has a more arduous time of it. He must attend a given number of lectures, and undergo a trying examination. To keep up the respectability of the profession, he is also required to possess a decent domicile on a first or second floor, and a library, which are inspected by an official; who, so long as he is introduced into a handsome apartment well furnished with books, is not wont to be inquisitive regarding the possessory title of the candidate. Many advocates consequently commence practice in a fifth or sixth story, with the

last annotated edition of the *Codes*; and these are not likely to be scrupulous in their search for employment.

In England, business can only be obtained through the medium of an Attorney; in France there is no such inconvenient check, and the Advocate may hunt down the game for his own sole and especial profit.

‘ At the rising of the courts, the briefless barrister resumes his threadbare great-coat, and commences a promenade through the streets, which is continued far on into the night—a promenade which may be termed *the client-hunt*. At the least tumult which he scents from a distance, he hurries up, mingles with the crowd, and enquires what is the matter. “Is it a thief?—a murderer?—a quarrel?” “No; a cat worried by the butcher’s dog.” “Very well! I am an advocate; where is the owner of the cat? We will bring an action.” “The cat has no owner; it is a stray cat.” What a fatality! He is half tempted to kill the dog, out of sheer anger.

‘ In the thick of the crowd he feels a hand in his pocket, and his handkerchief slipping out. He says nothing; he lets things take their course. When he is certain that the offence is complete, he turns about, lays violent hands on the delinquent, and delivers him over to the police. “At last,” exclaims the client-hunter, “I have a client. Pickpocket, my friend, I will defend you.” “Thanks,” replies the pickpocket, “but I have my regular standing counsel.”’

Exaggerations of this sort throw light on manners. Such caricatures would never be hazarded in this country; nor low as the Old Bailey bar used to stand, (and we are glad to hear that it is much improved since the formation of the new court,) would the boldest farce-writer have ventured to depict its coarsest practitioner, in its worst times, in the light in which the French *Avocat du Diable* is held up to contempt and ridicule. He is depicted prowling for prey in the lowest haunts of vice and infamy, and squabbling with the condemned criminal in his cell for some article of clothing which he is content to take by way of fee.

The advocate who confines himself to the Courts of Civil Procedure, is a different sort of person. ‘ He regards the *police correctionnelle* as a place of bad fame, and would blush to be seen in it. It is not he who runs after clients. He waits for them in his slippers, wrapped up in his flowered dressing-gown, his head covered with an elegant velvet cap, with a gold tassel on the top.’ His best advertisement, equal if not superior to the *Palais de Justice*, is a drawing-room. ‘ There is not a saloon, a circle, a concert, a representation, where you do not meet with more advocates than in the courts. It is inconceivable how these gentlemen find time to prepare the pleadings for which they exact so high a price.’

In the sketch of the French Attorney (*Avoué*) it is said—

‘The dressing-gown and slippers are in some sorts the uniform of the *Avoué*, throned in his cabinet and in the full exercise of his functions. He has a monopoly of them; no clerk, not even a head clerk, is ever known to indulge himself in the dressing-gown or slippers. This is the prerogative of the *Avoué*. His cabinet is decorated with singular richness and elegance. This is not done to render the work easier or more agreeable; it is simply calculation on his part. The expense lavished on his cabinet is as useful to him in meeting with his clients, as the expense lavished on his dress has been useful to him in meeting with a wife.’

This will sound strange to the frequenters of Westminster Hall, the Four Courts, and the Outer House; but the difference may be traced to the peculiar genius of the people, who estimate the ability of an advocate much in the same way in which we have seen them estimating the responsibility of a stockbroker. *He* cannot fail to be a clever fellow, who talks about every thing and every body with such perfect *nonchalance*; and nobody would condescend to secluded labour but a drudge or plodder, incapable of better things.

The growing importance of the French Bar is probably a subject of too grave or deep an import for the Physiologist; not so much as an allusion does he make to it, though one of the most remarkable phenomena of recent times. When Erskine, in the full blaze of his professional reputation, was presented at the Tuileries during the short peace of Amiens, the First Consul could not be made to understand the real nature of his position; and actually asked him whether he had ever been lord-mayor of London—a dignity which seems to haunt the imaginations of the French. With such examples as Dupin, Berryer, Odillon Barrot, Mauguin, and others at hand, there would be little difficulty in making Napoleon understand now, what a height of influence may be obtained by a leading Advocate in any country blessed with trial by jury, a representative form of government, and a free press. In fact, the French Bar at present possess an advantage which we trust will never be enjoyed by that of Great Britain. They have no landed aristocracy and no rich mercantile class to compete with them; so that, with the exception of the Journalists, (a divided body, losing ground daily,) they are rapidly becoming the most powerful order in the state—the order in which all the ambitious spirits, all the recruits of promise, all the young men of talent or fortune who have nothing else to do, are eagerly hastening to enrol themselves.

A paper on an analogous subject, *La Cour d'Assises*, in *Les Français, Peints par Eux-mêmes*, is from the pen of Timon, (M. le Vicomte Cormenin,) the author of the celebrated work on

the Parliamentary orators of France. . 'It is my whim to-day,' he begins, 'to buzz about the ears of magistrates. I have stung kings and orators enough.'

The French magistrates are of two sorts, the sitting and standing, the moveable and stationary, the public prosecutor and the judge. He begins with the prosecutors, the *ministère public* or *procureurs du roi*. These, it seems, are too apt to regard the court as a theatre, and the jury as an audience, before whom their airs and graces, their eloquence and learning, are to be displayed.

'For *they* do not understand their duty, these gentlemen of the parquet, (the part of the floor of the court assigned to the public prosecutor,) who thump their breasts, and distend their jaws, to elevate a great crime on the shoulders of a petty offence. *They* do not understand their duty who dress up with the spangles of their poesy the commonplaces of their morality, and denounce society if vengeance does not descend upon a trifle. *They* do not understand their duty who apostrophise the deceased, inveigh against the advocate, browbeat the witnesses. *They* do not understand their duty who, convinced by argument of the innocence of the accused, do not frankly abandon the accusation, but insist on its standing good, "with attenuating circumstances." *They* do not understand their duty who, by striking figures, energetic appeals to political prejudices, rolling of eyes, and extravagant gestures, aim only at obtaining the wretched satisfaction of hearing "how fine—how eloquent he was!" I am not keeper of the seals, and have no wish to be so; but if I were, I would dismiss any *avocat-général* for having been eloquent out of place. I would imitate those Roman commanders who cashiered their officers for having killed an enemy in single combat in advance of the ranks.'

The French Judges are open to the same reproach. They often exhibit more passion than judgment; and betray an unseemly eagerness to convict. Much of the evil is undoubtedly attributable to the practice of examining the prisoner from the bench. The Judge almost always gets irritated, and involves himself in an argument with the accused. The trial of Madame Lafarge, which we, in a former Number, examined at considerable length, may be cited in proof of every thing that has been urged against the Magistracy, sitting and standing; and we will here quote one passage:—

'*Judge*.—N'avez-vous pas demandé qu'elle (the mother-in-law) ecrivit une lettre pour attester que c'était elle qui avait fait les gateaux ?

'*Madame L.*—Je ne me le rappelle pas.

'*Judge*.—Si vous m'aviez répondu affirmativement, je vous aurais demandé pourquoi vous l'aviez fait faire par la main qui devait paraître la plus innocente, et si vous n'avez pas là un motif facile à comprendre.

'*Madame L.*—J'ai répondu ce que je sais être la vérité. J'ai dit les

choses comme elles se sont passées. Madame Lafarge mère savait faire la pâtisserie ; continuellement elle m'en faisait.

' *Judge.*—Est ce que M. Lafarge mangeait de préférence des gateaux faits par sa mère ?

' *Madame L.*—Non, monsieur.

' *Judge.*—Alors, il est étonnant que vous aviez insisté pour que ce fut précisément elle qui les fit. L'envoi de gâteaux fait par vous était la seule chose qui put le toucher. Peu importait de quelle main ils eussent été fabriqués.'

The English Bench and Bar are influenced by an opposite tendency. The Judge has frequently been heard pathetically intreating the prisoner to plead *not guilty* ; and the prosecuting Counsel requesting the Jury to lay every sort of adverse prejudice aside.

Timon makes some strong and just observations on that passion for excitement, which induces women to crowd into a court when a case of interest is expected to come on. But with the audience at Courvoisier's and Good's trials fresh in our recollection, and Miss Alice Lowe's popularity before our eyes, we cannot say that such culpable curiosity and misplaced sympathy are French. The admirable sketch of an audience in M. de Bernard's novel, *L'Innocence d'un Forcat*, would do equally well for both countries ; though we hope the Attorney-General is not likely to be forced into this sort of colloquy with Lady Pollock :—

“ Si vous concluez contre lui, je ne vous le pardonnerai jamais,” dit à son mari la femme de l'avocat-général chargé de soutenir l'accusation. “ Je conclurai, certainement, contre lui,” répondit le magistrat ; “ car je suis convaincu qu'il est coupable, tout autant que si j'avais vu commettre le crime.” “ Et moi, quand même je l'aurais vu, je ne pourrais pas le croire.” “ Il est fort heureux pour l'ordre social que les femmes ne puissent être du jury,” reprit l'avocat-général, en haussant les épaules ; “ avec elles il serait impossible de faire punir un coupable, pour peu qu'il eut vingt-cinq ans, des cheveux bouclés, et un habit bien fait.”

The *Flaneur* is a Parisian speciality ; at least in Paris alone are to be found a sufficient number to entitle them to a *Physiology*. The word is utterly untranslatable : *Lounger* comes nearest, though far off ; and we can only say that it means a man who amuses himself day after day by strolling about without any definite object ;—watching remarkable groups, reading the bills pasted on the walls, gazing at shop-windows, occasionally sight-seeing, and often standing or sitting listlessly in the Champs Elysées or the Tuileries gardens. Rousseau said, that to write a good love-letter, you should begin without knowing what you are about to say, and end without knowing what you have said. To make a good *flaneur*, you should start without knowing where

you are going, and return without knowing where you have been. He must have good legs, good health, and a good (or callous) conscience. There must be neither care nor perspiration on his brow; he must not be rich enough to afford horses, or he may take to riding; nor poor enough to be in debt, or he will be on the look-out for creditors, and be obliged to avoid the vicinity of some tailor or bootmaker. No wonder that the author answers in the negative the question which gives a title to a chapter:—*Est il donné à tout le monde de pouvoir flaner?* The number of the elect is notwithstanding considerable in Paris, where, it must be owned, the clearness of the atmosphere, the gaiety of the streets, and the handsome, cheerful look of the public buildings, diffuse a charm in fine weather which we ask in vain from the important bustle of our great thoroughfares, or the superior beauty of our parks.

The ‘American in Paris’ tells a story of an Englishman who lost his way in Paris, and could give no better description of his hotel to his guide, than that it was near a Grecian Temple—‘You know, sir, large white columns mingled with flights of steps—the whole being surmounted by long stone funnels, which, to tell you the truth, appeared to me not over Athenian!’ They set out in search of the hotel, and find it at last in the vicinity of the *Bourse*; but not till they have visited twenty or thirty buildings answering the Englishman’s description—fair subjects for architectural censure, but undoubtedly well calculated to afford gratification to the *flaneur*.

The best English *flaneurs* we ever knew, were the late Charles Lamb and Lord Stowell. A London street was a positive enjoyment to the unsophisticated mind of ‘Elia,’ and he might be seen trembling with delight before a shop-window or a puppet-show. Lord Stowell used to boast that there was not a sight in London he had not seen, and, according to a current story, he had seen some more than once. He was paying his shilling to see a new mermaid, when the man at the door, apparently ashamed to cheat so good a customer, refused to take the money, saying: ‘No, no, my lord, its only the ould say-sar-pent!’

Many of the most amusing of the *Physiologies* are too free in their allusions for our pages. *L’Homme Marié* of Paul de Kock, in particular, is full of humour and impropriety. *L’Homme à bonnes Fortunes*, though open to the same reproach, contains two good things which we may venture to quote—the solution of the mystery, what becomes of the superannuated Don Juans; and an anecdote entitled *Le Bonnet de Coton*.

The solution is most satisfactory to elderly lady-killers:—

‘In the present enlightened age it is no longer necessary, in order to become the idol of the women, and the terror of the husbands, to be a beauty, a dandy, an exquisite. This species of seduction is worn to the nap—the women will have none of it; what they long for, love, admire, adore, are the *devastés*. Give place, Faublas, Antony, Chatterton, Tremnor! your day is past, my poor conquerors! Begone to the Invalides, if it so pleases you. Room for the true, the only, Lion; the model of all who pretend to fix the attention of the universe in general, and women in particular! Room for the *devasté*.

• You do not see, my young friend, in what the peculiar fascination consists. Well, then, the *devasté* pleases, the *devasté* interests, the *devasté* inspires, because at sight of him every one exclaims—if this man’s head is barer than my knee, it is because the volcano which serves him for a brain has first burnt up, and then annihilated his hair. If his eye be extinguished, it is because it has blazed too much. A candle lasts eternally, if it is never lighted; but then it is an unworthy candle, a *manquée* candle. The eye of the *devasté* is a glorious candle, for it has burnt till there is no wick left. He has lost all his teeth. This is one of his greatest merits. His mouth is rent; but, like the colours of the Old Guard, it is rent by victory. He has no calves to his legs, he has no longer the shadow of them! Well, what does this deficiency prove but that he has abused his strength by the elegant, energetic dissipation of his days? He is as wrinkled as a roasted apple. Oh, he has suffered terribly!’

‘This great genius, great heart, great soul—the *devasté*—has every thing. His life may be resumed in three words, and what words!—*penser, aimer, souffrir*.’

It is probably in support or anticipation of this theory, that Balzac lays down his axiom:—‘A man of fifty-two is more dangerous at this than at any other age. It is at this fine period of life that he employs both his dearly-bought experience and the fortune he may be expected to possess.’ This will be found in his *Physiologie du Mariage*, a book of which he himself says, in an advertisement,—‘La femme qui, sur le titre de ce livre, serait tentée de l’ouvrir, peut s’en dispenser, elle l’a déjà lu sans le savoir.’ Yet there are few married women in France who have not read it. Another of the maxims is:—‘Avant de se marier, on doit avoir au moins disséqué une femme.’

The episode of *Le Bonnet de Coton*, is very French indeed. M. de Verteuil is jealous of M. Gustave de Montfort, at the time in question a guest at his country-house, when he discovers that the adorer sleeps in a long cotton nightcap, with a tassel at the top. His plan is soon formed; he makes his wife believe that their guest is taken suddenly ill, and they hurry together to his room. As they leave it this dialogue takes place:

‘*Madame de V.*—(Avec terreur.)—Dieu, qu’il est laid!’

‘ *M. de V.*—(Très-naïf.)—Qui donc ?’

‘ *Mad. de V.*—*M. de Montfort !*’

‘ *M. de V.*—(Naïf et bonhomme.)—Mais oui, il est assez laid.’

‘ *Mad. de V.*—(Mysterieusement.)—Et comme il a l’air.’

‘ *M. de V.*—(Avec curiosité.)—L’air—quoi ?’

‘ *Mad. de V.*—(Toute honteuse.)—Ridicule !’

‘ *M. de V.*—(Plus candide que jamais.)—Ne va pas lui dire cela : il prétend que le ridicule tue l’amour.’

‘ *Mad. de V.*—Je ne sais pas s’il tue l’amour mais je crois qu’il est très capable de l’empêcher de naître.’

In glancing over this or any other class of the light literature of France, it is difficult to say which is most prominent—the eternal recurrence of matrimonial infidelity, or the frivolous nature of the qualities supposed to lead to preferences.

A writer in the ‘ *North American Review*,’ justifies Paul de Kock on the ground that, as gallantry and intrigue seem to form the ordinary business of life in France, ‘ people can hardly be ‘injured by a representation in fiction, of what is constantly before their eyes in reality ;’ and there is hardly one of these books that might not be cited in confirmation of this defence. The author of the ‘ *Physiology of the Parisienne*,’ says boldly, ‘ La plupart des femmes mariées de Paris ont une double *engagement*, à soutenir et à dissimuler : il ne manque à l’un que le ‘contrat, à l’autre que le cœur.’—

As for real feeling or true passion, there seems very little of either ; and it would be odd if there were, when we find these forbidden preferences described as founded almost exclusively on personal appearance. Even in the ‘ *Memoirs of Madame Lafarge*,’ written expressly to excite sympathy for the accused, the first care of the writer is to prove her possessed of the most refined sensibility—to dress :—

‘ Clementine charged herself with reforming the toilette and appearance of *M. Lafarge*. Knowing all my tastes, perhaps all my follies, she told him the colours I liked—made him wear a cravat which I preferred—and banished some flaring colours which were in very bad taste. *M. Lafarge*, following her advice, now shaved every day, attended to his hair and his dress, wore great gloves to the forge, and removed from my domestic life two insupportable calamities, which are of themselves enough to destroy all love—slipshod shoes and neglected nails.’

Equally evident is the same predilection or tendency, in the passage describing the first adorer, who made an impression on her heart :—

‘ Grand, élancé, assez pâle pour qu’on put lui prêter une peine inconnue, ou, tout au moins, une petite maladie de poitrine ; ayant des

yeux expressifs, des bottes vernies, et des gants jaunes de la nuance le plus comme il faut.'

This hero is an entire stranger, but follows her every where, and has no reason to complain of discouragement :—

'Nous allions quelque fois aux offices de la Vierge. Il venait pour prier avec moi. De petits billets, cachés dans une fleur, préparaient les rendezvous de nos regards.'

He turns out to be a young apothecary, and she indignantly casts him off—luckily for him, says Janin, as she would probably have made him *manger ses fonds* within the year.

On a former occasion, above alluded to, we expressed a strong opinion that Madame Lafarge was unjustly condemned; but this need not prevent us from consulting these Memoirs to learn what topics are thought best adapted to conciliate sympathy in France; and in what light it is deemed most expedient for a woman accused of murdering her husband to present herself. It matters little or nothing whether the work was in point of fact composed by her. It shows observation, fancy, some humour, and no inconsiderable powers of composition. The avowed object is to excite a feeling in her favour, which might lead to a mitigation of her sentence. Her friends have sanctioned the publication; she herself undoubtedly furnished materials; and prefixed to the English edition is an autograph letter of hers to Englishwomen :—

'Allez, ô mes pensées, vers cette ile libre et belle qui a eu des sympathies pour le malheur, qui aura des croyances pour la vérité. Allez, et portez mes actions de grace aux nobles filles de l'Angleterre, qui ont senti des larmes à mes larmes; portez mes bénédictions à ces femmes assez vertueuses pour croire en la vertu, assez fortes pour absoudre hautement une pauvre réprouvée.'

The work, therefore, is of the highest value as an illustration of national taste and feeling; nor can we render up our minds to part with it without extracting another characteristic passage. Though twenty-four years of age, and singularly precocious in her capacity, (as might be collected from the adventure with the young apothecary,) she professes to be profoundly ignorant of the nature of the marriage tie; and, after stating repeatedly that she had persisted in living separate from her husband, writes thus :—

'Je fus confondue de cette révélation de Madame Lafarge; je ne pouvais la croire, je n'osais l'interroger davantage. Mon inexpérience était immense, absurde; je creusais ma pauvre tête inutilement. Enfin, après m'être monté, abruti l'imagination pendant quelques jours, après avoir entendu répéter mille fois à mon oreille que j'étais déjà très-

changée et très-ostensiblement grosse, je crus à un miracle, et j'espérai être élevée à la dignité de mère par la grâce de Dieu. . . .

‘ Je n’osai parler de mon bonheur à M. Lafarge. Il me semblait que je le perdrais en y croyant, et je me faisais incrédule pour être rassurée sur une déception, et je me vouais à tous les saints pour qu’ils changeassent l’impossible en possible. Toutes mes pensées, toutes mes actions se rapportaient déjà à ce cher petit complément de moi-même. Je ne montais plus à cheval, je ne mettais plus de corset, j’avais fait élargir toutes mes robes afin qu’il grandit sans entraves, et déjà je m’occupais de sa layette avec Clémentine, de son éducation avec Mademoiselle Brun.’

Now, neither Madame Lafarge, nor her friends, nor her very able Counsel, (to whom, we have heard, this book was submitted,) could possibly expect any one to place the slightest credit in this profession of simplicity. Why, then, was it hazarded? Those who are thoroughly conversant with the French character will require no explanation; and we despair of making any explanation intelligible, or at any rate perfectly satisfactory, to those who are not. The truth is, the French are so fond of melodramatic display, and so accustomed to the artificial both in feeling and action, that they cannot withhold their admiration from a tolerably good pretender to sensibility; or help sympathizing with a ‘noble sentiment,’ though they know it to be put on or invented for the nonce. We will illustrate our reasoning by a fact. In the official announcement of the battle of Marengo, Desaix is made to say that his sole regret in dying was to have done so little for the Republic. This was afterwards inscribed upon his monument. An acquaintance of ours went to visit it, in company with a French officer, who gave vent to a burst of maudlin sentimentality. When he had indulged himself to the top of his bent, and made, as he thought, a sufficient impression on our friend, he coolly turned away, saying, ‘*Mais après tout, il n’a rien dit de tout cela—il est tombé roid mort,*’ which every one now knows to be the truth. Just so, many a Parisian dame will give Madame Lafarge the full benefit of her assumed ignorance, and end by saying, ‘*Mais après tout, c’est passablement ridicule; elle a très-bien su—ce que vous savez bien.*’

The French, however, were always suspected of an undue attention to effect; and, time immemorial, have we prided ourselves, with or without reason, on the possession of certain sterling qualities as opposed to their showy ones; but, at the same time, we tacitly allowed them a decided superiority in mere manner, and all those outward airs and graces which are supposed to exercise so powerful an influence on the fair. We now consider ourselves fully justified in contesting that superiority.

Mr Henry Bulwer remarked in 1834—

‘ You no longer see in France that noble air, that great manner, as it was called, by which the old nobility strove to keep up the distinction between themselves and their worse-born associates—that manner is gone, and the French, far from being a polite people, want that easiness of behaviour which is the first essential to politeness.’

M. Janin remarked a few months ago :—

‘ I am no great admirer of the young men in Paris : I find them idle, self conceited, full of vanity, and poor ; they have too little time, and too little money, to bestow upon elegance and pleasure, to be either graceful or passionate in their excesses. Besides this, they are brought up with very little care, and are perfectly undecided between good and evil, justice and injustice, passing easily from one extreme to the other ; to-day prodigals, to-morrow misers ; to-day republicans, to-morrow royalists. At the present time, the Parisian youth, usually so courteous to ladies, cares for nothing but horses and smoking. It is the height of French fashion not to speak to women, not to bow to them, and scarcely to make way for them when they pass.’

The cause of the change is obvious enough. Good breeding has been well described as the art of rendering to all what is socially their due ; but, beyond the precincts of the noble Faubourg, there is no admitted criterion for determining what is socially due to any one in France ; and where all are striving to be the equals of their superiors, or the superiors of their equals, the prevalent tone must be one of uneasy, dissatisfied, restless, pushing pretension. If a young Frenchman be somebody, there is a slight chance of his preserving an inoffensive deportment ; if he be nobody, he invariably takes credit for what he may become, and his insolence is as unbounded as his expectations. Even the Tuileries, where one would expect rudeness to be suppressed by the genius of the place, has witnessed curious scenes since the Citizen-King became its lord. An instance is related by M. Janin. ‘ I am told that one day when M. Dupin aîné was with the King, he struck Louis Philippe’s shoulder, upon which the King, who is about as great a lord as M. de Talleyrand, said, pointing to the door, “*Sortez.*” M. Dupin did go out, but the next day he was at the King’s petit levée, humbly asking after his majesty’s health.’ As the story was originally told, the King said ‘ *Sortez de chez moi,*’ and M. Dupin refused to go out, on the ground that he was not *chez* the king, but *chez* the nation.

We will give another instance. In the course of his speech on the Regency Bill last year, M. Thiers, describing the implied contract between the nation and the throne, made the nation address the reigning dynasty in this manner : ‘ *Voilà à quelles conditions légales nous vous appartenons comme sujets respec-*

‘tueux.’ It is difficult to give a notion of the tumult that ensued, though we were present and witnessed it. The Extreme Left rose as one man: ‘Nous ne sommes pas sujets, nous ne voulons pas être sujets;’ and M. Arago exclaimed at the pitch of his voice, ‘Nous ne sommes les sujets de personne. C’est du Montalivet tout pur. Nous ne sommes pas sujets; nous nous appartenons à nous-mêmes!’ Even a voice or two from the Centre suggested that the expression was too strong, and M. Thiers was obliged to change it into ‘sujets de la loi.’

This is not the calm confidence of a great and free nation reposing on its strength; and whilst such a spirit is to be found in great men and high places, it will be vain to look for ease, dignity, self-respect, becoming deference, or mutual forbearance, in society.

There yet remains a test on which we should like to dwell a little—the state of opinion regarding the war. The folly and wickedness of desolating indiscriminately the finest regions of the earth, destroying commerce, paralysing industry, setting up false standards of honour, encouraging every baneful passion, and checking every good impulse—this is now felt and acknowledged in every civilized community; with the exception of the one which arrogates to itself the title of the most civilized. Paris is converting her promenades into ramparts, just as other capitals have converted their ramparts into promenades; and the mass of her population are panting for the moment when, with an impregnable fastness to fall back upon in case of accidents, they may lay their peaceably-disposed neighbours under contribution, and haply wipe away the recollection of Waterloo. But this is too serious a subject to be cursorily or incidentally discussed; and we will conclude by saying that we have no national prejudices ourselves, nor any wish to foster them in others. Our remarks refer principally, if not exclusively, to the surface—to the forward, noisy, offensive, obtrusive portions of society; and though these have been allowed an undue prominence of late years, we are well aware that, in a capital like Paris, there is, and always must be, a quiet under current of good feeling and good sense, which will eventually carry off the folly and the froth.

ART. VI.—1. *Life in Mexico during a Residence of Two Years in that Country.* By MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA. 8vo. London: 1843.

2. *Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory.* By THOMAS J. FARNHAM. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

MADAME CALDERON DE LA BARCA, the authoress of the very entertaining volume first mentioned above; is, as we are informed, a Scottish lady, bred in New England, and married to a Spaniard, with whom she was domiciled for two years as Ambassador in Mexico—a curious combination of personal accidents—nor would it be easy to conceive any more favourable, as regards shrewdness, situation, and opportunities, for bringing us acquainted with the fashions of social life in that secluded part of the world. Her book has all the natural liveliness, and tact, and readiness of remark, which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman; while she has really much to tell, and the stores of some years of quiet accumulation to unfold. Would we could say that these delicate qualities survived the first contact with the public in one case in a hundred! Never was traveller better qualified for such a task in such a country, as far as physical resources, courage, and curiosity could go. Her feats of personal strength fill us with amazement. Morning visits and balls all night—rides on horseback and muleback, in straw-hat and reboso, Mexican fashion, of fourteen leagues a-day—journeys for a week together by diligence, with a running accompaniment of robbers—rattling at full gallop for days and nights, over dikes and ditches, through roaring streams, and over savage *barrancas*, in Charles the Tenth's old coach, borrowed by the Ambassador of a native who bought it a bargain from some speculating Frenchman—exploring caves, waterfalls, and mountains, in the intervals, and joining in every sort of dissipation which a Mexican season will furnish,—all this seems the lady's very element, and gone through with a hearty honest good-will, which makes the reader long to have been of her party. Her curiosity is as prodigious as her powers of endurance. The slightest peep of a 'lion' is enough to place her on thorns until she has fairly hunted him down. Not a procession within her reach, in this procession-loving country—from the most grotesque religious farce enacted in some village near Mexico, up to the grand Holy Thursday of the capital,

which she does not delight in seeing out from beginning to end. On the latter occasion she seems to have visited half the churches in the city to see the illuminations, and knelt before every altar in each, until, at length, 'our feet,' says she, 'seemed to move mechanically, and we dropped on our knees before each altar like machines touched by a spring.' The news of a nun about to take the veil never fails to draw her out; and the more painfully exciting the ceremony, the more eager her desire to catch a glimpse of the next victim. Convents, prisons, schools, theatres, mines, factories, nothing that can be 'seen,' in traveller's phrase, is too dull or too old, too quiet or too public for her. When she has nothing else to do, she can visit, again and again, the few ruinous old public buildings which form the stock sights of foreign street-loungers in Mexico. But any thing like a *funcion* as the Spaniards call it, is irresistible. She goes with equal delight to gambling fêtes, cock-fights, and bull-fights, to moralize, and have a peep at the dresses. As to the last, indeed, her confession is of the frankest:—'Though at first I covered my face, and could not look, little by little I grew so much interested in the scene that I could not take my eyes off it, and I can easily understand the pleasure taken in these barbarous diversions by those accustomed to them from childhood.'

Nor are we at last at all surprised in having to accompany her, admission having been procured 'by certain means, private but powerful,' to the *desagravios* or nightly penance in the church of Saint Augustin—a grand disciplining match in the dark, performed by a hundred and fifty gentlemen penitents; concluding the evening's entertainments at 'the house of the —— minister, where there was a reunion, and where I found the company comfortably engaged in eating a very famous kind of German salad, composed of herrings, smoked salmon, cold potatoes, and apples, and drinking hot punch.'

The vividness of this clever writer's colouring has brought her, we find, under the suspicions of those sapient critics who make a point of disbelieving wonderful stories about countries of which they know nothing. Some have gone so far as to pronounce her work altogether an article of fictitious manufacture—Paris-made, we believe. A more genuine book, in air as well as reality, it would be difficult to find. True, there is a love of romance about her, which runs into the superlative on most occasions; and probably her best stories, and finest descriptions, are precisely those which require the greatest allowances on the part of the sober-minded reader; but never yet were travels worth reading, the author of which had not some propensity towards the exercise of the traveller's privilege.

We must confess, for our own parts, to a great predisposition to what may be called romance, in all matters that relate to this strange portion of the earth—rich in the wonders of nature, and with a history unlike all others. All which attracts and astonishes in other regions, seems combined in one grand theatre in the Mexican isthmus. Humboldt, the most imaginative of travellers, was the first who caught the peculiar enchantment of the place, and tinged his descriptions with the colouring of his own enthusiastic turn for recondite speculations, historical and scientific. Scarcely a day's journey can be taken without some striking change, such as in other parts of the world one must traverse oceans to experience. There are the high table-lands, with a sky ever pure, bright, and keen, almost to the extreme, and 'so blue as almost 'to dazzle the eyes even in the moonlight'—abounding in every production of European industry, strangely mingled with some of the hardier forms of tropical vegetation; a land where every deserted garden is overrun with fruit-trees and flowers, imported by the Spaniards in other days, and now mingling with the weeds of the soil. You travel a few hours, ascend and descend over a rugged chain clad with pine and oak, and embellished with 'crosses' to denote the blood that has been shed in its solitudes; or across a tract of glassy glades, a natural park, with clumps of trees, in which the deer dwell unmolested; or a black burnt field of ferruginous lava; and find yourself in some rich valley, amidst chirimoyas, bananas, and granadillas, the fields smiling with magnificent crops of sugar and coffee—you are in the temperate zone, '*tierra templada*.' Another step, and you are in an Arabian desert—a level region of sand and palm groves. You rise again, and are speedily amongst the clouds, in the vast mother-chain of porphyry and trachite, the '*sierra madre*' which intersects the land; miner's huts, villages, and cities, perched on the mountain sides, amidst ravines and waterfalls, or embosomed in leagues on leagues of waving pine forests,

'That fluctuate when the storms of Eldorado sound;'

while every where, for hundreds of miles, the snowy cones of the three great volcanoes, shining at sunset above the violet, gold, and purple tints which colour the lower ridges, seem as the landmarks of all the choicest and most beautiful district: for if you wish to live in the Indies, says the Spanish proverb, let it be in sight of the volcanoes:

'Si a morar en Indias quieres,
Que sea donde los volcanos veyres.'

Over all this variegated country are scattered the remnants of an ancient and mysterious civilization, together with the fast

decaying monuments of a second. The massive churches, convents, and palaces of the Spanish conquerors are crumbling away, and bid fair, in a few years, to form a recent stratum of historical ruins : while the phantoms of the silent, grave-eyed princes of the soil, and those of the long-descended *Dons* who succeeded them, are vanishing alike into the dominions of the past ; and the countrymen of Montezuma are not more reduced to the condition of subjects and strangers in their own land than those of Cortes—

‘ The Alexander of the Western zone,
Who won the world young Ammon mourn’d unknown.’

Madame Calderon has not only a very proper tourist’s enthusiasm for the picturesque ; but, what is much better, that intense, real enjoyment of natural beauty, and rural sights and sounds, which is so often found strongest in those who enter with the greatest spirit into the enjoyments of city life. She finds amusement in the quietest orchards and coffee plantations, no less than in the dullest of Mexican *tertulias*.

‘ This morning, after a refreshing sleep, we rose and dressed at eight o’clock—late hours for *tierra caliente*—and then went out to the coffee plantation and orange walk. Any thing so lovely ! The orange-trees were covered with their golden fruit and flagrant blossom ; the forest-trees, bending over, formed a natural arch, which the sun could not pierce. We laid ourselves down on the soft grass, contrasting this day with the preceding. The air was soft and balmy, and actually heavy with the fragrance of the orange blossom and starry jasmine. All around the orchard ran streams of the most delicious clear waters, trickling with sweet music, and now and then a little cardinal, like a bright-red ruby, would perch upon the trees. We pulled bouquets of orange blossom, jasmine, lilies, dark red roses, and lemon leaves, and wished we could have transported them to you, to those lands where winter is now wrapping the world in his white winding-sheet.

‘ The gardener or coffee-planter—such a gardener !—Don Juan by name, with an immense black beard, Mexican hat, and military sash of crimson silk, came to offer us some orangeade ; and having sent to the house for sugar and tumblers, pulled the oranges from the trees, and drew the water from a clear tank overshadowed by blossoming branches, and cold as though it had been iced. There certainly is no tree more beautiful than the orange, with its golden fruit, shining green leaves, and lovely white blossom with so delicious a fragrance. We felt this morning as if Atlacamulco was an earthly paradise But when the moon rose serenely and without a cloud, and a soft breeze, fragrant with orange blossom, blew gently over the trees, I felt as if we could have rode on for ever, without fatigue, and in a state of the most perfect enjoyment. It was hard to say whether the first soft breath of morning, or the languishing and yet more fragrant airs of evening, are more enchanting.’—
(P. 245—251.)

Or take the following picture of a Mexican ‘Auburn,’ not the less pleasing by the sly contrast with scenery with which the authoress is more familiar :—

‘ Travelling in New England, we arrive at a small and flourishing village. We see four new churches proclaiming different sects; religion suited to all customers. These wooden churches or meeting-houses are all new, all painted white, or perhaps a bright red. Hard by is a tavern with a green paling, as clean and as new as the churches; and there are also various smart *stores* and neat dwelling-houses—all new, all wooden, all clean, and all ornamented with slight Grecian pillars. The whole has a cheerful, trim, and flourishing aspect. Houses, churches, stores, and taverns, are all of a piece. They are suited to the present emergency, whatever that may be, though they will never make fine ruins. Every thing proclaims prosperity, equality, consistency;—the past forgotten, the present all in all, and the future taking care of itself. No delicate attentions to posterity, who can never pay its debts; no beggars. If a man has even a hole in his coat, he must be lately from the Emerald Isle.

‘ Transport yourself, in imagination, from this New England village to ———, it matters not which, not far from Mexico. “Look on this picture and on that.” The Indian huts with their half-naked inmates, and little gardens full of flowers—the huts themselves either built of clay, or the half-ruined *beaux restes* of some stone building. At a little distance a *hacienda*, like a deserted palace, built of solid masonry, with its inner *patio* surrounded by thick *stone* pillars, with great walls and iron-barred windows that might stand a siege. Here, a ruined arch and cross, so solidly built that one cannot but wonder how the stones are crumbled away. There, rising in the midst of old, faithful-looking trees, the church, grey and ancient, but strong as if designed for eternity, with its saints and virgins, and martyrs and relics, its gold, and silver, and precious stones, whose value would buy up all the spare lots in the New England village;—the lepero, with scarcely a rag to cover him, kneeling on that marble pavement. Leaving the enclosure of the church, observe the stone wall that bounds the road for more than a mile—the fruit-trees overtopping it, high though it be, with their loaded branches. This is the convent orchard. And that great Gothic pile of building that stands in hoary majesty, surmounted by the lofty mountains, whose cloud-enveloped summits, tinged by the evening sun, rise behind it—what could so noble a building be but the monastery, perhaps of the Carmelites, because of its exceeding rich garden and well chosen site; for they, of all monks, are richest in this world’s goods? Also, we may see the reverend old prior riding slowly from under the arched gate up the village lanes, the Indians coming from their huts to do him lowly reverence as he passes. Here every thing reminds us of the past; of the conquering Spaniards, who seemed to build for eternity, impressing each work with their own solid, grave, and religious character; of the triumph of Catholicism; and of the Indians, when first Cortes startled them from their repose, and stood before them like the fulfillment of a half-forgotten

prophecy. It is the present that seems like a dream, a pale reflection of the past. All is decaying and growing fainter, and men seem trusting to some unknown future which they may never see. One government has been abandoned, and there is none in its place; one revolution follows another, yet the remedy is not found. Let them beware, lest, half a century later, they be awakened from their delusion, and find the cathedral turned into a meeting-house, and all painted white; the *railing* melted down; the silver transformed into dollars; the Virgin's jewels sold to the highest bidder; the floor washed, (which would do it no harm,) and round the whole a nice new wooden paling, freshly done in green; and all this performed by some of the artists from the *wide-awake* republic further north.'

But although such passages as these abound, we still prefer the lady in her less sentimental moods. There is little enough of romance in actual Mexican society, and her insight into it was of that minute character which leaves nothing to the imagination. We enter more heartily into the distresses and embarrassments into which she was thrown, by the utter novelty of the ways of the people among whom she became domiciled;—the riddles of Mexican etiquette, the horrors of Mexican cookery, and miseries of Mexican servants; the daily terrors, amounting just to a pleasant excitement, of robbers and revolutions; the vicissitudes of an attempt to set up weekly soirées, with music and flirtation, in that ungenial region; the schism in the city as to whether the fair ambadress should, or should not, wear the dress of a Poblana peasant at the great fancy ball, and her own horror at discovering that the Poblana costume, *à la rigueur*, consisted of very short petticoats, and no stockings; together with a thousand other matters with which no one but an ambadress, with eyes and ears awake to every thing about her, could possibly have brought us acquainted.

When Humboldt visited Mexico, forty years ago, the wealth of the great landed proprietors had attained its maximum. The extraordinary success of mining adventures, which had gone on flourishing with scarcely any interruption for nearly a century, had stimulated the cultivation of the soil; and, from the comparatively low price of labour, immense fortunes were realized by landlords and capitalists. There were individuals who derived £40,000 a-year from land alone, without mines. The Count of Valenciana had received in some years £240,000 from the single mine of Valenciana; the landed property of his family, independently of that mine, being estimated at six millions sterling. Their extravagance was as prodigious as their fortunes; though its wildest excesses were often distinguished by that vein of hyperbolical grandeur which runs through the Spanish character.

The Count de Regla of former days 'was so wealthy,' says Madame Calderon, 'that when his son, the present Count, was christened, the whole party walked from his house to the church upon ingots of silver. The Countess having quarrelled with the Vice-Queen, sent her, in token of reconciliation, a white satin slipper, entirely covered with large diamonds. The Count invited the King of Spain to visit his Mexican territories, assuring him that the hoofs of his Majesty's horse should touch nothing but solid silver from Vera Cruz to the capital. This might be a bravado; but a more certain proof of his wealth exists in the fact that he caused two ships of the line, of the largest size, to be constructed in Havana, at his expense, made of mahogany and cedar, and presented them to the king.' This was the nobleman whose daughter-in-law, la Guera Rodriguez, was said to have seduced even the philosophic Humboldt into a flirtation; and lived to be Madame Calderon's intimate associate, and her general *vouchee* for all extraordinary narratives.

Now, the history of the last thirty years in Mexico has been that of incessant revolutions and disturbances, beating with violence against the enormous mass of this hereditary property, without, as yet, succeeding in breaking it down. The landed gentry of Mexico are, of course, very much poorer than their grandfathers. They have suffered by proscriptions, conscriptions, and vexations of every kind: the expulsion of their intelligent Spanish superintendents and managers—the repeated ravage of their estates—the decimation of their Indian labourers by war. They have shared, too, in their own proportion, in the terrible depression of mining property, which is probably more owing to one cause—the high price at which quicksilver is now maintained in Europe by certain monopolies kept up for state purposes—than to all the internal misfortunes of the country put together. Still, they exist; and, what is more, they are at the head of parties. Whichever side wins in the eternal revolutions of the country, is pretty sure to count a good proportion of the lords of the soil among its leaders. Santa Anna, we believe, is very rich. We have been informed that Bustamente, the late President, held eighteen of the large grants into which the soil of Mexico was formerly divided, each containing 22,000 acres. No agrarian party has, as yet, risen up in Mexico, as far as we are aware. There is a great dislike among the rulers to any thing like tampering with the institutions of property. We have heard that Santa Anna has lately put down a Newspaper, conducted on very moderate principles, for merely suggesting that the agriculture of the country would gain by the subdivision of the large *haciendas*. Confiscation seems to have been a mea-

sure rarely resorted to, even in the worst times, and by the most ferocious party leaders; who made a point of shooting their opponents wherever they could catch them. Now, indeed, revolutions have become matters of such everyday occurrence, that they seem to be prosecuted with much less animosity than a parliamentary struggle in England; and there is something ludicrous in Madame Calderon's account of the general congratulations and embracings which followed the two cannonadings to which she was an eyewitness.

There is, therefore, still great private wealth, the remnant of old accumulations in Mexico; not to mention that in portions of the Republic, where the evils of these disturbances have been least oppressively felt, industry has received a considerable stimulus from the cheapness of foreign commodities, since emancipation. Madame Calderon's account of the extravagant profusion of the Mexican ladies in jewellery, has been cited by some of her wise readers as incredible. She certainly surprises us a little now and then—especially when she speaks of the great displays of this kind among women of the inferior classes, and in the country, where highway robberies are every day's entertainment. But, generally speaking, it is very natural that this relic of the profuse and luxurious habits of wealthier days should have remained; because there is no moveable wealth which can be more easily concealed and preserved in dangerous times. As to the precious metals, every one knows, that in the more inaccessible parts of Mexico, and still more in Peru, they were at one time more common than their plated substitutes are among ourselves. Sir William Temple speaks of a small town in Peru, where the principal families rejoiced in watering-troughs of pure silver in their courtyards; and we recollect a consignment, some years ago, to a London merchant, of a lot of cavalry helmets of the same article, which a defeated squadron had thrown off in running away in order to delay their pursuers.

With these outward relics of aristocracy, Mexico still preserves much of the stately courtesy and etiquette of the old Spanish style—exaggerated, as all such qualities are in colonies. It preserves, too, especially in the capital and larger cities, what is much better, a true social spirit—the spirit of mutual good-humour and kindness. It is pleasing to turn from the reckless abuse with which the Mexican character is treated by travellers in general, to the testimony of one who had learned to know it well. 'In point of amiability and warmth of manner,' says Madame Calderon, 'I have met with no women who can possibly compete with those in Mexico; and it appears to me that women of all other countries will appear cold and stiff by com-

‘parison.’ This is an assertion which she frequently repeats. Nor does she speak less favourably of the national disposition in many other more important respects, however serious the counterbalancing vices may be. These are things which most travellers are altogether unable to judge of, particularly English and American. They can see the indolence and ignorance, the tokens of murder and robbery, the besetting sins of the people, easily enough; they cannot discover, nor appreciate if they could, the peculiar *savoir vivre* of the Spanish race, and the graces which attend on it. The Englishman is neither gregarious nor social; the American is gregarious, but unsocial; the Spaniard, and all his descendants, are both gregarious and social in the highest degree. No people can be more amiable in their domestic relations; nor does any one who appears to judge them fairly, remark without admiration, their kindliness, charity, fellow-feeling, and their dignified and patient endurance of suffering. It would be a great mistake, too, to imagine the Mexicans a feeble, inactive race. There are probably few such horsemen in the world—no people, especially those of the higher classes of country residents, more inured to athletic exercises, or bolder in the hunt and the bull-fight.

‘As for the young master here,’ says Madame Calderon, speaking in excuse of the want of mental cultivation among the resident landed gentry, ‘he was up with the lark—he was on the most untractable horse in the *hacienda*, and away across the fields with his followers, chasing the bulls as he went—he was fishing—he was shooting—he was making bullets—he was leagues off at a village seeing a country bull-fight—he was always in good-humour, and so were all who surrounded him—he was engaged in the dangerous amusement of *colear*, (catching and branding bulls,) and by the evening it would be a clever writer who could have kept his eyes open after such a day’s work. Never was there a young lad more evidently fitted for a free life in the country.’—(P. 384.)

How it is that a temperament so kindly, and in many respects so noble, is combined with such a furious and bloodthirsty spirit of vengeance; or so much native manliness, with such a want of energy and determination in the field as amounts to actual incapacity;—as when Santa Anna, who has beaten all other Mexican generals, was beaten himself, with his regular army, by half their number of North American vagabonds, under the banner of Texas;—these are among the peculiar, oriental inconsistencies of the Spanish character, exaggerated in the Hispano-American.

Much, of course, is owing to the incessant revolutions, which seem to have extinguished all hope of better things, even in the

minds of the most sanguine and patriotic citizens. To endeavour to classify or analyse these endless commotions, seems almost as unprofitable as to chronicle Milton's battles of the kites and crows. Nevertheless, if any one has patience enough for the study, he will find that one serious political question lies at the bottom of these movements, in most of the South American Republics, whatever colours the various parties may assume at the moment. The colonies of the old Spaniards, even more than those of the English, were so many *oases* in the vast wilderness, each distinct from its neighbours in municipal government and interests. Their principal settlements were established in fertile spots of table land, separated by vast ranges of snowy mountains, or hot and unhealthy forests. The Viceroy of Mexico or Peru governed no single province, but a great number of unconnected districts, many of which had far less communication with each other than with the mother country. The citizen of Lima knew little enough of the affairs of Europe; but certainly a great deal more than he did of the affairs of Quito, the chief city of the neighbouring 'Kingdom.' Consequently, when the control of the Spanish government was removed, the real wants and circumstances of the country combined with the example of the United States in producing a tendency to federal governments, and the independence of states. But, on the other hand, the military power which the prolonged struggle for independence produced, in which many districts were forced of necessity to combine for common support, tended towards unity, and the establishment of centralism. No government, except military, could keep provinces thus circumstanced in union. No imposing military force could be maintained unless the union were preserved. In every part of these vast regions, therefore, from Mexico to Chili, two parties, essentially opposed to each other, have arisen. The Federalists have generally mustered the greatest proportion of the native-born landed proprietors—the middle classes of the towns, the educated, the 'literati,' and the lawyers. The Centralist party has commonly had the support of the chief military leaders—the army, the priests, and the mob.* They have combated with very various success. Columbia has split into three or four distinct republics. In Mexico, Federalism has been for the present forcibly put down, and a complete military government established by the hero of the day, Santa Anna; who, according to Madame Calderon, has six colonels standing behind his chair at state dinners, and for whom the Mexican clergy unanimously pray as their great safeguard against the *progresistas*, or men of movement, who entertain unholy views of the nature of church property. In a country like Mexico, one's wishes are

naturally for the strongest government ; and military government appears at first sight the strongest. But this is not necessarily the case. It must be remembered, that military power can only be maintained by heavy exactions ; that, in order to govern an extensive country with scattered inhabitants, the army must necessarily be split into numerous unconnected bodies—small garrisons as it were, dispersed far from each other, in the midst of populations which they are continually provoking to insurrection. It is impossible not to feel some sympathy in such a quiet little territorial oligarchy as that of Yucatan, so amusingly described by Mr Stephens ; which has been little vexed by revolutions until now, when it is engaged in a struggle for existence with the invading force of Santa Anna. The best Spanish American citizens have been produced by these local aristocracies—those patriots for whom our sympathy is the deeper from the extreme difficulties and discouragements of their position ; such men as Senor Gutierrez Estrada, a native of Yucatan ; of whose steady civic loyalty, in the midst of every kind of persecution, Madame Calderon gives so striking an account.

The hope of the country, the few educated youth and enlightened civilians, are commonly on the Federalist side. They may have been the dupes of their liberalism to a very foolish extent ; but it does not follow, because they have been guilty of absurdity in endeavouring to introduce pattern foreign democracies among so peculiar a people, that they may not be right in other respects ;—the most just, the most moderate, the most intelligent in their views of what is needed for the internal reformation of the country ; the most opposed, by character and interest, to its worst practical abuses. Some of these, it is the evident interest of the Centralist party to maintain. Their supporters, we have said, are mainly the church and the mob ; and the church, by its misuse of its enormous property, has occasioned many of the principal evils of Spanish America, and aggravated nearly all : the mob, chiefly of Indians, is the great instrument of violence and misrule, and radically hostile to civilization. Of all the extraordinary notions which have been broached, from time to time, in England, by those who glory in the title of anti-Malthusians, perhaps the most wonderful is the cry for a return to the system of trusting the relief of the poor to the church, for reviving the ancient conventual pauperism ! To all who have taken up such fancies as aught more than a plaything, we should recommend a journey to Mexico ; since there is no country left in Europe where mendicancy is held in honour, and where it is esteemed the great office of religion to encourage it ; except, perhaps, some parts of unfortunate Ireland. In Mexico they will find the Monk

still in his glory, expatiating in roomy convents and stately gardens, with whole square miles of church *haciendas* to support him. There, too, they will find, also in his glory, the correlative ornament of society, the Sturdy Beggar, or *lepero*—the pet of the church and the charitable ladies, who basks in the sun at the convent gate, until, tired of so inglorious a life, he betakes himself to the mountains, and joins *los senores ladrones Mexicanos*, who rob with rather less insolence and equal piety. It is curious to observe how extremes meet. In North America servants are hardly to be procured; because the pride of that class which would otherwise furnish them is placed in independent industry. In Mexico, the same result follows, because beggary and laziness are thought more honourable than work on any conditions.

‘ A servant who has lived in a dozen different houses, staying about a month in each, is not thought the worse of on that account. As the love of finery is inherent in them all, even more so than in other daughters of Eve, a girl will go to service merely to earn sufficient to buy herself an embroidered chemise; and if, in addition to this, she can pick up a pair of old satin shoes, she will tell you she is tired of working, and going home to rest “*para descansar*.” So little is necessary, when one can contentedly live on tortillas and chile, sleep on a mat, and dress in rags.

‘ A decent old woman, who came to the house to wash shortly after our arrival in this country, left us at the end of the month “*para descansar*.” Soon after she used to come with her six children, they and herself all in rags, and beg the gardener to give her any odds and ends of vegetables he could spare. My maid asked her why, being so poor, she had left a good place, where she got twelve dollars a month? “Jesus!” said she, “if you only knew the pleasure of doing nothing!”

‘ I wished to bring up a little girl as a servant, having her taught to read, sew, &c. A child of twelve years old, one of a large family who subsisted upon charity, was procured to me; and I promised her mother that she should be taught to read, taken regularly to church, and instructed in all kinds of work. She was rather pretty, and very intelligent, though extremely indolent; and though she had no stockings, would consent to wear nothing but dirty white satin shoes, too short for her feet. Once a week her mother, a tall slatternly woman, with long tangled hair, and a cigar in her mouth, used to come and visit her, accompanied by a friend, a friend’s friend, and a train of girls, her daughters. The house-keeper would give them some dinner, after which they would all light their cigars, and, together with the little Josefta, sit and howl, and bemoan themselves, crying and lamenting her sad fate in being obliged to go out to service. After these visits, Josefta was fit for nothing. If desired to sew, she would sit looking so miserable, and doing so little, that it seemed better to allow her to leave her work alone. Then, tolerably contented, she would sit on a mat, doing nothing, her hands folded, and her eyes fixed on vacancy.

‘ According to promise, I took her several times to see her mother; but one day being occupied, I sent her alone in the carriage, with charge to the servants to bring her safely back. In the evening she returned, accompanied by her whole family, all urging and howling—“ For the love of the most Holy Virgin, Señora mia! Por la purissima conception!” &c. &c. &c. I asked what had happened, and, after much difficulty, discovered that their horror was occasioned by my having sent her alone in the carriage. It happened that the Countess S—— was in the drawing-room, and to her I related the cause of the uproar. To my astonishment she assured me that the woman was in this instance right, and that it was very dangerous to send a girl of twelve years old from one street to another, in the power of the coachman and footman. Finding from such good authority that this was the case, I begged the woman to be contented with seeing her daughter once a month, when, if she could not come herself, I should send her under proper protection. She agreed; but one day having given Josefita permission to spend the night at her mother’s, I received next morning a very dirty note, nearly illegible, which, after calling down the protection of the Virgin upon me, concluded—“ But, with much sorrow, I must take my child from the most illustrious protection of your Excellency, for she needs to rest herself, (*es preciso que descanse*,) and is tired for the present of working.” The woman then returned to beg, which she considered infinitely less degrading.’—(P. 149.)

There seems, however, to be one business in honour—that of actor in the religious pantomimes, which, in Mexico, supply the place of our ancient mysteries. ‘ A man was taken up in one of the villages as a vagrant, and desired by the Justice to give an account of himself; to explain why he was always knocking about, and had no employment. The man, with the greatest indignation, replied—“ No employment! I am *substitute Cyrenian* at Coyohuacan in the holy week!” That is to say, he was to be substituted in Simon the Cyrenian’s place, should any thing occur to prevent that individual from representing the character.’

Whether our doubts are unfounded or no, will be seen by the use which the present dictator of Mexico makes of his power. If he employs it to establish the reign of law and order in the place of that of terror—to give some security to life and industry—we shall cheerfully acknowledge that his government is a greater blessing to the country than any constitution which Bentham could devise. This is the radical evil, the most deep-seated and pernicious of all those which afflict the new republics. They never had a tolerable administration of justice, even under the old *régime*; and revolutions have made it worse. The chicanery and corruption of the civil tribunals have never been remedied, among all the quackery to which the body politic has been subjected by liberal practitioners; for these matters are always ad-

journed in times of revolution, for want of patience to deal with them; while police and criminal justice are utterly disorganized. The delays of civil suits, and the non-execution of the laws against offences, operate equally towards the denial of justice. A friend of ours visiting the prison of Querétaro, was addressed by two individuals in English. One was an Irishman; he had only knocked out a Mexican's brains, and expected to be out in a few weeks. The other was a North American; he had broken his covenant to serve a cotton-spinner, and run away to join a travelling showman; he was in despair of ever getting liberated!—a fair specimen, we fear, of Mexican justice as administered on the crown and law sides. As for robber stories, of course Madame Calderon, like all other Mexican travellers, has no end of them: we have only room for one, illustrating the *suaviter in modo* of penal jurisprudence.

‘The —— consul told us the other day, that, some time ago, having occasion to consult Judge —— upon an affair of importance, he was shown into an apartment where that functionary was engaged with some suspicious-looking individuals, or rather who were above suspicion, their appearance plainly indicating their calling. On the table before him lay a number of guns, swords, pistols, and all sorts of arms. The judge requested Monsieur de —— to be seated, observing that he was investigating a case of robbery committed by these persons. The robbers were seated, smoking very much at their ease, and the judge was enjoying the same innocent recreation; when his cigar becoming extinguished, one of the gentlemen taking his from his mouth, handed it to the magistrate, who relighted his “puro” (cigar) at it, and returned it with a polite bow.’(—P. 125.)

It is high time indeed that some new principle of good should develop itself. From many quarters at once, the feeble civilization of Mexico is menaced with fearful disasters, if not utter extinction. On its northern frontiers, the mounted tribes of Indians exercise terrible ravages, and set at nought the military power of the Republic. They are no contemptible enemies. Madame Calderon met with an officer who had served against them, and was convinced that he should live to see them picket their wild horses in the Plaza of Mexico. Every year their incursions are more daring; and extend further to the south. In New Mexico they have almost destroyed the stock, and driven the cultivators of the soil within the fortified posts. At Chihuahua, not many years ago, the visit of an armed Indian was no more dreaded than in the streets of New York. Now, no company dares leave that city without weapons. There is a tradition that the daughter of a late governor was carried off by the Camanches close to the city; and that, like the Countess who wedded ‘Johnnie Faa,’

the Scotch gipsy, she resisted all solicitations to return home, preferring the wigwam of her gallant Indian captor.

But a far more serious danger than that of the *Indios bravos* arises from the millions of natives who form the mass of the cultivators of Mexico. It would be most unjust to the old Spanish government, to term them an oppressed class, in comparison with the peasantry of most European countries. They have been protected, for centuries past, at once by enlightened laws, and by a general good feeling towards them on the part of the Spanish population. But, on the other hand, their education has been utterly neglected. Handed over to the spiritual government of the Curas, they have been brought up as creatures to be swayed and controlled, simply by the power of superstition over their minds. They have exchanged their old idolatries for a grotesque Catholicism, expressly accommodated for their use. In all other respects, they are peculiarly what the mass of their ancestors were in the days of Cortes. They have not acquired a single habit, feeling, or instinct of civilization. They speak their own language, and shrink from all contact with strangers. They remain among the motley population with which they are intermixed, a totally distinct people—creatures of another world. To some they have appeared a placid and harmless race; to others, sullen, moping, and apathetic; but none have been able to dive into their inner being. Only it has appeared but too plainly, by occasional flashes of light, that they cherish a concentrated national spirit of revenge. It is this isolation which makes them such terrible instruments in revolutions. They show neither pity, remorse, nor policy, nor any of the mingled feelings which arrest the arm of ordinary man uplifted against his brother. They are as impassive as Spenser's man of iron, and agents, like him, in the hands of eternal justice. Every one knows Mr Stephens's most interesting sketch of Carrera, the Indian revolutionary chief—the destroyer of the ineffectual liberalism of Guatemala. A boy in appearance and manner, without language to utter his own great indefinite purposes—vain of having taught himself to read and write in the intervals of his battles—followed by myriads of his countrymen as an inspired leader—without a notion of military art, beyond that of flying at his enemy's throat wherever he met with him—the slave of fanaticism, but dreaded by the very priests who had armed and cheered him on in his desolating career. No rising of Indians, unconnected with the higher orders, has taken place as yet in Mexico proper: if there should, it will be a rather more serious matter than the *gritos* and *pronunciamentos* of the last twenty years.

There remains a still more substantial danger behind, the

competition of the Anglo-Saxon race, to use the euphuism which Lord Durham rendered fashionable;—the rivalry of that encroaching people which multiplies, and extends its borders, year by year, while the old Spanish power shrinks within more contracted limits. The Mexicans regard them somewhat as the Turks do the Russians. They love no foreigners: they respect the English, and them only: but they hate the Anglo-Americans with a peculiar and jealous hatred. Two hundred years ago, in the time of Gage the Jesuit traveller, the Spaniards of these parts were already possessed with an expectation that the English of Virginia would ultimately ‘come in before them.’ Unless new vigour be inspired into the community, the prophecy seems gradually nearing its accomplishment. Texas has been severed from the republic, and is now thoroughly Americanized. Santa Anna may harass, but can never recover it. California, probably the most valuable of all the Mexican States in point of national advantages, is completely overrun with hunters and trappers from the East: on all occasions of quarrel these combine with the scattered British sailors and adventurers, and set the wretched Government at defiance.

The present condition of that wide border region which intervenes between the thickly settled possessions of the two races—its physical geography, and political prospects—afford so many points of interest at this day, that some of our readers may not be dissatisfied at having their attention directed from Madame Calderon, and the diamonds and rags of Mexico, to a rapid glance at those wildernesses, and their miscellaneous inhabitants.

In the account of America in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, there is a general review of the climate of that quarter of the world, with a map which illustrates its peculiarities, and the consequent distribution of vegetation, in a remarkable manner. It will be seen, on referring to it, that the west coast, both of North and South America, is a windward shore, sheltered from the prevailing easterly trade-wind by the great wall of the Cordilleras, through the whole of the torrid zone, and for fifteen or twenty degrees of each temperate zone, proceeding from the tropics. The whole of this vast tract would be a desert, more or less arid, but for one circumstance—that north of the equator, the Andes, for a distance of some fifteen degrees, sink into a comparatively low and broken ridge, which admits free passage for the breeze continually blowing from the Gulf of Mexico, charged with moisture, to the Pacific shore. That shore is consequently clothed with magnificent forests, moist and unwholesome, from Guayaquil under the equator to the neighbour-

hood of San Blas, in N. lat. 21° . To the south of this intervening tract, the desert character prevails as far as the south of Chili, where the variable westerly winds begin to blow; to the north it extends as far as the mouth of the Columbia, in lat. 46° , which is the boundary between the regions of drought and moisture. So singularly are these climates contrasted, that on most points the traveller passes from one extreme to the other at once, without any gradation. At Valparaiso the climate is very dry; at Conception, two hundred miles to the southward, extremely moist; at Guayaquil the rains are tremendous; at Tumbez, only half a degree to the southward, a shower sometimes does not fall for years. On the south bank of the Columbia the land is open, and the rains light; on the north, the forest is one impenetrable mass of vegetation, and the humidity perpetual.

This is the case along the coast: in the interior, to the traveller coming from the south, the dry climate begins on the high table-land round the city of Mexico. Proceeding north and west, he passes through all the degrees of comparative aridity; the winter rains becoming more and more precarious, until in North lat. 25° — 35° , west of the Rocky or central range of mountains, he reaches lands in which drought reigns almost as fiercely as in the Sahara of Africa. At Mexico it rains, in heavy showers, for a few months of the year. The hills are covered with pine and oak, and rich beyond comparison in flowers. But the streams are so insignificant that the German traveller, Burkart, found no difficulty in fording the Rio de Santiago on horseback; close to its mouth at San Blas, after a course of six hundred miles. Further north, the oaks gradually disappear, or only clothe the banks of streams—then the pines—and the coast region of Old California and Sanoro presents a mere desert; a region of dry hard clay, loose sand and rock, where vegetation is only maintained at rare intervals by irrigation, practised on a magnificent scale in the large *haciendas* by the Spaniards. Old or Peninsular California furnishes the zero, or driest point, in the climatology of North America. Storms and mists are equally rare; and day after day the sun rises and sets in the same unclouded, gorgeous beauty.

On the eastern side of Mexico the climate is modified by different causes. Two vast currents of air, offsets of the trade wind, blow from the gulf—the one north-eastward, following the gulf-stream along the coast of the United States; the other in a northerly direction, along the valley of the Mississippi. These maintain the luxuriance of the forest region of the States and Canada. But the further west we advance from the Mississippi, the more we leave behind us the influence of these ferti-

lizing currents. Rain falls on the prairies no longer in steady masses, but in violent and brief thunder storms. The soil becomes less and less productive until the Rocky Mountains are reached; from which the traveller looks westward over regions of unmitigated sterility, contiguous to the arid portions of Mexico.

This, however, is merely the general result of a first glance: it will be seen, on nearer examination, that the traveller from the Mississippi to the Pacific has to cross several distinct regions, differing considerably in character, and offering varieties, for which it is by no means easy to account.

The first region, two or three hundred miles in breadth, is that occupied by the States of Missouri and Arkansas, and the rapidly advancing territory of Iowa; a country of mixed prairie and forest, resembling that on the eastern bank of the great river too nearly to require particular description, although with a larger proportion of open country. The next strip, also two or three hundred miles in width, is likewise adapted for fixed settlements. It consists of wide plains, but diversified with ranges of hill; resembling the last section, but with a drier climate, and a less proportion of forest. This region possesses peculiar interest at this moment, from being the receptacle of the great semi-civilized Indian republics of the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks; besides many wretched fragments of once mighty tribes, who have all made their last move hither at the bidding of the American Government. It almost makes the heart bleed to read of the rapid progress of improvement made by these unhappy people in their new seats. They suffered terribly in their removal, which took place only five or six years ago. They were decimated by sickness in their new settlements. Half their stock perished in their march of a thousand miles. Yet, in that short time, they have recovered their numbers; they possess vast herds of cattle, and cultivate much land; their fields are enclosed; their homes good log dwellings, with stone chimneys and plank floors, built and furnished in a style equal to that of the dwellings of white people in new countries; they have salt springs, lead mines, schools, inns, spinning-wheels, looms, merchants, 'regular physicians,' and quacks. Their history, were it fully written, would be far more instructive, and far more encouraging, than that of the Jesuit colonies, which has occupied the pens of so many sentimental philosophers. Alas! it will never be written. Their opulence and their industry will seal their ruin. The history of the last removal from Georgia will soon be acted over again by the enlightened citizens of Missouri and Arkansas. The aversion of the Anglo-American to the Indian may have been nourished by sentiments of policy; but it has now become

pure hatred—the inhuman unrelenting hatred of caste. The simple policy of the poor Cherokees in abolishing their old hereditary chieftainships, adopting a pattern American constitution, and parading the grand maxim that ‘all men are born free and equal,’ is but the wisdom of the sheep claiming kindred with the wolf. ‘All men free and equal,’ indeed! The circuit court of Alabama (according to the Newspapers) has just decided that a *civilized* man cannot intermarry with a *savage*, and that *all the offspring of such unions are bastards*. They will be exterminated or removed once more for their ‘preservation,’ and their next removal is destruction. They are already on the verge of the region habitable by civilized man.

West of them lies the desert—still a fertile desert, but except in a few spots on the border of the rivers, incapable, probably for ever, of fixed settlement. This is the great Prairie Wilderness, which has a general breadth of six or seven hundred miles; and extends from south to north—from about N. lat. 32°, and the banks of the Red River of the south, to those of Lake Winnipeg, in W. lat. 52°—nearly fourteen hundred miles. Seen during the brief spring and summer, it is a delightful land—a land of grass and flowers, with a bright sky and elastic air; diversified by little patches of wood, picturesquely dispersed here and there to relieve the eye from the monotony of the plains;—traversed by four splendid rivers, the Red River, the Arharoas, the Platte, and the Missouri. In the south, the burning sun reduces the grass to dust early in the season; but autumn lingers long in the north; and it has been observed that the buffaloes at the northern extremity of this their domain, are generally found in better condition, though on the very border of the land of snow and marsh, than on the frontier of Mexico, where their pastures are soonest withered by the drought. But with this exception for the effects of latitude, both climate and scenery are very uniform. Drought is the prevailing character. In early summers, the storms are tremendous, and a few hours convert the water-courses into torrents, and suffice even to swell rivers whose course exceeds a thousand miles. On the banks of the Little Arkansas, Mr Farnham observed a fall of fifteen feet in twelve hours, in June. The latter summer and autumn are showerless, at least in the south; and a few storms suffice to cover the region with that sheet of snow which forms its uniform covering for many months, through which the buffaloes and bears scratch to find their pasture.

This region is altogether unsettled. Here and there, round the posts established by trading companies, on the banks of rivers, a few fields have been cultivated, and hamlets formed by

enterprising Americans, who find abundant custom for their productions, from the various parties which roam over the wilderness. But, speaking generally, the soil is abandoned to the tribes of mounted Indians; the most terrible enemies to civilization of all the sons of the desert;—as much bolder and fiercer than the Bedouin, as the Yankee trader is more energetic than the Oriental. Thousands of rillemen, among the best riders and best shots in the world, traverse these regions in every direction, attracted, like birds of prey, from incredible distances, by the prospect of plunder. It needs all the daring, all the resources of the white American, to maintain life and protect the traffic which he carries on in this land of danger. It is tracked, at intervals, by the ‘trails’ of the great trading parties, the caravans of the West; of which the principal is the ‘Santa Fé trail,’ crossing the prairies from the State of Arkansas to that northernmost of Mexican cities. The trail winds along the green levels, cautiously avoiding to approach, within musket range, the groves of timber which skirt them here and there.

‘Council Grove,’ says Mr Farnham, ‘derives its name from the practice amongst the traders, from the commencement of the overland commerce with the Mexican dominions, of assembling there for the appointment of officers, and the establishment of rules and regulations to govern their march through the dangerous country south of it. They first elect their commander-in-chief. His duty is to appoint subordinate leaders, and to divide the owners and men into watches, and to assign them their several hours of duty in guarding the camp during the remainder of their perilous journey. He also divides the caravan into two parts, each of which forms a column when on march. In these lines he assigns each team the place in which it must always be found. Having arranged these several matters, the council breaks up; and the commander, with the guard on duty, moves off in advance to select the track, and anticipate approaching danger. After this guard, the head teams of each column lead off about thirty feet apart, and the others follow in regular lines. Two hundred men, one hundred waggons, eight hundred mules;—shoutings and whistlings, and whippings and cheerings, are all there; and amidst them all the hardy Yankees move happily onward to the siege of the mines of Montezuma. Several objects are gained by this arrangement of the waggons: if they are attacked on march by the Cumanche cavalry, or other foes, the leading teams file to the right and left, and close the front; and the hindermost, by a similar movement, close the rear; and thus they form an oblong rampart of waggons laden with cotton goods, that effectually shields teams and men from the small arms of the Indians. The same arrangement is made when they halt for the night.

‘Within the area thus formed are put, after they are fed, many of the more valuable horses and oxen. The remainder of the animals are “staked,”—that is, tied to stakes at a distance of twenty or thirty yards,

around the line. The ropes by which they are fastened are from thirty or forty feet in length, and the stakes at which they are attached are carefully driven at such distances apart, as shall prevent their being entangled one with another.

‘ Among these animals the guard on duty is stationed, standing motionless near them, or crouching so as to discover every moving spot upon the horizon of night. The reasons assigned for this are, that a guard in motion would be discovered and fired upon by the cautious savage before his presence could be known; and further, that it is impossible to discern the approach of an Indian creeping among the grass in the dark, unless the eye of the observer be so close to the ground as to bring the whole surface lying within the range of vision between it and the line of light, around the lower edge of the horizon. If the camp be attacked, the guard fire, and retreat to the waggons. The whole body then take positions for defence; at one time sallying out, to save their animals from the grasp of the Indians; and at another, concealed behind their waggons, load and fire upon the intruders with all possible skill and rapidity. Many were the bloody battles fought on the “trail,” and such were some of the anxieties and dangers that attended and still attend the “Santa Fé trade.” Many are the graves along the track, of those who have fallen before the terrible cavalry of the Cumanches.’*

Next to Southern Africa, the Prairies afford the grandest hunting-field in the world;—a park, as large as Spain, France, Germany, and Poland together, from one end to the other of which one may drive a waggon, much more ride a horse, without encountering any other obstacle than the rivers. It is the domain of the bison or buffalo, the elk, antelope, wild horse, and white or prairie wolf; which follows the herds of the other animals to devour stragglers. The consumption of buffaloes is now enormous, and threatens their speedy extinction, according to the complaints of Mr Catlin, and other admirers of Indian life; but even at this day every observer dwells with astonishment on their enormous multitudes; and Mr Farnham gives a most extraordinary specimen of statistics respecting them, which we leave to our readers without observation.

‘ The buffalo, during the last three days, had covered the whole country so completely, that it appeared oftentimes extremely dangerous, even for the immense cavalcade of the Santa Fé traders, to attempt to break its way through them. We travelled at the rate of fifteen miles a-day. The length of sight on either side of the trail, 15 miles; on both sides, 30 miles; $15 \times 3 = 45 \times 30 = 1350$ square miles of country; so thickly covered with these noble animals, that when viewed from a height it scarcely afforded a sight of a square league of its surface.’—(Vol. i. p. 81.)

But as we advance still further westward, the timber disap-

* Farnham's *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, Vol. i. p. 24.
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pears, the water-courses become scarcer, the grass less abundant, and the dryness of the atmosphere increases. The Prairies gradually change their character, and pass into the great American desert, properly so called, which begins 300 miles east of the Rocky Mountains. Its soil 'is composed of dark gravel, mixed with sand. Some small portions of it, on the banks of the streams, are covered with prairie and bunch-grass; but even these kinds of vegetation decrease and disappear as you approach the mountains.' The lower ranges of the Rocky Mountains themselves are thinly covered with oaks and cypress; but here the last skirts of the forests of the States have disappeared; we are no longer within the fertilizing influence of the breeze of the gulf. So complete is the character of aridity, that the great rivers, the Platte, Arkansas, and Rio Grande, after many hundred miles of course through the mountains, dry up altogether on the plains in summer; like the streams of Australia, leaving only standing pools of water between wide 'sand-bars.'

The desert and its neighbouring ridges contain, however, scattered spots of fertility; literal *oases*, which have been for ages the haunts of the elk and buffalo, when driven from the plains by the heats; and the summer hunting and battle fields of the Indian tribes. These solitary places of the earth, christened by the French and English hunters with uncouth names; 'Boyau Salade,' from its salt springs; 'Bull Pen,' from its buffaloes; the 'Old Park,' and so forth, are not without their own peculiar and romantic interest. They contain beautiful savannahs, embosomed in groves of pine, spruce, oak, and aspen; glades, covered with some of the finest of our cultivated grasses in a state of nature; and with the mountain flax, making the hill sides bright with its delicate blue blossom. Many of them have never been seen by the eyes of civilized man, if we are to exclude the half-bred trappers and hunters from that denomination; they will be the seats of great cities in future ages—central points in the communication between the two oceans.

Here, too, in sheltered spots, lie scattered the principal villages of the tribes of horseman Indians; to the north, chiefly the Sioux; to the south, the Crows, Cumanches, Apaches, and so forth, of whom we have already spoken as the borderers between two European races, dreaded alike by the Yankee trader and the Mexican *ranchero*. The Cumanches muster ten, some say twenty, thousand horse. They are at this moment, perhaps, the most powerful tribe of the continent, and one of the least known. Mr Carlin visited them in company with a party of United States' dragoons, on a mission of compliment, and was received with a brave and graceful frankness. 'Their incomparable horseman-

‘ ship, their terrible charge, the unequalled rapidity with which
‘ they load and discharge their fire-arms, and their insatiable
‘ hatred, make the enmity of these Indians more dreadful than
‘ that of any other tribe of aborigines.’ They never reside above
a few days in any place, but travel north with the buffaloes in the
summer; and, as winter comes on, return with them to the plains
west of Texas. They carry with them their tents, made of
neatly dressed skins in the form of cones; and pitch their camp
wherever they stop, forming a regular town of streets and squares.
These Tartars of the Prairies appeared to Mr Catlin the most
extraordinary horsemen he had seen in all his travels; and he
mentions, with peculiar admiration, a feat by which the warrior
throws himself off the horse, and hangs to his back by the foot,
sheltered by the horse’s body from the enemy’s weapons. They
are ‘ in stature rather low, and in person often approaching to
‘ corpulency. In their movements they are heavy and ungrace-
‘ ful, and, in their huts, one of the most unattractive and sloven-
‘ ly looking races of Indians that I have ever seen; but the
‘ moment they mount their horses, they seem at once metamor-
‘ phosed, and surprise the spectator with the ease and elegance
‘ of their movements. A Cumanche on his feet is out of his ele-
‘ ment, and comparatively almost as awkward as a monkey on
‘ the ground, without a limb or a branch to cling to; but the
‘ moment he lays his hand upon his horse, his face even becomes
‘ handsome, and he gracefully flies away like a different being.’
When Mr Catlin visited them, one of their most daring chiefs
was a little fellow named ‘ Hi-soo-san-ches,’ ‘ the Spaniard;’—a
half-breed, for whom the Indians in general entertain the utmost
contempt, and who had to win his way to eminence by numerous
deeds of savage daring against his Mexican kindred. The for-
aging ground of the Cumanches and their associate tribes seems
now to extend from the Arkansas on the north, to the neigh-
bourhood of Chihuahua on the south, or over ten degrees of
latitude.

‘ It is to be feared,’ says Washington Irving, ‘ that a great
‘ part of this desert will form a lawless interval between the
‘ abodes of civilized man, like the wastes of the ocean and the
‘ deserts of Arabia; and, like them, be subject to the depreda-
‘ tions of the marauder. . . . Some’ (of its Indian
and mixed inhabitants) ‘ may gradually become pastoral hordes,
‘ like these rude and migratory people, half shepherd half nomade,
‘ who, with their flocks and herds, roam the plains of Upper
‘ Asia; but others, it is to be apprehended, will become preda-
‘ tory hordes, mounted upon the fleet steeds of the Prairies, with
‘ the open plains for their marauding ground, and the mountains

‘ for their retreats and lurking-places. Here they may resemble
‘ those great heroes of the north, Gog and Magog, with their
‘ hordes, that haunted the gloomy imaginations of the prophets:
‘ “ A great company and a mighty host, all riding upon horses, and
‘ warring upon those nations which were at rest, and dwelt peace-
‘ ably, and had gotten cattle and goods.” ’ *

This desert region extends, as we have said, far to the southward—even south of the tropic in Mexico, along the level of the great central plateau. The settlements of New Mexico, and the ‘ internal provinces,’ as they were formerly called, of New Spain, have been established merely in strips of land, wherever irrigation is to be procured. They have been scarcely visited at all by travellers competent to describe them. Major Pike is the only one, we believe, from whom we have any account of Santa Fé and Chihuahua. Yet those districts possess a civilization of nearly three hundred years; a very dense population in the cultivated parts; and a most careful system of agriculture by means of irrigation. They are suffering at present terribly from misgovernment, as well as from the increasing violence of their ancient enemies, the nomade Indians; while the cupidity of the Texans and Anglo-Americans waxes day by day, and seems to bring yearly nearer to their frontier the rapacious monster which threatens to devour them.

In June 1841, an expedition for the ostensible purpose of trade was fitted out in Texas for Santa Fé. It was accompanied by 270 soldiers, and a piece of cannon, with three government commissioners; and a despatch by Mr Roberts, Secretary of State for that enterprising and modest young Republic, informs us, that ‘ the object of the expedition was not to make war upon
‘ Mexico, but simply to assert the jurisdiction of Texas over a
‘ portion of *our* territory lying in a remote corner of the country,
‘ a very large portion of whose inhabitants were anxious for the
‘ change: of this the President had the strongest assurance.’ It seems that the numerous merchants and explorers, British or native American, who joined the expedition, were not in the least aware of the political part of the commissioners’ instructions. They marched from Austin across the great Prairie region; but before they reached the valley of the Rio del Norte, many had been slain in the repeated attacks of the Indians; and the survivors were so broken and discouraged, and sick from want of salt, that they surrendered in a body to a Mexican party of soldiers. Their lives were spared, and they were the first Texans taken in arms

(since the contest of separation began) who had not been shot on the field. But they were marched off for the capital, a distance of some 1800 miles; and if a narrative of the expedition is given by the survivors, it will contain not only a strange glimpse of those secluded 'internal provinces,' but a relation of human endurance under privations not often paralleled. The following is the account given by one of the party, an Englishman, of one of their severest marches across the desert:—

'We commenced, in the afternoon, the march of the *Gran Jornada*: it is so called on account of its distance, and the difficulty with which it is performed. There is no water to be obtained on the road. We moved off at noon on the 31st of October, and our march continued throughout the night. In the morning we halted for about an hour and a half, when the march recommenced, and was continued throughout the day, until sunset. We waited for about three hours, and then went on for a second night, and until about ten next morning. Throughout the whole of this time, no provisions, or water, were given to the men.'

A march of forty-six hours, interrupted by only two halts of four hours and a half together, without provisions or water, we take to be nearly unequalled. Yet this was performed by a party of civilians, many of them mere youths, and all unaccustomed to severe privations of any kind; while many of the hardy soldiery of Texas gave way under their sufferings, and the strongest men were seen weeping like children from very weakness, and falling by the wayside to die. 'During many days' (says Mr Webster, then Envoy to Mexico, who made various applications to the Mexican government on behalf of his countrymen among the party) 'they had no food, and on others, only two ears of corn distributed to each man. To sustain life, therefore, they were compelled to sell on the way the few remnants of clothing which their captors had left them—most dreadful of all, however, several of them, disabled by sickness and suffering from keeping up with the others, were deliberately shot without any provocation.'

'It was about seven o'clock of the second day,' (of the *Gran Jornada*, to quote again the narrative already referred to,) 'that Golphin, a merchant, was shot: he had long been sick, and had been carried in the sick waggon, as it was called, nearly the whole distance from the river Quintafue to San Miguel. One of the soldiers gave him permission to ride, and he was in the act of taking off his shirt to pay for this favour, when some soldiers came up; one of them fired at and wounded him: he ran some yards, crying out to have his life spared, when another

‘shot him dead. Griffith was killed the same night: he was ill and infirm, in consequence of having been speared by an Indian; he had been permitted to ride in a waggon during the day. His brains were dashed out by a soldier; but it was not ascertained what occurred previous to his being killed. Gates was another sick soldier: he caught cold after leaving San Miguel, which was followed by serious inflammation of the lungs. A few minutes before his death, a soldier put the end of a musket to his face, and snapped the lock, laughing at the painful effect produced. His body was stripped and thrown into the bushes.’

Such were the sufferings of the party in the deserts, while under the guard of the cruel and cowardly soldiery which had captured them. When they reached the populous districts, the scene changed; the native kindness of the Spanish disposition triumphed over every feeling of enmity; and the unfortunates were treated in city after city, as they passed through them, with sympathy and kindness, by all classes of the population. The Government, however, disposed of them with great severity: the foreign civilians were not liberated without the most strenuous exertions of their respective governments. The Texan soldiers were set to work in chains with the outcasts of the prisons, and remain there, for aught we know, to this day.

It is the prevalence of these ferocious and revengeful practices on the part of the Hispano-American governments, which precludes all sympathy with *them* in the unequal struggle in which they are now engaged, with their encroaching, unprincipled, enemies of the ‘Anglo-Saxon race.’ The ‘secret instructions’ of the Texan commissioners amply justify the Mexican government in treating these pretended traders as prisoners of war, and in disregarding the cant of Brigadier-General Macleod, the commander, who cannot be supposed ignorant of its real object, in his correspondence with his captors at the time of his capitulation. ‘All my operations,’ says this philanthropic officer, ‘were based upon the presumed good-will of the people, with whom we had no cause of war, and with whom a peaceful and regulated traffic would conduce to the happiness of both Our age is *too enlightened* to tolerate the barbarous idea of eternal hostility and hatred between Christian nations.’ One is glad that the Mexicans were not duped by such sentimental hypocrisy. But for a Christian people to permit the cruelties practised on these men—the shooting of the sick and disabled—the torture of the remainder by almost superhuman labour—the committal of prisoners of war to the slavery of convicts—this is conduct which makes the victory even of Texans a desirable object. Whatever we may think of that

rising people, and their Republic, which seems to serve as the Botany Bay for the unconvicted sinners of the western world, it is impossible not to feel that theirs is the side of civilization, in their now renewed struggles with Santa Anna and his barbarians.

The Rocky Mountains, it is now ascertained, form a vast continuous wall, with little interruption, from the plains of the Internal Provinces to the Arctic Sea, and contain a world of strange scenery as yet undisclosed; for it is only on some half dozen points that this chain is crossed by the trappers and hunters to the south, and by the explorers of the Hudson's Bay Company in the north. It reaches a vast and unknown height in the southern part, about lat 39, in a range called the Sierra de Anahuac—a name not indigenous, but given by American geographers on the hypothesis that this Sierra forms the northern limit of the continuous table-land of Mexico; and again in high northern latitudes, between 53° and 56°, Mr Thompson, the astronomer of the Hudson's Bay Company, 'reports that he found 'peaks more than 26,000 feet above the level of the sea.' So says Mr Farnham; but we should like to see his authority. Between these lofty portions, the central part of the range varies very much in elevation—from low arid ranges to lofty peaks. The Sierra of Anahuac itself, Mr Farnham estimates conjecturally at about 15,000 feet.

Mr Farnham crossed the mountains in about lat. 40°, by a route we have never before seen described; but interesting in a geographical point of view, from being close to the central knot whence the great rivers flow in various directions;—the Rio del Norte to the south, the Platte and Arkansas to the east, the Saptin, or south branch of the Columbia to the west, the great Colorado towards the Gulf of California. All these rise close together. Yet the general character of this part of the chain seems to be that of extreme aridity. Snow lies on the highest peaks; the rocky vales are bare and desolate as those of Idumea, and the sufferings of his party from drought and want of provisions were extreme. He even rises to the pathetic when he describes the sacrifice of their last dog, after a fast of fifty hours. 'Some of the men declared that dogs made excellent mutton; but on this point there existed between us what politicians term 'an honest difference of opinion. To me it tasted like the flesh 'of a dog, a singed dog; and appetite, keen though it was, and 'edged by a fast of fifty hours, could not but be sensibly alive to 'the fact, that whether cooked or barking, a dog is still a dog 'every where.'

The great untrodden Sierra de Anahuac formed a magnificent

spectacle, as seen by Mr Farnham from the ridges which enclose the Arkansas. 'It was visible,' says he, 'for at least one hundred miles of latitude; and the nearest point was so far distant, that the dip of the horizon concealed all that portion of it below the line of perpetual congelation. The whole mass was purely white. The principal irregularity perceptible was a slight undulation on the upper edge. There was, however, a perceptible shading on the lower edge, produced, perhaps, by ridges protruding from the general outline. But the mass, at least ninety miles distant, as white as milk, the home of the frosts of all ages, stretching away to the north by west full a hundred miles, unscaled by any living being, except perhaps by the bold bird of our national arms, is an object of amazing grandeur, unequalled probably on the face of the globe.'

The nomenclature which the hunters have bestowed on the various features of these mountains is rather peculiar. A small fertile spot enclosed by rocks, such as is here and there to be found in this vast stony wilderness, is picturesquely termed a 'hole,' a steep ridge a 'bluff,' conical peaks 'butes,' (French, *butte*,) while a dark, narrow ravine is called a 'kenyon'—the origin of which name we cannot divine.

West of the Rocky Mountains the desert extends again, from the Mexican border to the Columbia. The great Colorado of the west is said to flow many hundred miles through a ravine, cut perpendicularly in the flat, arid waste. Its banks are uncultivable, and its impetuous eddies defy navigation. Two Catholic missionaries once attempted to descend the stream in a boat, but their fate was never known. A party of trappers made the same experiment, but were soon forced to abandon their boat, and hardly escaped with their lives. North-west of this wild river lies the great salt lake of the Eutaws, the Dead Sea of North America. It has never yet been visited by civilized traveller: according to report, it lies in a fine climate; but its shores are a desert, composed of swells of sand and bare brown loam, on which sufficient moisture does not fall to sustain any other vegetation than the wild wormwood and prickly pear. It is supposed to be two hundred miles in length and eighty broad; the water extremely salt and heavy. But all attempts to explore it have hitherto failed, from the utter want of fresh water on its banks, except where one stream flows in at the eastern extremity.

Still further to the north, from the same portion of the mountains, flows the Saptin or Lewis's river, the great southern branch of the Columbia; and along which the main stream of internal traffic between the eastern and western coast of the Continent must eventually pass. Yet a wilder and more unpromising re-

gion than the six hundred miles traversed by this great river can hardly be imagined. Its valley seems to form a portion of that vast volcanic belt which girdles the Pacific Ocean. It flows over rugged platforms of black lava, or 'cut rock,' and through plains of sand and scoria, furnishing nothing but the wild wormwood and bunch-grass.

The Saptin conducts the traveller to the great Columbia—a wild romantic river, dashing its enormous mass of waters through pass after pass of the mountain ridges, which it cuts transversely in the whole of its course. Its valley forms the 'Oregon territory,' which has been lately made the subject of so much brave speaking in Congress; and which remains debatable ground between ourselves and the Americans. And, notwithstanding the length to which our geographical researches have already run, we must be pardoned for bestowing a few words, in conclusion, on a region which promises to be more interesting and important than most of our readers are probably, at present, aware.

For, however paradoxical the assertion may appear, this is the last corner of the earth left free for the occupation of a civilized race. When Oregon shall be colonized, the map of the world may be considered as filled up. The romantic days in which every new adventurer saw, in the first green shores which greeted him, the nursery of some new empire to be called by his name, are gone by for ever. The world has grown old in the last two hundred years, more rapidly than in the preceding two thousand. Our future conquests must be over the power of the other elements. Earth has little more surface left to dispose of. Of Australia we know nearly all that will ever be worth knowing; and, although there is room enough there for a great multiplication of inhabitants, there are no new spots of value for the foundation of fresh colonies. Of the beautiful islands of the Pacific, the loveliest and the largest are already appropriated. Asia belongs to another race. The vast and teeming solitudes of South America afford room for Empires; but their air breathes death to the northern colonist. The only region of any extent, of temperate climate and agricultural capability, which still invites swarms from the old hives of mankind, is that which stretches along the west coast of America, between the extreme settlements of the Mexicans and those of the Russians. Formerly, this coast was nearly inaccessible: lying to the windward of the steady easterly currents of air, it was of difficult and uncertain approach; and the seas which wash it were unknown to commerce. Now, steam will render it approachable at every season, and from every quarter. The mouth of

the Columbia lies but eight or ten days' sail from the Sandwich Islands, now as well known as the Azores, and as much visited by European and American vessels. This country, once settled, will command the Pacific. It will communicate directly with New Zealand, Australia, and China; and should the transit across the Isthmus of Darien be effected, it will be within forty or fifty days' voyage from the shores of Britain.

Generally speaking, Oregon consists of mountains. The Columbia river, its chief geographical feature, in falling from the Rocky Mountains to the sea, cuts transversely three or four distinct mountain ridges, running north and south; one of them, which the Americans call the President's range, of very great height, attaining the elevation of 15,000 or 16,000 feet in single peaks, some of which frown almost immediately over its waters. As might be supposed from the character of the country, this river presents a succession of magnificent rapids, perhaps unequalled in grandeur by those of any other American stream. Mr Farnham thus describes the 'Cascades,' the greatest impediment to the navigation of the river, which occur where it cuts through the 'President's range.'

'The bed of the river here is a vast inclined trough of white rocks, sixty or eighty feet deep, about 400 yards wide at the top, and diminishing to about half that width at the bottom. The length of this trough is about a mile. In that distance the water falls about 130 feet; in the rapids, above and below it, about twenty feet, making the whole descent about 150 feet. The quantity of water which passes here is incalculable. But an approximate idea of it may be obtained from the fact, that while the velocity is so great that the eye with difficulty follows objects floating on the surface, yet such is its volume at the lowest stage of the river, that it rises and bends like a sea of molten glass over a channel of immense rocks, without breaking its surface except near the shores; so deep and vast is the mighty flood.'

In the June freshets, when the melted snow comes down from the Rocky Mountains, the Cascades must discharge more water than Niagara; they carry off the whole store of 350,000 square miles. The accessories of the scene are of a very different kind; black craggy rocks, covered with forests of enormous pines, surmounted by glaciers and snowy peaks.

North of the Columbia the country is in general a labyrinth of mountain ranges, but interspersed with extensive valleys, and covered with a growth of heavy timber; the climate mild for the latitude, but moist and tempestuous. The following is the account given of the north-western corner of the continent, between this river and the Arctic regions, by Mr Brinsley Hinds, surgeon to the recent expedition of Captain Becher, in his rather fanciful

apportionment of the globe into 'regions of vegetation,' in the appendix to that work :—

'The surface is irregular, consisting entirely of mountain and valley, without the least pretensions to plain; the former composed chiefly of primitive rocks, among which granite is abundant, quartz is sometimes seen, and rarely, I believe, limestone. The soil is often rich, from the great accumulation and rapid decomposition of vegetable remains.

'Being fully exposed to winds from the ocean; and westerly winds prevailing, the climate is considerably modified. Compared with Europe it is far cooler for the latitude, and with the opposite coast, without those extremes so common there. It is, however, much more moist than either, and the rainy days are very frequent. In 56° N. lat., the mean temperature has been ascertained to be $45^{\circ} 5'$, and the range of the year from $2^{\circ} 5'$ to $91^{\circ} 9'$. Only thirty-seven really clear and fine days were experienced, on forty-six snow fell, and on the rest more or less rain. This was at Sitka, or New Archangel.

'Though the inequalities of the surface are great, soil is abundant, and the investing vegetation vigorous. The constant moisture favours premature decay, and thus the trees are early undermined, and, falling from their ranks in the forest, cover the ground in vast numbers. It is not easy to conceive how thickly the surface is crowded with these, unless by recalling something like the vast accumulations of the coal measures. Within the tropics I have never seen any thing equal to the scene of desolation the northern part of this region presents: branches of trees, of great length and clear of branches, are seen on all sides strewed in tiers, and covered with a dense agamic vegetation. It would often seem as if they were unable to attain a good old age—as, always exposed to moisture from the repeated rains, they have yielded to its influence immediately that that period of life arrived when the activity of vegetation diminishes.'

South of the Columbia, the character of the country completely changes, and, as we have said, very suddenly. The forests give place to an open undulating country, still clad with magnificent trees on the mountain ridges. In the interior the plains are perfectly arid, the soil volcanic, and buffalo's dung supplies the place of fuel. But the tract intervening between the westernmost of the parallel ranges of mountains and the Pacific Ocean, enjoying more moisture than the rest, produces trees of a size hardly equalled within the tropics. This portion of Oregon appears to be the favourite *habitat* of the universally disseminated tribe of pines. The hemlock, spruce, and red cedar of Eastern America grow here in profusion, besides other varieties, of which rare specimens only have found their way to this country. The beautiful *Pinus Douglassii* grows 200 feet from the ground without a limb, and is five, seven, or even nine fathoms in circumference near the root. On the Umpqua, in latitude 43° , the pines grow to 280 feet in height; 'the cones or seed vessels are

‘ in the form of an egg, and oftentimes more than a foot in length ;
‘ the seed are as large as the castor bean.’ Fine grassy glades diversify the intervals of the forest. The climate is mild, moist, and variable for six months of the year ; but the rain, even then, is so light, that Mr Farnham observed that the vegetable mould lay on the steep hills ;—a sure proof that they are not liable to be swept by heavy storms. This is a very singular circumstance, when it is considered that this country has a westerly exposure, and fronts the vast expanse of the Northern Pacific.

Such is Oregon, a land of magnificent scenery, and a healthy climate ; of limited agricultural capabilities, with a large proportion of unproductive soil, but with fertile ground enough to form the home of a new nation : poor in harbours, and deficient in navigable rivers, but yet by no means inaccessible, and possessing an admirable geographical situation for commercial purposes. The tribes of Indians which wander over its surface are few in number, chiefly subsisting by salmon fishing and on roots, and very inferior in physical power and in ferocious energy to their brethren of the Prairies. But, for this very reason, they offer the less obstructions to the operations of the colonist ; and, it must be added, that their simple, inoffensive habits of life are found to be accompanied in many cases with a moral elevation, which ranks them in the scale of humanity far above most savages ; and forms but too striking a contrast to the morals and habits of the wandering whites and half-breeds who visit them from the East. No race of men appears to live in so much consciousness of the immediate presence of the invisible world. ‘ Simply to call these
‘ people religious,’ says Irving, in the character of Captain Bonneville, speaking of some tribes west of the Rocky Mountains,
‘ would convey but a faint idea of the deep hue of piety and devotion which pervades the whole of their conduct. They are
‘ more like a nation of saints than a herd of savages.’ Among such people as these, the exertions of a few Missionaries have met with rather more than usual success ; but extermination treads rapidly on their heels. Christian Indians are found here and there up the wildest valleys of the tributaries of the Columbia. ‘ Crickie,’ a Skyuse, who accompanied Mr Farnham as a guide, not only said his prayers morning and night, but was in the daily habit of using ‘ a small mirror, pocket-comb, soap, and a towel,’ in his travels—a union of piety with cleanliness rarely to be found, we suspect, among the most gifted brethren of the churches of the States.

At present the only fixed inhabitants of this vast wilderness, may be said to be the people of the Hudson’s Bay Company at

Fort Vancouver, and a few hundred English and Americans; chiefly men tired with the wandering life of the deserts, who have established themselves as agricultural settlers in the valley of the Wallamette, near the mouth of the Columbia. They have at present no government—being recognized subjects neither of Britain nor the United States—but are demanding loudly, according to Mr Farnham, to be included within the boundaries of the great Republic. However this may be, they are at this moment partially under the control of a power not very responsible to either State, but of which all the instincts and habits are thoroughly British and anti-American—the Hudson's Bay Company.

Few among us are aware of the extraordinary resources and wide-spreading plans of this remarkable Society, which has exercised in its barren domains a steady enterprising policy not inferior to that of the East India Company itself; and now, in Mr Farnham's language, occupies and controls more than one-ninth of the soil of the globe. The great business of this Company is the fur-trade, of which it is now nearly the sole monopolist throughout all the choicest fur-bearing regions of North America, with the exception of the portion occupied by the Russians. The bulk of its empire is secured to it by charter; but it is in possession of Oregon as debatable land, under stipulations between Britain and the United States. The stockholders are British; the management of its affairs in America is carried on by 'partners,' so called, but, in point of fact, agents paid by a proportion of the net income of the company. These are scattered in various posts over the whole territory between Hudson's Bay and the Pacific. The governor-general resides in York Factory, on the former. They are chiefly Scotsmen; and a greater proportion of shrewdness, daring, and commercial activity, is probably not to be found in the same number of heads in the world. Before 1820, this body carried on a fierce contest with the North-West Company—attended with hideous battles of Indians and half-breeds, and the burning and sacking of each other's posts. In 1821, the two Companies were consolidated; since which time they have had no British rival, and have exerted all their policy to repress interference on the part of the Americans. In this they seem to have thoroughly succeeded. The attempts of the Americans to establish a fur-trade of their own, one by one have ended in disappointment. Their own trappers and hunters prefer the markets of the Company. Its agents seek out the Americans—so, at least, they complain—outbid them, and under-

sell them, in every point to which they can penetrate. The 'Pacific Fur Company,' the scheme of John Jacob Astor, commemorated by Washington Irving, those of Captain Wyeth, and many other American adventurers, have failed against the strength and perseverance of the old monopoly. Its traders supply the demand, such as it is, both of Indians and white hunters for European goods over all the north-west; for they are said to sell twenty or thirty per cent cheaper than the Americans; and 'there seems a certainty,' says Mr Farnham, 'that the Hudson's Bay Company will engross the entire trade of the North Pacific, as it has that of Oregon.' So powerful is this body on the Continent, that it has actually established a kind of game-laws over a region twice as large as Europe, regulating the quantity of 'trapping' to be done in particular districts, and uniformly diminishing it whenever the returns show a deficiency in its production of animals. It keeps both savages and whites in order, by putting into serious practice the threat of 'exclusive dealing.' Mr Farnham met with an American in Oregon, who informed him that, in consequence of some offence taken, (very unjustly of course,) 'the Hudson's Bay Company refused, for a number of years, to sell him a shred of clothing; and, as there are no other traders in the country, he was compelled, during their pleasure, to wear skins!'

We have purposely abstained from all discussion of the question now pending between Britain and America as to the sovereignty of Oregon. We have been anxious, on the present occasion, only to point out the existence, and the capabilities, of this region—the remotest nook of the world, and the last vacant space, as we have said, for the plantation of a new people. The land which is to command the North Pacific, and give the law to its myriad islands, cannot long remain unoccupied. It calls loudly on those who have foresight—on those who can estimate the promise of the future—to forecast its destiny. The Americans never show themselves deficient in this branch of political wisdom. They are familiar with what we can scarcely realize—the rapid march of time in the western world. Almost before we have satiated ourselves with the mere contemplation of a newly-discovered portion of the wilderness—before its lines are mapped out, and the names of its natural features become familiar to our ears—the wilderness is gone, the mountains stripped of their forests, the rivers alive with navigation. The Far West will change as rapidly as the East has done. In the words of Washington Irving—'The fur-bearing animals extinct, a complete change will come over the scene; the gay fur trapper

‘and his steed, decked out in wild array, and tinkling with
‘bells and trinketry; the savage war chief, plumed, and ever
‘on the prowl; the traders’ cavalcade, winding through de-
‘files and over naked plains, with the stealthy war party lurk-
‘ing on its trail; the buffalo chase, the hunting camp, the
‘mad carouse in the midst of danger, the night attack, the
‘scamper, the fierce skirmish among rocks and cliffs—all this
‘romance of savage life, which yet exists among the moun-
‘tains, will then exist but in frontier story, and seem like the
‘fictions of chivalry or fairy tale.’

Surely it well behoves us, who have an interest in every new corner of the earth, to note the signs of these changes, and turn them to our profit when we may. And one thing strikes us forcibly. However the political question between England and America, as to the ownership of Oregon, may be decided, Oregon will never be colonized overland from the Eastern States. It is with a view of pointing out the entire distinctness of the two regions that we have gone, perhaps at tedious length, into a description of the geographical peculiarities of the vast space which separates them. It is six or seven hundred miles from the westernmost limit of the fertile part of the Prairies, to the cultivable region of the Columbia. Six months of the year, the whole of this space is a howling wilderness of snow and tempests. During the other six, it exhibits every variety of hopeless sterility;—plains of arid sand, defiles of volcanic rock, hills covered with bitter shrubs, and snowy mountains of many days’ journey; and its level part is traversed by the formidable predatory cavalry we have described—an enemy of more than Scythian savageness and endurance, who cannot be tracked, overtaken, or conciliated. We know and admire the extraordinary energy which accompanies the rambling habits of the citizens of the States; we know the feverish, irresistible tendency to press onward, which induces the settler to push to the uttermost limits of practicable enterprize, regardless of the teeming and inviting regions he may leave behind. Still, with these natural obstacles between, we cannot but imagine that the world must assume a new face before the American wag-gons make plain the road to the Columbia, as they have done to the Ohio. In the mean time, the long line of coast invites emigration from the over-peopled shores of the old world. When once the Isthmus of Darien is rendered traversable, the voyage will be easier and shorter than that to Australia; which thirty thousand of our countrymen have made in a single year. Whoever, therefore, is to be the future owners of Oregon, its

people will come from Europe. The Americans have taken up the question in earnest; their Press teems with writings on the subject: we need only mention the able Memoir of Mr Greenhow, 'Translator to the Department of State,' in which their claim is historically deduced with much ingenuity. French writers, as may be supposed, are already advocating the American view. Let us abandon ours, from motives of justice, if the right be proved against us; from motives of policy, if it be proved not worth contesting—but not in mere indolence. Let us not fold our hands under the idle persuasion that we have colonies enough; that it is mere labour in vain to scatter the seed of future nations over the earth; that it is but trouble and expense to govern them. If there is any one thing on which the maintenance of that perilous greatness to which we have attained depends, more than all the rest, it is Colonization; the opening of new markets, the creation of new customers. It is quite true that the great fields of emigration in Canada and Australia promise room enough for more than we can send. But the worst and commonest error respecting Colonization, is to regard it merely as that which it can never be—a mode of checking the increase of our people. What we want is, not to draw off dribblets from our teeming multitudes, but to found new nations of commercial allies. And, in this view, every new colony founded, far from diverting strength from the older ones, infuses into them additional vigour. To them as well as the mother country it opens a new market. It forms a new link in the chain along which our commercial inter-communication is carried—touching and benefiting every point in the line as it passes. Thus, in former days, the prosperity of the West India Islands was the great stimulus to the peopling of North America; the newer colony of Canada has flourished through its connexion with our settlements in the States; the market of New Zealand will excite production in Australia. The uttermost portions of the earth are our inheritance; let us not throw it away in mere supineness, or in deference to the wise conclusions of those sages of the discouraging school, who, had they been listened to, would have checked, one by one, all the enterprizes which have changed the face of the world in the last thirty years.

ART. VII.—*The Life of Joseph Addison.* By LUCY AIKIN.
Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1843.

SOME reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigour of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate that courteous Knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the Lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but, before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.*

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing *Memoirs of the Reign of James the First*, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors; but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakspeare and Raleigh than with Congreve and Prior; and is far more at home among

the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's, than among the Steenkirks and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea-table at Hampton. She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it ; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is, that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. Some of these errors we may perhaps take occasion to point out. But we have not time to point out one half of those which we have observed ; and it is but too likely that we may not have observed all those which exist. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and statement of fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed ; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's, some criticism as superficial as Dr Blair's, and a tragedy not very much better than Dr Johnson's. It is praise enough to say of a writer, that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal ; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly, in his favourite temple at Button's. But, after full enquiry and impartial reflection, we have long been convinced, that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character ; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble

parts—free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the ‘*Biographia Britannica*.’ Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen’s College, Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth; made some progress in learning; became, like most of his fellow-students, a violent Royalist; lampooned the heads of the university, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church, to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor-houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex. After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk. When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage-portion of the Infanta Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains; by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahommedans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary; and another on the Hebrew Customs, and the State of Rabbinical Learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the royal chaplains, a doctor of divinity, archdeacon of Salisbury, and dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the Government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.

In 1672, not long after Dr Addison’s return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph’s childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father’s neighbour-

hood, and was then sent to the Charter House. The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks, do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring-out; and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste, and a stock of learning which would have done honour to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College. The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement; and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president, duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling: a Papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of redress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the Princely Colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore; there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene, Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called *demies*; but was subsequently elected a fellow. His college is still proud of his name; his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favourite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow-students by the delicacy of his feelings; by the shyness of his manners; and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient Doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark, that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention, during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry; and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature, he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the *Metamorphoses*. Yet those notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius, and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if, in the whole compass

of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus in the third book of the *Metamorphoses*. Ovid was indebted for that story to Euripides and Theocritus, both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations, happily introduced; but his quotations, with scarcely a single exception, are taken from Latin verse. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius and Manilius than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient Pye or Hayley. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius, not the picturesque narrative of Livy, but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus. On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's lively description; or of the stern conciseness of the *Commentaries*; or of those letters to Atticus which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar, of Callimachus, or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages in Horace, Juvenal, Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the 'Treatise on Medals.' In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his 'Essay on the Evidences of Christianity.' The Roman poets throw little or no light on the lite-

rary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of examining in that Essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost, and forgeries as rank as Ireland's 'Vortigern'; puts faith in the lie about the thundering legion; is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods; and pronounces the letter of Agbarus King of Edessa to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter, from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-labourers were to have been Boyle and Blackmore. Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose, he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page!

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that very few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Every body who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success; and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer, and the Bowling-Green, were applauded by hundreds, to whom the 'Dissertation on the Epistle of Phalaris' was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to

all Addison's Latin poems. Our favourite piece is the *Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies*; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humour which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his *Voyage to Lilliput* from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

'The Emperor,' says Gulliver, 'is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders.'

About thirty years before Gulliver's travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:—

'Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque exurgit in ulnam.'

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury-Lane theatre. In his twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden, who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve, and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montagu, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth *Georgic*, *Lines to King William*, and other performances of equal value; that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause, pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize, or the Seatonian prize. And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet was then the favourite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle, or shoeing a horse; and may be learned by

any human being who has sense enough to learn any thing. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to every body else. From the time when his 'Pastorals' appeared, heroic versification became matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second—Rochester, for example, or Marvel, or Oldham—would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson was a great man, Hoole a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses; and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr Brunell's mill, in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resemble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand, with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the *Æneid*:—

' This child our parent earth, stirr'd up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race
That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she wears.'

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso. They are neither better nor worse than the rest:—

' O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
No greater wonders east or west can boast
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass, and seek the further shore.'

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort; and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them, as for being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was

rare; and a rhymers who had any skill in it passed for a great poet; just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke, Stepney, Granville, Walsh, and others whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honoured with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the *Georgics*. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the *Æneid*, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth *Georgic*, by ‘the most ingenious Mr Addison of Oxford.’ ‘After his bees,’ added Dryden, ‘my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving.’*

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Every thing seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift,* and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr Lancelot Addison held an honourable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man’s rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montagu interfered. Montagu had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself, and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset or Roscommon, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type

* Miss Aikin makes this compliment altogether unmeaning, by saying that it was paid to a translation of the second *Georgic*, (i. 30.)

of the fate of Charles Montagu, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from his ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness, not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, the Lord Keeper Somers. Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event, the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the public mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a Government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montagu and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that, in a neighbouring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The Revolution of July 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the state. At the present moment, most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generation which followed the Revolution, was great; but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France has no Somersets and Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.

It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally deter-

mined. Both the great chiefs of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was, what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers; and had dedicated to Montagu a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick. The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel; but a pension of L.300 a-year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Keeper. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms to Hough. The State—such was the purport of Montagu's letter—could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable. 'I am called,' he said, 'an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr Addison out of it.'

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montagu, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast, was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit-Cat club, described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Louis XIV. was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book

appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine, who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montagu. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Keeper, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. 'The only return I can make to your Lordship,' said Addison, 'will be to apply myself entirely to my business.' With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois; a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence. If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the 'Guardian,' that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side-glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche, the other with Boileau. Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton, but shook his head when Hobbes was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the 'Leviathan' a poor silly creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the Academy, and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Louis XIV. what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very

few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua, or at Streatham with Mrs Thrale, had the slightest notion that Wieland was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing, beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the 'Paradise Lost,' and about 'Absalom and Ahitophel;' but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will have it that these praises were insincere. 'Nothing,' says he, 'is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.' Now, nothing is better known of Boileau than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which every thing else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Louis XIV. firmly and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable, that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio, whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century—after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates—could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus and

Fracastorius wrote Latin as well as Dr Robertson and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, (the last of Dr Robertson's works,) in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray, or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent Bourne? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says—‘ Ne
 ‘ croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins
 ‘ que vous m’avez envoyés d’un de vos illustres académiciens. Je
 ‘ les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais
 ‘ non pas d’Horace et de Virgile.’ Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise any thing. He says, for example, of the Père Fraguier’s epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin, is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins—

‘ Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
 Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
 Musa, jubes?’

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, and the *Gerano-Pygmæomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favourite theme much and well; indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover, in the ‘Spectator’ and the ‘Guardian,’ traces of the influence,

in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the Dauphin. The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements both with Great Britain and with the States-General, accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. 'The French conversation,' said Addison, 'begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever.' Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December 1700 * he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive-trees, which retained their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode—'How are thy servants blest, O Lord!' which was long after published in the *Spectator*. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles

* It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.

whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold, Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked, by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso before him ; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn some miles out of the beaten road, by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino. The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed, with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic, swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry ; while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny, was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome, Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St Peter's, and of the Pantheon. His haste is the more extraordinary, because the Holy Week was close at

hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farm-house stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator had not long before painted, and where Vico was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo, and wandered among the vines and almond-trees of Capreæ. But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip V. was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Arragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Arragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism. In his *Freeholder*, the Tory fox hunter asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favourite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus, and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The

voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October, that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favour of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury, who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat, talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum, which he preferred even to those of the Vatican. He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with dread to a still fiercer conflict. Eugene had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy was still reckoned among the allies of Louis. England had not yet actually declared war against France. But Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance against the house of Bourbon, were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis. It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild, and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we

have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine Goodness had 'warmed the hoary Alpine hills.'

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montagu, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers; and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the 'Essay on Criticism.' It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honour to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons; and, though his Peers had dismissed the impeachment,* had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become secretary of state.† Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honourable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William III.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared

* Miss Aikin says, (i. 121,) that the Epistle was written before Halifax was justified by the Lords. This is a mistake. The Epistle was written in December 1701; the impeachment had been dismissed in the preceding June.

† Miss Aikin misdates this event by a year, (i. 93.)

the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller; and appears to have rambled with his pupil over great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on 'Medals.' It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit-Cat Club—a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was in daily progress.* The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favour of the Sovereign as the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin and the Captain-General Marlborough.

The country gentlemen and country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favoured at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters by the late King would be

* We are sorry to say that, in the account which Miss Aikin gives of the politics of this period, there are more errors than sentences. Rochester was the Queen's uncle; Miss Aikin calls him the Queen's cousin. The battle of Blenheim was fought in Marlborough's third campaign; Miss Aikin says that it was fought in Marlborough's second campaign. She confounds the dispute which arose in 1703, between the two Houses, about Lord Halifax, with the dispute about the Aylesbury men, which was terminated by the dissolution of 1705. These mistakes, and four or five others, will be found within the space of about two pages, (i. 165, 166, 167.)

curtailed, if not withdrawn ; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval ; and that the Government would avoid close connexions with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in vicarages, in cathedral-closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest, and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy ; at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions ; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr Canning and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham and Jersey were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon and Lord Westmoreland were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704, were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, Cowper, were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no direct communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place ; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim on the 13th August 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not indeed, without imprudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country ; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen, as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at New-

market or at the card-table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry ; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare ; and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a liberal and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honour of the battle of Blenheim. One of those poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

‘ Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
And each man mounted on his capering beast ;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.’

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy. He was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks ; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax ; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honour to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity ; the public money was squandered on the undeserving. “ I do know,” he added, “ a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject. But I will not name him.” Godolphin, who was expert at the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied, that there was too much ground for Halifax’s complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified ; and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself ; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honourable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton.* This high-

* Miss Aikin says that he was afterwards Lord Orrery. This is a mistake, (i. 170.)

born minister had been sent by the Lord-Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to GOLLOPHIN, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel. Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership with about two hundred pounds a-year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favours.

The 'Campaign' came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the 'Epistle to Halifax.' Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the 'Campaign,' we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson—the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war, long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labour rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armour, horses, and chariots, and whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he hurled his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation—of men who sprang from the Gods, and communed with the Gods face to face—of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armour, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric, and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsman Shaw

would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Buonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which the Mamelukes looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, was the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's descriptions of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely any thing in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between Generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thydis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips, the author of the 'Splendid Shilling,' represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:—

‘ Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard most prevailed,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?’

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities

which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed every thing with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which this simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis—

‘Such as, of late, o’er pale Britannia pass’d.’

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of *the* storm. The great tempest of November 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate had been buried beneath the ruins of his Palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses, still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's Narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus, and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina. In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few; and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the original price. It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and

we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humour in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Boiardo, Berni, Lorenzo de' Medici, or Machiavelli. He coldly tells us, that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto, and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso. But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus and Silius Apollinaris. The gentle flow of the Ticin brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial. But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre Huntsman; and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca. At Paris, he eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware, that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, of Vincenzo Filicaja. This is the more remarkable, because Filicaja was the favourite poet of the all-accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little, and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favourite models were Latin. His favourite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.

His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of 'Rosamond.' This piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage; but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe, and had employed himself in writing airy and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, 'Rosamond' was set to new music by Doctor Arne; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705, the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons, in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendancy. The elections were favourable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decorations of the order of the garter to the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and was accompanied on this honourable mission by Addison, who had just been made under Secretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley at their head. But the attempt, though favoured by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough, was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain-General was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low-Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country Squires and Rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell. Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and, before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.*

* Miss Aikin has not informed herself accurately as to the politics of that time. We give a single specimen. We could easily give many. 'The Earl of Sunderland,' she says, 'was not suffered long to retain his hard-won secretaryship. In the last month of 1708 he was dismissed to make room for Lord Dartmouth, who ranked with the Tories. Just at this time the Earl of Wharton, being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, named Mr Addison his chief secretary,' (i. 235.) Sunderland was not dismissed to make room for Dartmouth till June 1710; and most certainly Wharton would never have been appointed Lord-Lieutenant at all, if he had not been appointed long before Sunderland's dismissal. Miss Aikin's mistake exactly resembles that of a person who should relate the history of our times as follows: 'Lord John Russell was dismissed in 1839 from

Addison sat for Malmsbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in debate. He once rose ; but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavourable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it is inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively under Secretary of State, chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot, Russell, and Bentinck, have thought it an honour to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham or Fox ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press ceased, and the time when parliamentary proceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present, the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a statement or an argument, is to introduce that statement or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies, or to the best numbers of the Freeholder, the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning, is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim and Aberdeenshire. The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of

‘ the Home-Office, to make room for Sir James Graham, who ranked with ‘ the Tories ; but just at this time Earl Fortescue was appointed Lord- ‘ Lieutenant of Ireland, with Lord Morpeth for his secretary.’ Such a narrative would give to posterity rather a strange notion of the ministerial revolutions of Queen Victoria's days.

Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced ; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments ; and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr Pitt and Mr Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole and Pulteney, the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could do only by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street few more assiduous scribblers of thoughts, letters, answers, remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of L.30,000 a year, Edited the ‘ Craftsman.’ Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets ; and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St John was, certainly, in Anne’s reign, the best Tory speaker ; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the State, than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding-sleeves. As far as the homage of the Great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord-Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents, was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends ; that his integrity was without stain ; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming ; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum ; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentle-

man; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis. It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favourite with the public, as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montagu said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella, that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele, an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined;—that it was Terence and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young, an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were his great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, 'assented with civil leer,' and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr Softly's sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician, who is so zealous for the honour of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon as he saw an un-

known face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies, would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the Play ended, till the clock of St Paul's in Covent-Garden struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. 'There is no such thing,' he used to say, 'as real conversation, but between two persons.'

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes; and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding, that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature, we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a King or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye which saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinged with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell, or Warburton by Hurd. It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candour be admitted, that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell, a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honourable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint; descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another; ruined his fortune by follies; attempted to repair it by crimes; and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison; and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favourite companions was Ambrose Phillipps, a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honour of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called after his name, *Namby-Pamby*. But the most remarkable members of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honour; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he dived himself into a spunging-house, or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn—tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great, procured a good place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dis-

honesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example, which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr Harrison, in Fielding's 'Amelia,' is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been informed that Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewellery, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence, can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this:—A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, and promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of 'Bayle's Dictionary;' and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the opera of 'Rosamond.' He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other; and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin.

Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a-year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a-year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private Secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whiggism. The Lord-Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton, for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his 'single speech,' sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was Secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and would, if he had produced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of Travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709 Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love-casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit

of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison; and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary news-writer. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme of publishing a periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not in qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and, though his wit and humour were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from comic genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavour, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr Paul Pry or Mr Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the almanack-maker. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name which this controversy had made popular; and, in April 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the 'Tatler.'

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme; but as soon as he heard of it, he determined to give it his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. 'I fared,' he said, like a distressed prince 'who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid. I was undone 'by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not

‘subsist without dependence on him.’ ‘The paper,’ he says elsewhere, ‘was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it.’

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St George’s Channel his first contributions to the *Tatler*, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures; and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison’s praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole, or in the half Latin style of Dr Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner.

As a moral satirist, he stands unrivalled. If ever the best *Tatlers* and *Spectators* were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller; and we would undertake to collect from the ‘*Spectators*’ as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in ‘*Hudibras*.’ The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet—a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manners, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as *Charendon*. But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find any thing more vivid than Addison’s best portraits, we must go either to Shakspeare or to Cervantes.

But what shall we say of Addison’s humour, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and

from little peculiarities of temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm. We give ourselves up to it. But we strive in vain to analyse it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry, is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule, during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire. Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme. Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes his sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect; and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination-service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inly; but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding or of a Cynic. It is that of a gentleman; in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humour of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavour than the humour of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time, on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none has been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the *World*, in the *Connoisseur*, in the *Mirror*, in the *Lounger*, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his *Tatlers* and *Spectators*. Most of those papers have some merit; many are very lively and amusing; but

there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see any thing but subjects for dröllery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistophiles; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck. If, as Soame Jenyns oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison;—a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of human virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth and on Franc de Pompignan. He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement—in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his Essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true that, when the *Tatler* appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Col-

lier had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege and Wycherley, might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connexion between genius and profligacy—between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale and Tillotson might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humour richer than the humour of Vanbrugh. So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the sure mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the *Tatler* his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first, his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later *Tatlers* are fully equal to any thing that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio, Ned Softly, and the Political Upholsterer. The proceedings of the Court of Honour, the Thermometer of Zeal, the story of the Frozen Words, the Memoirs of the Shilling, are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The *Tatler* was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connexion with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost every thing good in the *Tatler* was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him, were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best, that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly

to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament ; and, engaged as she was in a war on the event of which her own Crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than those which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831. The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all, for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid, that they were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attack on the part of Louis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles and Marli, than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St James's. The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff. Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month ; and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The Ministers were turned out. The Tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favour of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole pack set up for prey and for blood, appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation ; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the

liberty of the subject. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory.* And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies ; or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his Secretaryship was taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady ; and that, while his political friends were all-powerful, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr Addison the chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded, that while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words :—‘ The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed ; and I believe if he had a mind to be king, he would hardly be refused.’

The good-will with which the Tories regarded Addison is the more honourable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political Journal, entitled the ‘ Whig Examiner.’

* Miss Aikin attributes the unpopularity of the Whigs, and the change of government, to the surrender of Stanhope's army, (ii. 13.) The fact is, that the Ministry was changed, and the new House of Commons elected, before that surrender took place.

Of that Journal it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. 'He might 'well rejoice,' says Johnson, 'at the death of that which he 'could not have killed.' 'On no occasion,' he adds, 'was the 'genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and in none did 'the superiority of his powers more evidently appear.'

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favour with which he was regarded by the Tories, was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig party. He felt himself to be in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and of Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit; with what success we have not ascertained.* Steele held two places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp-Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of News, which had once formed about one third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close, and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of Addison's genius. On the 2d of January 1711, appeared the last Tatler. On the 1st of March following, appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary spectator.

* Miss Aikin mentions the exertions which Addison made in 1710, before the change of Ministry, to serve Phillipps, and adds that 'Phillipps appears some time afterwards to have obtained a mission to Copenhagen, which enabled him to gratify the world with his poetical 'description of a frozen shower,' (ii. 14.) This is all wrong. The poem was written in March 1709, and printed in the Tatler of the 6th of May following.

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison ; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city;—has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange ; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier, and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, coloured them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately ; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labour. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene, goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, is frightened by the Mohawks, but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre, when the ' Distressed Mother ' is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy. At last a

letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humour, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that, if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered, not only as the greatest of the English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the Spectator. About three-sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn, and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday an Eastern apologue, as richly coloured as the Tales of Scherezade; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of La Bruyère; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday, some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies—on hoops, patches, or puppet-shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that deserves the highest praise. We will venture however to say, that any person who wishes to form a just notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers:—the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.*

* Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517. These papers are all in the first seven volumes. The eighth must be considered as a separate work.

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the *Spectator* are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the *Spectator* were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded; and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the *Æneid* and the Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chase.

It is not strange that the success of the *Spectator* should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp-tax was imposed. That tax was fatal to a crowd of Journals. The *Spectator*, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the *Spectator* served up every morning with the bohea and rolls, was a luxury for the few; the majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered, that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shopkeeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity. Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country-seat did not contain ten books—receipt-books, and books on farriery included. Under these circumstances, the sale of the *Spectator* must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712, the *Spectator* ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In

a few weeks the first number of the 'Guardian' was published. But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dulness, and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing till sixty-six numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible even for him to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian during the first two months of its existence, is a question which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his Cato on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric; and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories, between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury-Lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the skilful eye of Mr Macready. Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a duchess on the birthday; and Cato wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth. Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Governor of

* Miss Aikin says that the Guardian was launched in November 1713, (ii. 106.) It was launched in March 1713, and was given over in the following September.

the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city ;—warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garroway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest—professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies—to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised by the members of the Kit-Cat was re-echoed by the High Churchmen of the October ; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the Ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby, as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play ; and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favourite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth, a zealous Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place. But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factional squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator.*

The long sway of the Duke of Marlborough,' says Miss Aikin,

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, *Cato* was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer, the Drury-Lane company went down to the Act at Oxford, and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was acted during several days. The gownsmen began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation; and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with *Athalie*, *Zaire*, or *Saul*, but, we think, not below *Cinna*; and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that *Cato* did as much as the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Frecholders* united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good-nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party-spirit. It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis published *Remarks on Cato*, which were written with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. But Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies: he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity

‘was here glanced at.’ Under favour, if Bolingbroke had meant no more than this, his sarcasm would have been pointless. The allusion was to the attempt which Marlborough had made to convert the Captain-Generalship into a patent office, to be held by himself for life. The patent was stopped by Lord Cowper.

on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favour there was one distinguished by talents above the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the 'Rape of the Lock,' had recently been published. Of his genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had clearly discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on society for the unkindness of nature. In the *Spectator*, the *Essay on Criticism* had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces, and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the *Remarks on Cato*, gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcome to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the 'Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis.' But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm. He could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antithesis. But of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis, such as that on Atticus, or that on Sporus, the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled—to borrow Horace's imagery and his own—a wolf which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The *Narrative* is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. 'There is,' he cries, 'no peripetia in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all.' 'Pray, good Sir, be not angry,' says the old woman; 'I'll fetch change.' This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through this officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages from which he had himself constantly abstained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the 'Narrative,' that he disapproved of it, and that, if he answered the 'Remarks,' he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September 1713 the *Guardian* ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place; he had been chosen member for Stockbridge, and fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* had turned his head. He had been the Editor of both those papers; and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. 'I am in a thousand troubles,' Addison wrote, 'about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular, will have no weight with him.'

Steele set up a political paper called '*The Englishman*,' which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly; but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the *Spectator*. In June 1714 the first number

of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the *Englishman* and the eighth volume of the *Spectator*—between Steele without Addison, and Addison without Steele. The '*Englishman*' is forgotten; the eighth volume of the *Spectator* contains, perhaps, the finest Essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her deathbed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A Council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh, whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence; and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Every body who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced, that if well-turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks, who remembered the times when William was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely, that the ablest statesmen of our time, Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention; and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by

intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief of the department, another by his deputy. To a third the royal sign-manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board were moved to the War Office, he would require instruction on points like these ; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favourable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided, and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had led them to favourable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift ; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid them under a difficulty. In the state they could not promote him ; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the church on the author of the *Tale of a Tub*, they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him ; thought himself an ill-used man ; sacrificed honour and consistency to revenge ; joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him

was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coolness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Illiad.

"Εγχεα δ' αλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δὶ ὀμίλου·
Πολλοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
Κτείνειν, ὃν κε θεός γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κίχῃω,
Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοὶ Ἀχαιοὶ, ἐναίρμεν, ὃν κε δύνῃαι.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom neither genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the house of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. But he answered with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison, whose political opinions agreed with his, shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Phillipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness, that he obtained but a very small part of what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted. He had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favour from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his Secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade. In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the Rebellion was still raging in Scotland,* Addison published the first number of a paper called the 'Freeholder.' Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers; and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory fox-hunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibits stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honour to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candour and humanity of a political writer, whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it is well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the Government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the University, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His fox-hunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly

* Miss Aikin has been most unfortunate in her account of this Rebellion. We will notice only two errors which occur in one page. She says that the Rebellion was undertaken in favour of James II., who had been fourteen years dead, and that it was headed by Charles Edward, who was not born, (ii. 172.)

determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion ; and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the *Town Talk*, which is now as utterly forgotten as his *Englishman*, as his *Crisis*, as his *Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge*, as his *Reader*—in short, as every thing that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the *Drummer* was acted, and in which the first numbers of the *Freeholder* appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the *Rape of the Lock*, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel ; and resolved to interweave the Rosicrucian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad ? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives ? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk a small competence in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill ; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect ; except the instance of the *Rape of the Lock*. Tasso recast his *Jerusalem*. Akenside recast his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, and his *Epistle to Curio*. Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he had expanded and remodelled the *Rape of the Lock*, made the same experiment on the *Dunciad*. All these attempts failed.

Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

Addison's advice was good. But had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of *Waverley*. Herder adjured Goëthe not to take so unpromising a subject as *Faust*. Hume tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the *History of Charles V.* Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that *Cato* would never succeed on the stage; and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goëthe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the *Iliad*, he met Addison at a coffee-house. Phillipps and Budgell were there. But their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he had for some time wished to explain. 'Tickell,' he said, 'translated some time ago the first book of the *Iliad*. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot therefore ask to see yours; for that would be double-dealing.' Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the *Iliad*. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the *Odyssey*, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the *Iliad*, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, 'Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated.' In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, 'Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed.'

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope, and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had sprung up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competence, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it; and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely not. Tickell was a Fellow of a College at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the *Iliad*; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there any thing in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently—nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honour, and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good-nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove, that it was not the intercourse

of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison :

‘ Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart ;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.’

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such as the Editor of the *Satirist* would hardly dare to propose to the Editor of the *Age*?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true ; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos ; he was taxed with it ; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill ; he was taxed with it ; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ; he was taxed with it ; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after them. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem—a pleasure in outwitting all who came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke, Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously

fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflections of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick, a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feelings with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned this prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which every body knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of 'damning with faint praise,' appears from innumerable passages in his writings; and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as 'so obliging that he ne'er obliged.'

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly, we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached, is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind—spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle admired in Mr Joseph Surface—a feeble sickly

licentiousness—an odious love of filthy and noisome images—these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the *Spectator* could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the state. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said, that ‘through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort.’ ‘Consider,’ he exclaimed, ‘the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages.’ It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the *Freeholder* a warm encomium on the translation of the *Iliad*; and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer, as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope’s own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of tale-bearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess-Dowager, a daughter of the old and honourable family of the Myddletons of Chirk, a family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House. Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwyn. Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George I., milkmaids and sportsmen wandered, between green hedges and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbours, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well-meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake, and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long.

The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party. His attachment was at length matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas; a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross St George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighbouring squires, the poetical fox-hunter, William Somervile. In August 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess-Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House—a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait now hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression, we trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, been torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet; Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the Seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs; a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy,

whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume. The Ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of L.1500 a-year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to enquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seemed to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works—a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance, a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradually prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess-Dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich, to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble; and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favours to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison under Secretary of State; while the Editor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the author of the *Crisis*, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was at near fifty, forced, after many

solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury-Lane theatre. Steele himself says in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, 'incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;' and every thing seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated Bill for limiting the number of Peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose religion permitted them to sit in parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the Bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honourable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigour of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was, that three independent powers, the monarchy, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Commons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition; Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the 'Plebeian,' vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the 'Old Whig,' he answered, and indeed refuted, Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound, that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill; and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion, while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in polite-

ness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the Old Whig is by no means one of his happiest performances.*

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity; but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to expose. It is asserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, that Addison designated Steele as ‘little Dicky.’ This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the Old Whig, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the Old Whig, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words ‘little Dicky’ occur in the Old Whig, and that Steele’s name was Richard. It is equally true that the words ‘little Isaac’ occur in the *Duenna*, and that Newton’s name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison’s little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan’s little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words ‘little Dicky’ to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was evidently the nickname of some comic actor who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part, in Dryden’s *Spanish Friar*.†

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a

* Miss Aikin says that these pieces, never having been reprinted, are now of extreme rarity. This is a mistake. They have been reprinted, and may be obtained without the smallest difficulty. The copy now lying before us bears the date of 1789.

† We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can ever have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

‘But our author’s chief concern is for the poor House of Commons, whom he represents as naked and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the Spanish Friar represents little Dicky, under the person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel that was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bas-

quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell; and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a *Saturday's Spectator*. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay, who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his deathbed, called himself to a strict account; and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed—for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender con-

‘tinado, and buffet on buffet, which the poor Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes.’

science. Is it not then reasonable to infer, that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the Defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the Accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. 'See,' he said, 'how a Christian can die!' The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend, who had watched over his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favourite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the love which casteth out fear. He died on the 17th of June 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was borne thence to the Abbey at dead of night. The choir sung a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honoured the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torch-light, round the shrine of Saint Edward and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the house of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montagu. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison. But one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honour to the greatest name in our literature; and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine

poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the continent, Spanish Grandees, Italian Prelates, Marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add, that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poet's Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing-gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlour at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1843.

N^o. CLVIII.

ART. I.—*Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.*
Edited by his Brother, LEONARD HORNER, F.R.S. 2 vols.
8vo. London; 1843.

THE world owes much to Mr Leonard Horner for the publication of this work. We have read it more than once, and on each successive occasion we have found new reasons to be grateful to him for having had the resolution to undertake a task so useful, and which he has so judiciously performed. That task was not without its difficulties. It was impossible to do justice to the character of Francis Horner without describing those intellectual acquirements, that high moral principle, and, above all, those warm, generous, and gentle feelings by which he was so greatly distinguished. And yet, in doing justice to these characteristics, it was difficult for one whose childhood and youth had been guided and instructed by his brother's advice and example, who had watched over that brother in his last illness, and had attended his deathbed, to avoid those effects of partiality and emotion which a connexion so near and associations so tender could not fail to produce. This danger the Editor has carefully avoided. Though these volumes would lose much of their charm if they did not contain evidence of the affection felt for the subject of them, we do not think that we

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could, in a single instance, point out any exaggerated appreciation of his brother's merits or public services. On the contrary, justice, and no more than justice, is done to his memory: we are inclined to think that the language of panegyric might have been carried further, with the approval not only of friends, but of rivals and competitors—enemies he had none. It is true that the Editor has confined his functions within very moderate limits. In this he has imposed on himself a severe, though perhaps a fitting restraint. The narrative is as short and simple as was possible. To use his own words, his whole endeavour was, 'by a careful selection of papers and correspondence, by the addition of a few pages at the commencement, and by filling up occasional blanks in the narrative, to make his brother himself narrate the history of his life.' This task has been executed with equal modesty and judgment. We doubt whether the image of any character has been more correctly portrayed, or transferred with more truth to the heart as well as to the understanding. The noble statue by Sir Francis Chantrey, which the affection of his friends raised to Horner in Westminster Abbey, is not a more perfect image of his person, than are his journals and confidential letters of his mind and feelings. But how superior in interest are the works of the pen to those of the chisel or the pencil! Therefore it is that we have to thank the Editor, not merely for the pleasure he has communicated to us, but for the good which his publication is so strongly calculated to produce.

It may perhaps appear somewhat ungenerous and ungrateful, after acknowledgments so well deserved, if we venture to express some doubt whether this publication might not have been advantageously delayed for some years to come. Had such a postponement taken place, it is true that we and our immediate contemporaries would have lost much delight and instruction; but we cannot help thinking, that a more full and unreserved publication might then have taken place. Though Francis Horner was one of the gentlest and most tolerant of human beings, though the modesty of his nature seems to preclude the possibility of harsh censures, yet there are evidences in these journals and letters that his discriminating judgment had been freely exercised. His power of detecting what was selfish, insincere, and unworthy in character, could not have been given him in vain. We feel convinced that portions of correspondence important to the history and to the biography of his times must have been kept back, in consideration of feelings which a contemporary biographer is bound to respect. There are many fragments of observation in these volumes which we

should have wished to see completed; many outlines which it would have been most desirable to have seen filled up. In some cases a sketch of character is given, and the acts to which that character or temperament has led are scarcely alluded to; in other instances, the acts are slightly described, but there is no analysis of the feelings or motives from which they have originated. If our surmises be correct, we trust that at some future day, when restraints of delicacy no longer exist, a more full publication may take place. The history of our times cannot but profit by the unreserved disclosure of all judgments, whether negative or affirmative, passed by Francis Horner upon men and things.

We have said that we thank the Editor, not only for the pleasure he has given us by this publication, but for the good which it must produce. It is more especially in reference to this latter consideration that we esteem this work. It is in its practical usefulness that we are inclined to consider it as eminently recommendable. Within a few years, some delightful works of the same character have been published: the *Memoirs of Mackintosh* and of *Romilly*, for instance, and the *Letters of the late Earl of Dudley*—three very distinguished friends of Francis Horner. But, interesting as these works are, they do not lead to the same practical consequences as the work before us. They are also far from leaving on the mind of the reader the same genial and happy impression. Shades of melancholy, of disappointment, of a sensibility almost morbid, and an aimless and indeterminate activity, are to be found in different degrees in the works we have named. But in the picture of Horner there is a distinctness, a sunshine, and warmth, which we can trace to his steady convictions, and to the happiness derived from his energetic fulfilment of practical duties. He was essentially as happy as he was a distinguished man. The profound, enlarged, and fertile mind of Mackintosh, expanded itself into wide philosophical systems, metaphysical abstractions, and variegated literary enquiries. Though stored with general and elegant knowledge, and elevated by feelings of a devoted, but uncompromising and somewhat austere patriotism, in Romilly, professional duty still asserted a just pre-eminence, not overpowering, however, his too acute sensibilities. Literary and speculative endowments, a rare wit, eloquence, highly but painfully elaborated, distinguished Lord Dudley; but these qualities were singularly neutralized by a pitiful fear of the world, which shrank from the risk of failure, by a want of vigour and self-reliance, and by the absence of that steady and methodical industry, which gives strength as well as acuteness to the understanding. There was also a lamentable

deficiency in the principles of political duty. Lord Dudley seems to have considered public life rather as a pageant or tournament where crowns are to be won, than as a field which is to be cultivated by hard toil, and where the harvest reaped is not exclusively for our own consumption, but for the sustentation of our fellow men. The Chair of the professor of moral and political philosophy would have been better filled by Mackintosh; the ermine of a great magistrate would better have become Romilly; the brilliant triumphs of society, and the occasional success of oratorical display, might more justly have been claimed by Dudley. But for the perfect character of a British member of parliament, for the fulfilment of its innumerable functions; where the most minute of those duties are elevated by an ever present sense of right—all are influenced by patriotic motive, and restrained and limited in their application by calm and practical wisdom—we doubt whether the history of the House of Commons has ever exhibited a rarer combination of qualities than those which were displayed by Horner, and recorded in these volumes. *Idoneus patriæ* was a motto which might well have been conferred upon him. The light of his mind was not the flash of a meteor, to dazzle rather than to irradiate; it was the clear, calm day, beneath whose influence man goeth forth to his work and to his labour. Simple, truthful, and unostentatious, he sought and found no short cut, or royal road to eminence and distinction. He recognized the condition assigned to man by his Creator. That decree which fixes labour as the price of all success, so far from discouraging only excited his indefatigable industry; and though fame and success might justly be contemplated by him as probable and legitimate rewards, they were never allowed to become primary objects, but were mainly viewed as collateral incidents. We doubt whether a much more useful gift could be made to a young man destined for civil duties than these volumes; nor can we conceive any example which an affectionate parent could hold out, with more advantage to his child, than the useful and honourable life which they record.

To us they possess a deep and a peculiar interest. We are disposed to trace Horner's character to the peculiar institutions of our native land. The High School and the University of Edinburgh were the seats of his education. Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Black, Robertson—names dear to us as household gods—were the teachers under whom his intellect was formed and matured. His education was essentially Scotch; and its entire success is one, out of many refutations, of those attacks which depreciate our national system of instruction. That

in the case of Horner its success was complete will hardly be denied; for it should be remembered that it was not only with contemporaries and professional rivals in North Britain that he had to contend; nor were his trials confined to the dry pursuits of the bar. He had to struggle for equality, and at length he gained pre-eminence, among those whose literary success was recorded in the *Musæ Etonenses*; he had to win his way among the most exclusive and jealous of the aristocratic circles of the metropolis; he had to contend for the mastery in that most fastidious of all assemblies, the House of Commons; and unaided but by his own powers, standing on no height but that of his exalted principles, the Edinburgh student, almost without a consciousness of the obstacles which stood in his way, surmounted them all, and acquired an earlier and a better established reputation as a public man than any one of his contemporaries.—But our attention has been too long withdrawn from the work immediately before us.

Mr Horner was born at Edinburgh in 1778. His parents were highly respectable, but not of an elevated class in society. His father was a merchant, who appears from this correspondence to have eminently deserved the dutiful affection and confidence so strongly evinced in every page of his son's correspondence. This happy result may, to a considerable degree, be traced to the mode of his education. As a child, he was not sent away from his home; neither was he at once thrown amidst the temptations of a great public school, among new associates, to whom his home thoughts, his home duties, and his home affections were strange and foreign. He was not thus brought into a circle whose influences, though often exerted for good, frequently detach the child from his filial obligations. In his childhood and youth, the school and the university were bound up with the domestic circle. The pursuits of the son, his intimacies, and his habits, were all kept within the reach of his father's observation. That most endearing and useful of all ties—that to which may be traced all the purest, the earliest, and the strongest impulses—the tie of a mother's love—was not severed. We believe that more of knowledge, as well as of happiness and virtue, may be traced to the early influence of a well-informed and a well-principled mother, than the pride and vanity of Oxford or Cambridge would be quite ready to confess. Of the happy effects of this domestic training, the life of Francis Horner presents a striking example. It is evidently no exaggerated praise when the biographer informs us, that 'whilst his father's cultivated and

‘ naturally strong understanding, general information, refined taste, and liberal sentiments, were well qualified to give a right direction to the talents of which his son gave an early promise, his mother’s excellent qualities had an influence no less beneficial in the formation of her son’s character. She united to a gentle nature, great good sense, activity of mind, and an earnest unobtrusive piety, which shone forth in her whole conduct and in all her sentiments, and which she carefully impressed on the minds of all her children.’ This influence continued unchanged, or rather it seems to have increased in strength, and to have deepened into greater tenderness, up to the very period of her son’s death. During his first visit to England, he writes as follows with reference to his mother’s letters—‘ Besides the influence of my mother’s injunctions in guiding me to what is proper and becoming, I shall derive from her letters the pleasure of considering myself under her immediate direction, and of sometimes forgetting that I am at a distance from her.’—(P. 24.)

One of these letters is so very characteristic in its maternal simplicity, that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting it.

‘ *Edinburgh, 19th October 1796.*

‘ My Dear Frank,

‘ I had once and again proposed writing at the very time your father proposed to do it, and as I thought you would consider him and me the same person, it made me yield, as I knew he had something to say to you about your future plans, which he understands better than I do. After all, you rogue, I have a notion that you are in my debt, but I do not dispute it with you. I shall in future be more punctual.

‘ You, and all of you, are most fortunate in a most indulgent father, who, instead of having occasion to be prompted, is willing to deny himself, in many instances, that his wife and children may enjoy the more; and I hope and trust that all of you will amply repay his goodness by being grateful, should it please God to spare you and him together. I bless God we have no reason to complain. May the example of our eldest descend on our youngest branches! I shall ever use my endeavour to promote their imitation.

‘ And don’t consider it, my dear, as the cant of an old woman, when I admonish you, above all things, not to neglect your religious duties. I would much rather see you a good than a great man, and it is no uncommon thing for learned men to neglect what is the most important part of their duty; but be sure, if you do not remember your Creator in the days of your youth, you need never look for comfort in your old age.

‘ Farewell, my dear! May health and happiness attend you wherever you are.’

There may be found some, though we hope not amongst our readers, who are disposed to treat this 'short and simple' letter as trite and commonplace. We doubt whether such observers have a just appreciation of the elements which form our national character, or of the influences which produce in that national character much that is greatest, and all that is best.

Though it interferes with the strict chronology of our narrative, we deem this part of Horner's character to be so important, and its development so beautiful and so instructive, that we must be permitted to carry our illustrations further. Indeed, the obligations of home duty and the ties of affection were with him the foundation of every thing else that was good and useful. His character did not resemble one of those substances formed by mechanical accretion from without; but rather one of those formed by chemical fusion and by expansion from within. This, in fact, is the key to his whole nature and merits, moral and intellectual. With him the heart was the great moving power, and its impulses seem never to have misled him. At the age of twenty, after the completion of his studies under Mr Hewlett, he writes to his father:—'The hope on which I am most accustomed to dwell is, that we may all grow up round you and my mother with sentiments of active probity and a spirit of industry, so as never to give you cause to regret your care and your indulgence. I feel most sensibly how much our success will depend on having your example long before us, and long enjoying the benefits of your counsel and direction. I feel most sensibly how much my immediate comfort and enjoyment depend on these, in the impatience with which I look forward to my return home, and to the prospect of coming again to domestic society and its duties after having been absent so long, and having felt by experience what a blank those duties leave in life.'—(Vol. i. p. 39.) At an after period, and when considering the expediency of going to the English bar, his filial respect and tenderness are unabated. 'Before I obtain your concurrence'—he writes to his father—'I cannot give the name of resolution to the inclination I entertain.'—(Ibid. p. 189.) These feelings were uninterrupted to the last; and we shall have occasion hereafter to remark, that his latest effort at correspondence was addressed to his father four days only before his lamented death.

We trust there are none of our readers who are scoffers on a subject like this; and who will think that we have dwelt too much on what may appear so simple and commonplace as filial duty and affection. We could wish that these feelings were even more commonplace, if by such expression is meant more

general and more widely diffused. We see in them the foundation on which the moral superiority of Horner's character rested, and on which his moral ascendancy over the minds of others was founded. To us these characteristics are as touching as the descriptions in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' The 'big ha' Bible—the old man's blessing—the 'ingle nook'—are not more strictly identified with Scottish feeling, than this duty and affection on the part of a child;—continued in his maturer years, forming his principles, and influencing his conduct when he has entered into the active contentions of the world. It surely cannot be thought a national prejudice to connect these sentiments with a system of education which cherishes and maintains family affections and associations. We know full well that distinguished and numerous examples may be shown, proving that all these advantages are perfectly compatible with the system of public education in England. The chain of family affection may be continued unbroken between Castle Howard or Hagley and Eton; and, under the late estimable Dr Arnold, we believe that the surest foundation for filial duty was laid, in the cultivation of the strongest religious convictions. So far from weakening the domestic ties, Dr Arnold's instructions could not fail to strengthen them, combining with the love felt by his boys for their parents, the affectionate reverence which he so well merited from them himself. But we deal not with exceptions, but with tendencies and general results. The Indian juggler swallows the naked sword, though he does not grow fat on the produce of this 'iron harvest.' M. Chabert also was accustomed to take his pastime in a heated oven, and to come out unsinged, though the beef-steak which was placed beside him was broiled to a turn. As we prefer more nourishing food than steel, and a milder temperature than that of the furnace, we are inclined to think that the risks of an education, wholly separating the child from the parental roof, under the ordinary and very imperfect system of our public schools, are greater than can be compensated by the most miraculous mastery over *longs and shorts*. We shall not speak of the cases in which public education fails in its own more peculiar course of study. We refer to instances of classical success, and ask whether this success is not too often dearly purchased. Let us suppose the following to be the summing up by a father of the school life of his child:—'My son is wholly estranged from his family—but then he has written a learned essay on the philosophy of the Stoics; he has ruined himself, and has half ruined me, at Newmarket—but has acquired immortal honour by his version of Pindar; his arrangements of the Greek choruses are lauded by German critics of the deepest learning and unpronounceable names—and this must console me

‘for his elopement with a French opera-dancer.’ We know not whether this balance of account would be very satisfactory to many parents. We are satisfied to receive less, if we are convinced that less is risked. Dealing with the future prospects of our children as if they resembled a stake at hazard or the price of a lottery ticket, is a gambling too desperate for our nerves or consciences. We feel strongly the importance of the development of the manly character which public education is calculated to produce, and has produced, in many instances. We are far from recommending a system that, by injudicious restraint, prevents the formation of habits of decision, and of a sense of responsibility. Safety itself may be too dearly purchased, if the character is dwarfed and stunted. It should be allowed to grow freely and vigorously. Above all, we must be understood as dealing with public schools as they are, and not as they ought to be.

But to return. We left Horner pursuing his education at Edinburgh. There he formed many early and valuable associations with men who have since risen to the highest distinction in various walks of life. ‘His earliest friend was Henry Brougham. Before the year 1780, the two boys used to run together on ‘the pavement before his father’s house.’ How little could the future destiny of these boys have been anticipated—how little could it have been foreseen that the one was to become the most brilliant and powerful rhetorician of his day—was to rise to the highest eminence of his profession, and, as Lord Chancellor, to preside over the House of Lords; and that the other was to exercise over the House of Commons a moral influence even greater than that produced by his acknowledged intellectual superiority!

The gratitude which Horner felt towards all those from whom he derived instruction, is but an exhibition in another form of the strength of his affections. Of his old master, Dr Adam, the Rector of the High School, he writes thus in 1809 :—‘I have ‘always felt a most agreeable debt of gratitude to him for the ‘love he gave me in early life for the pursuits which are still ‘my best source of happiness, as well as for the most valuable ‘impressions on all subjects of political opinion.’ Having, at the age of nineteen, translated the greater part of Euler’s Algebra into English, he declined claiming any right in the publication, but transferred it altogether to his tutor, the Rev. Mr Hewlett—‘modestly but resolutely opposing even any ‘recognition of his share in the task, and desiring that what- ‘ever merit or emolument might be attached to the work ‘might be given to his instructor.’ That he should have felt

the deepest gratitude and affection for Dugald Stewart, is only stating that he participated in those feelings which that truly great philosopher, and excellent man, inspired in the minds of all who approached him; and more especially in the minds of those who had the benefit of his instructions. Horner applied to him a characteristic sentence extracted from one of his own works:—‘ It is with no common feelings of respect
 ‘ and gratitude that I recall the name of one to whom I owe
 ‘ my first attachment to those studies, and the happiness of a
 ‘ liberal occupation superior to the more aspiring aims of a servile
 ‘ ambition.’ At a subsequent period (1801) he again reverts to the same subject, and speaks of ‘ the effect produced by Profes-
 ‘ sor Stewart’s lectures, in sending out every year a certain number
 ‘ who had imbibed a small portion of his spirit, as being so great
 ‘ that he could not consent to any suspension of it.’ But it was at a later period (1809,) when Mr Stewart was suffering under the grievous calamity of the death of a most promising son, that all the tenderness of Horner’s nature manifested itself—‘ I know
 ‘ not when I should venture to write to him,’ he says in a letter to Lord Webb Seymour: ‘ I have abstained doing so during the
 ‘ period of his poor son’s illness, except at that momentary in-
 ‘ terval of apparent recovery which is always so delusive in this
 ‘ disease—

“ Visa tamen tardi demum inclementia morbi
 Cessare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore salutem
 Speravi”—

‘ a passage which I have heard Mr Stewart read with the most
 ‘ touching expression, but which he will never be able to read
 ‘ again! About writing to him, I wish you, who are on the spot, to
 ‘ direct me; after a while, he may take some interest in the de-
 ‘ tails of public news, or be tempted to amuse himself with new
 ‘ books; and as soon as there would be any real kindness, and no
 ‘ unpleasant intrusion, in supplying him with these, I should be
 ‘ happy to make a duty of such attentions to him.’ It was thus that the same warmth and sincerity of affection, which we have already seen so strongly and beautifully exhibited towards his own family, were in a like measure shown in relations, which, being often considered as purely scholastic and academical, too seldom take any permanent root in the heart.

Partly with the view of learning the important art of acting for himself, and of acquiring habits of self-reliance, and partly also for the secondary purpose (though not a trivial one) of correcting any provincial accent or idiom, Mr Horner was placed for two years in the neighbourhood of London, under

the care of the Rev. Mr Hewlett, who justly appreciated the abilities and qualities of his pupil, and rendered him very essential services in the prosecution of his studies. His industry seems to have been most unremitting and persevering, though somewhat too diffuse; and in some few instances was not, seemingly, very wisely directed by his instructor. In the cultivation of English style Mr Hewlett directed his pupil's attention most particularly to the inaccuracies of Hume, and gave him as models of composition the 'Letters of Junius.' We can scarcely imagine a more dangerous recommendation of the kind than the latter, for a young and enthusiastic student. At a later period Horner seems to have been captivated by the orientalisms and amplification of Gibbon. But fortunately he was not betrayed into adopting the style of either of these writers as his model. From this danger he was protected by the severity and simplicity of his own taste.

It is very interesting to observe, at this early period of life, how the natural tendencies of his mind exhibited themselves in their early process of development. His first visits to the House of Commons seem to have disappointed him much. 'The best speakers,' he observes, 'and the good are but few, speak with such an unaccountable tone, they have so little grace in their action and delivery, and such a set of cant phrases have crept into use, that he who has previously formed ideas of eloquence from what he has read of Greece and Rome, must find the speeches even of Fox and Pitt miserably inferior.' Here we find an instance, very rare in Horner, of youthful rashness. He evidently referred Parliamentary oratory to a very false standard. He might almost as well have condemned Kemble for not assuming the sock and buskin. His attention, now at the age of nineteen, was directed to a subject to which he afterwards owed his highest reputation—the question of the Currency. Being in London at the time of the memorable Bank restriction, he mentions the fact that for some time subsequently to that event Paper Money exhibited no signs of depreciation. Where he observes on the relief given to trade by the enlargement of discounts, his opinions seem still unfixed and confused; but he concludes very justly, that 'all political reasonings point out the increase of paper money as a most pernicious evil;' from which the country could only escape provided this remedy were used merely as a temporary expedient. It is thus that in the meditations of the youth we can discover the germs of the future reasonings of the philosopher. The accidental coincidence of his residence in London with this event, may have been to Horner what the Jesuits' Treatise on Perspective is considered by many to have been to Sir Joshua

Reynolds; or what the accidental task of binding a volume of an Encyclopædia, containing an article on Electricity, was to Professor Faraday. But we must not overrate the import of these coincidences. Such casualties excite attention, but cannot be held to create an intellectual power, any more than the application of lime to a clay soil creates the plants of white clover, the seeds of which it causes to germinate.

The suspension of cash payments, by Order in Council, was, however, an event of such startling novelty and magnitude, as to have been calculated to awake the attention of a mind even less observant and active than Horner's. We happen to be in possession of some curious particulars connected with 'that wonderful event,' as it was well called by Mr Fox in the debate on the 28th February 1796;—affecting, as it did, not only the finances and commerce of England, but bearing upon the whole combination of European policy, and of which event the consequences are still experienced. The facts which we are about to relate were communicated to us by one of the parties to the transaction; and, as we are not aware that they have ever been accurately given to the public, we do not think that they can be more fitly recorded than in this notice of the life of that statesman whose name is identified with the great work of the restoration of our Currency. We shall not stop to examine the causes which led to the difficulties of the Bank; at present, we deal with events only. On Saturday, the 25th of February 1797, the late Mr Samuel Thornton, deputy-governor of the Bank of England, waited on Mr Pitt, to explain to him the imminent dangers to which that corporation was exposed. Mr Pitt appointed to receive him at dinner that very day, for the purpose of examining into the facts, and of determining upon the line to be adopted. At that dinner there were present but three persons—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the deputy-governor of the Bank of England, and Mr Steele, then secretary to the Treasury. The presence of the latter was soon dispensed with, and the authorities of the Treasury and Threadneedle Street were left to discuss confidentially the most important proposition that had ever been mooted between those 'high contracting powers.' Mr Thornton demonstrated to the minister, that it was utterly hopeless for the Bank to continue its specie payments; and that, early on the following Monday, it was necessary that some decisive resolution should be formed and acted on. The interview was long. Mr Pitt examined into the case with the deepest anxiety and minuteness. In dismissing Mr Thornton, he directed him to attend a meeting of the Council to be held the following morning, on

Sunday. Mr Thornton was in waiting even before the arrival of Mr Pitt. Having sent in his name to the Council, he was asked by some of the official persons present what was the object of his attendance—an object which did not appear to have been communicated to them. He replied, that he attended by the command of Mr Pitt, and on behalf of the Bank of England. On the arrival of Mr Pitt, Mr Thornton was called in and examined; he explained the state of the Bank, and the imminent peril to which it was exposed of an immediate stoppage. The persons present were, the Chancellor (Lord Loughborough,) the Duke of Portland, Marquis Cornwallis, Earl Spencer, Earl of Liverpool, Earl of Chatham, and Mr Pitt. The latter shortly, but conclusively, stated his reasons for the instant adoption of an Order of Council directing the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England. The Lord Chancellor expressed the strongest objection to such an act, as being wholly contrary to law. The reply of Mr Pitt was conclusive:—‘My Lords, it must be done—the public safety requires it; and I lay before your Lordships a minute, directing the proper steps to be taken. To that minute I affix my own name, and I assume the whole responsibility of the proceeding.’ The minute was adopted, as might have been expected, from the authority, almost supreme, conceded to Mr Pitt by his colleagues as well as by Parliament. The Order of Council was issued; it was communicated to the Bank of England; it was dispersed throughout the metropolis at the earliest hour on Monday morning. We are aware that this statement does not altogether agree with the declarations made on the occasion, as well as subsequently; but our information came from the lips of one of the parties to the whole transaction, from its commencement to its close—a man who would not deceive, and who could not be mistaken.

To this great event the attention of the practical statesman cannot be too often and too earnestly directed. What constitutes its danger, is the facility with which the greatest of all financial revolutions was effected; the false popularity which it acquired; the instantaneous ease it afforded not only to the Government, but to various classes suffering under extreme pressure; the slow and gradual development of its fatal consequences, for a time undetected, and almost unsuspected, in the midst of that false prosperity produced by increased issues of paper; the artificial increase of production, the artificial demand for labour, followed by that fearful collapse, which, exhibiting the practical difference between money wages and real wages, imposed the greatest amount of suffering on the most laborious and industrious

classes; and, in its ultimate effects, produced a national bankruptcy for a season, and the payment of the public creditor by a dividend on the amount of his just demand!

But to return to our immediate subject. The relative importance of that education which an enlightened and active mind works out for itself, as compared with all that can be acquired in the mere routine course of study, was never more strongly exemplified than in the interval of Horner's life from 1797 to 1802, during his residence at Edinburgh, and after his first visit to the South. It is after instruction in its more limited sense has ended, that education, properly so called, in many instances commences. Yet no mistake is more common than that which substitutes the means for the end, and considers that technical acquirement and mere accomplishment can do more than furnish the tools which a sound understanding is afterwards to apply to practical purposes. The five years of Horner's life subsequently spent at Edinburgh, were devoted not only to the study of the law, the profession for which he was destined, but to other intellectual pursuits, the most varied and multifarious. Indeed, it is impossible not to trace in this part of his conduct no inconsiderable degree of weakness and imperfection. This had early attracted the attention of his friend and instructor, Mr Hewlett. 'Were I to suggest a hint with respect to his future studies, it should be to guard him against desultory pursuits, and disquisitions in science not immediately connected with his profession. The avenues of nearly all the sciences are open to him, and he is acquainted with the nature and relative importance of the different kinds of truth. Here is the general object, and when a young man has accomplished it, his powers ought to be concentrated and directed to the particular profession which he has adopted.' We should very deeply have regretted had Horner limited his pursuits exclusively to professional studies. This would have destroyed one of the greatest and most attractive characteristics of his mind—its *catholicity*, the wideness of its range, its general cultivation, its balance, and its estimate of the just properties and relative value of objects. What we cannot but regret, and that against which we should warn our younger readers, is the indiscreet adoption of successive and gigantic plans of study, which, being undertaken lightly, were not, and could not be, practically realized.

All persons, but more especially the young and sanguine, should eschew the dangerous readiness with which they are tempted to undertake more than it lies in their power to perform. To weaker minds—to minds less strenuous in exertion and less

firm in principle—this error might have been fatal. Every resolution of this description made and abandoned, inflicts a severe blow on the character. From this weakness Horner suffered less than most others would have done; but even to him it is evident, that these varied and successive resolutions, so hastily adopted and abandoned, could not but have been productive of diminished power of mind, as well as of diminished contentedness. In the undisguised exhibition of motive and of action, which is contained in these volumes, we cannot discover any other cause for self-reproach; and even in this single instance, the error, such as it was, arose from a noble ambition. Of the error itself he seems to have been fully conscious. In his journal of 1801, after reviewing a day of varied but desultory occupation, he observes—‘Such a review, when feebly
‘and vainly considered, may flatter the consciousness of
‘power. But it is manifest that, were the mind to be habit-
‘ually indulged, especially in the early part of life, in a course
‘of unrestrained and lawless rambling, it would soon lose the
‘power of persevering attention in systematic study, and the
‘memory would become a farrago of superficial and uncon-
‘nected observation.’ Notwithstanding the frankness of this confession, the same error accompanied him throughout his life. In laying out a course of study for the two years before his entrance on his profession as an advocate, he proposed to perfect himself in the Latin and Greek classics; to acquire an elegance and facility in English style in writing and speaking; to make himself a proficient in the general principles of philosophy; and a complete master, if possible, of law as a science. For this purpose, he proposed reading in Greek, Homer, Demosthenes, Xenophon, and Euripides; in Latin, Livy, Tacitus, Cæsar, and Sallust; together with Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucretius, and Tibullus, and the whole works of Cicero, which were almost to be learned by heart. With this were to be combined mathematics, the logic of analysis, both geometric and algebraic. In mixed mathematics and other branches of physics, including chemistry, botany, and natural history, he proposed to read the book of nature. Metaphysics were to be made the elements of legislative science. Law, both civil, municipal, and statute, was to be included, and made a prominent part of this vast cycle of knowledge! Our censure does not apply to the failure in completing this task, but to the want of wisdom in undertaking it. We are quite willing to admit, that no young man of twenty would have been able to execute a scheme like this within two years; but at the same time, and on that very account, no reasonable man can defend it. There is no justi-

fication in saying, with Horner, ‘*magnis tamen excidam ausis.*’ When he meditated on the composition of a Commentary on the *Instauratio Magna* of Bacon, bearing the somewhat presumptuous title of ‘*A View of the Limits of Human Knowledge,*’ he remarks upon what he himself terms ‘the audacity of his ambition;’ but adds, ‘that no presumption is culpable while it only stimulates to great undertakings.’ This is scarcely true; for the danger he himself admits to be great, when ‘the inadequacy of what is performed can be contrasted with what is attempted.’

If Horner did not equal his own aspirations, it was not because he accomplished little, but because he aimed at an unattainable excess. His mind was continually engaged in the most useful and improving pursuits. The associates with whom he lived were such as at once to appreciate and to improve his character. Many of them are still spared to their country and to their friends; and to them we shall abstain from making any allusion, further than by saying, that we know not a higher tribute that can be paid to man than the friendships which Mr Horner then acquired, and the fidelity with which he maintained them through life to the very last. His principles were not more steadfast and undeviating than his affections. An unspeakable merit! No divergence of pursuit—no separation in after life—no change of occupations, ever disjoined the heart of Horner from those early companions who continued to deserve his affection. The splendours of political success, the seductive attractions of the society of London, never broke, or even weakened the force of his early friendships, where their continuance was justified by character and conduct. Pope completes the climax in which he commemorates the virtues of Craggs, by the encomium ‘that he lost no friend.’ To no one could this somewhat rare praise be more truly applicable than to Horner. His happy associations of friendship were founded on a community of principle and of mental pursuit. Even when still a youth, he proposed that he and his much-valued friend Mr, now Lord Murray, should work together, and ‘become the Beaumont and Fletcher of metaphysics.’ With Lord Webb Seymour, whose friendship and esteem were no less a privilege than a blessing, he studied Bacon, and Political Economy. The origin and the durability of this happy and honourable community of pursuits, may, we feel convinced, be traced to the purity of motive which governed Horner’s mind—his unaffected humility, that teachableness which in him was united to such vigorous powers—the absence of all vanity, and of all love of personal distinction. It was the refined modesty of his own nature, that alone could induce him to decline the application to himself of a splendid passage of Lord

Bacon, to which he refers; in which that philosopher describes the various motives which urge men onward in intellectual pursuit: ‘Omnium autem gravissimus error in deviatione ab ultimo doctrinarum fine consistit. Appetunt enim homines scientiam, alii ex insita curiositate, et irrequieta; alii animi causa et delectationis; alii existimationis gratia; alii contentionis ergo, utque ut in disserendo superiores sint; plerique *propter lucrum et victum*; paucissimi ut donum rationis divinitus datum in usus humani generis impendant.’—(Vol. i. p. 127.) If Horner did not merit to be included *inter hos paucissimos*, we know not who ever deserved that distinction;—not only professing, but acting as he did on the principle, ‘that the passions which he sought to encourage in his mind were an inviolable attachment to truth for its own sake in every speculative research, and an habitual reference of every philosophical acquisition to the improvement of his practical and active character.’—(Ib.)

We have been struck by some whimsical analogies between Horner and a statesman and philosopher, whose works he esteemed highly and studied much—we mean Turgot. In all respects, however, our countryman has a manifest superiority. Turgot’s first destination was the church; he was elected Prior of the Sorbonne. Horner had for a time a desire ‘to be a parson,’ and his mother equipped him in a gown and bands. He was modest, retiring, and simple-hearted. ‘Turgot,’ observes the Abbé Morellet, ‘*était d’une simplicité d’enfant qui se conciliait en lui avec une sorte de dignité, respectée de ses camarades, et même de ses confrères les plus âgés.*’ Turgot abandoned his views of entering the church on conscientious grounds, and he betook himself to the bar and to the service of the state. Horner was not in a position which required him to make this sacrifice; but he was guided by his conscience strictly in all his acts, both in his profession and in Parliament. The writers of the *Biographie Universelle* inform us that Turgot, having studied the classical and modern languages, and almost every branch of science, was accustomed to form boundless schemes of future study. ‘*Il s’était tracé la liste d’un grand nombre d’ouvrages qu’il voulait exécuter. Des poèmes, des tragédies, des romans philosophiques, des traductions, des traités sur la physique, sur l’histoire, sur la géographie, la politique, la métaphysique, et les langues, entraient dans ce cours singulière.*’ Horner, as we have seen, had to the last a similar weakness. ‘I have indulged myself,’ he observes, ‘in all the reveries of future achievements, future acquisition, future fame: poetry, romantic philosophy, ambition, and vanity conspire to infatuate me in this oblivion of the present; and amid

‘this visionary intoxication, I almost feel the powers of actual exertion sink within me.’ At the age of twenty-two, Turgot addressed to the Abbé de Cicé a Dissertation on Paper Currency. At twenty-two, Horner was called on to read a paper on the Circulation of Money before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh. The free trade in corn was alike a favourite object of both these distinguished men. In one point the analogy wholly fails. We have seen how Horner received his earliest moral and religious impressions from his mother. Turgot was not so fortunate. The contrast between Paris and Edinburgh is here manifest. The Abbé Morellet informs us, ‘que la mère de Turgot le trouvait maussade parcequ’il ne faisait pas la reverence de bonne grace. Il fuyait la compagnie qui venait chez elle—et se cachait sous un canapé, ou derrière un paravent, où il restait toute la durée d’une visite, et d’où l’on était obligé de le tirer pour le produire.’ This distinction in their early impressions may have determined much of the future destiny of the two men. We have been tempted into this digression, for the purpose of tracing an analogy suggested by the deep interest which Horner exhibits so constantly for the writings and opinions of Turgot. He was too prudent to approve of many of his measures of administration.

With a mind such as that of Horner, and with the well-regulated but manly ambition which made politics and political economy favourite pursuits, it is not to be wondered at that he should ultimately take up his residence in London, and prefer the bar of England to that of Scotland. To this determination the attractions of society, of literature, and of politics contributed. He applied himself to professional studies, but he never seems to have considered the bar as a primary object. He rather pursued it as an honourable mode of acquiring an independence, than as an avocation acceptable to his taste or feelings. Whilst still studying as an advocate in Edinburgh, he admits that the ‘refreshment of a few chapters from Livy became necessary after four hours given to *tack* and *wadset*.’—(Vol. i. 109.) And we can readily believe that Dugald Stewart’s evening lecture on the poor-laws, was an agreeable change from the title in Erskine’s *Principles* on the ‘Vassal’s Right.’ He was fully sensible of the danger to which he would have been exposed from studies purely professional; and, for his own protection, he laid down the principle of devoting ‘one day in the week at the least to the study of Lord Bacon’s writings, or of works on a similar plan. In this way,’ he observed, ‘I may flatter myself with the reflection of making an effort at least to preserve my mind untainted by the illiberality of professional character, if not to mould my habitual re-

‘lections upon those extensive and enlightened views of human
‘affairs, by which I may be qualified to reform the irregularities
‘of municipal institutions, and to extend the boundaries of legis-
‘lative science.’ It was clear that the tenor of these observa-
tions marked out the chapel of St Stephen’s as his future des-
tiny, rather than the courts of Westminster-Hall. He admits
this distinctly in a letter to Lord Murray, written in 1812 :—
‘A very slow and a very quiet walk for a public life, is the only
‘one for which I feel myself fit, though in such a one, with stea-
‘diness, I hope I may in process of time find some opportunity
‘of rendering service to the country. One thing I feel more
‘every day, that nothing but the alliance of politics, or the man-
‘ner in which I take a share in them, would be sufficient to
‘attach me to the legal profession, in which I have little prospect
‘of eminence, and very moderate desire of wealth ; but in which,
‘by possessing the opportunities of legislative experience, I do
‘not despair one day of doing some good.’

Whether in private, in professional, or in political life, Horner
was resolute in his determination to secure a perfect independence
of circumstances. To the possession of wealth as furnishing the
means of indulgence, he seems to have been totally indifferent ;
but his early habits and his strongest principles all led him to
consider the acquisition and the maintenance of personal inde-
pendence to be one of his highest duties. He felt that his
future usefulness depended upon it. Even at the age of nine-
teen, he appears to have been fully sensible of this important
truth. In a letter to his father, he says, ‘I would not suffer
‘myself to be tempted by the hopes of what my own indus-
‘try might in time refund, to incur the disgrace of depen-
‘dence on another person.’—(Vol. i. p. 18.) To adhere steadily
to these principles, Horner was encouraged by his wise and
affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour. ‘Every thing should
‘be done to strengthen your resolution of clinging closely to
‘your profession, till you have securely laid the humble, but
‘essential basis on which you may rest the whole machinery
‘of that public influence, which I hope hereafter to see you in
‘possession of. In adhering to your plan, you have many
‘temptations to resist, and those temptations are likely to in-
‘crease. Formerly you had merely to sacrifice the gratification
‘of your taste for science ; you have now to guard against the
‘incitements of literary luxuries, as well as the political ardour
‘of the society in which you live. You will soon have to with-
‘stand the direct allurements of power, and of the applause which
‘attends the patriotic statesman.’—(Vol. i. p. 351.)

Horner took up his residence in London at an interesting mo-

ment. Fox and Pitt were both living, and in the fullest possession of their powers. The excitement of a doubtful peace, and ultimately the renewal of the war—the complicated state of party, and the uncertainty of future political combinations—were all most interesting. That a ministry like that of Mr Addington should ever have been formed, was wonderful; that it should at first have commanded great majorities was astounding; that it should have been allowed to subsist after giving proof of its inefficiency, was the mere result of the sufferance of its powerful and combined opponents. So rapid a loss of public confidence and of political strength never was exhibited; except, perhaps, in the vast change of opinion towards the present Cabinet during the session which has just closed. Horner approached the political arena with opinions rather cultivated than matured. It is worthy of remark, that his attachment to Whig principles was the result of calm and cautious examination, and of the most earnest convictions. He thus gave a double security for his firmness and his consistency. His opinions had been slow in their growth; they were moderate, and free from all exaggeration. They did not resemble the sappy water shoots of some plants, which rise rapidly into a rank vegetation—produce many leaves, a few flowers, and even promise some fruit, but which are cut back by the first frost, or are broken down by the first squall of wind. On the contrary, a more true resemblance to Horner's opinions may be found in the timber trees of slower growth, but of firmer consistency, which resist alike the dry rot and all extraneous force. Horner's opinions were progressive in their tendencies; they were formed for himself, and not taken ready-made from others. So far from adopting in early life very popular doctrines, his first expressions of opinion, strange to say, have somewhat of an opposite character.

‘I am of your opinion,’ he writes to his father in 1799, ‘as to the propriety of supporting the Government of the country. Undoubtedly, within the few last years, violent attacks have been made on the rights of the subject; but no one finds his comforts impaired, nor his property less secure: a circumstance which should make the constitution more estimable to us, showing that its spirit is such as to continue to be beneficial, even after its forms have been suspended. There are good grounds to expect that that suspension will be removed by Parliament, when the necessity, real or imaginary, disappears. . . . When thinking upon this, I often look forward to a rule of conduct, which I hope no circumstances may ever induce me to abandon; and it is this, to connect myself with the exclusive interests of no political party whatever. A man's independence must be best preserved, and his duty to the public best performed, by attaching himself, not to any set of politi-

cal characters, but to that system of measures which he believes most conducive to the public welfare. It seems a reasonable duty at all times, rather to lean towards the ruling ministers; for no administration can act with energy, unless it can trust to the countenance of respectable people.'—(Vol. i. p. 36.)

We have been induced to make this extract by various motives. In referring hereafter to Horner's political principles with a just appreciation, we are desirous of showing that the liberal opinions of his manhood were not carelessly adopted, or subscribed to, from any early prejudice or association. Further, we think it not unimportant to consider the numerous fallacies which are contained in the declaration of faith of our political novice of nineteen—fallacies which it would be less necessary to expose if they were confined to persons of his age, and to one occasion. But, unfortunately, such is not the case. On the contrary, the erroneous, and we may add the mischievous, opinions which Horner advocated when a student, residing with his private tutor Mr Hewlett, and before he had acquired any practical knowledge of life or politics, are the very opinions which not only men of maturer age, but whole classes, profess, at the present day, to the infinite degradation of our legislative counsels, and the sacrifice of spirit and chivalrous feeling among our public men. A general disposition to support the government, however hostile to public liberty—an expectation that the spirit of freedom can ever long survive the overthrow or decay of a free constitution—a credulity which flatters itself that despotism once acquired, will be readily and freely relinquished by its possessors—these opinions still form elements of a Tory creed. We need not say that such principles, though more or less deducible from Horner's early letter above transcribed, could not long be allowed to remain as articles of his political faith. He soon discovered their fallacy, and himself rejected them. When he had attained his twenty-first year we find a manifest improvement to have taken place. We can trace this progress as early as in his journal of February 1799. 'I find it daily
' more necessary to be anxious about the formation and ex-
' pression of my political opinions. In such times as the pre-
' sent, there is some merit in setting about it in a manly and
' open manner. On the one hand, the majority of the coun-
' try runs strongly and implicitly in favour of the minister who
' has made the greatest inroads on the constitution; on the other
' hand, there is a set of people who undoubtedly, some from
' wicked and ambitious, others from honest views, pant after a
' new and republican order of things. Between these two fires
' there is some courage in pleading the cause of our neglected

‘constitution.’—(i. 70.) Here we observe a considerable progress already made; there is no longer manifested that trust in the government, and that kind of epicurean apathy which tends to unfit mankind for active political duty. On the contrary, the social obligation of withdrawing support from an unconstitutional government, and the necessity of discovering some safe middle way, is strongly expressed. What that safe middle way was to be, Horner seems to have suspected, if not discovered, during the course of the same year; for we find him speaking of his ‘veneration, some of which he admits may be ‘prejudice, for the ancient Whig politics of England, which he ‘states to have been at that time (1799) so much out of fashion, ‘being hated by both parties.’ Horner soon felt the necessity and the duty of proceeding steadily onwards in this task of forming his political opinions. In 1800, he observes, *solvendum est problema difficillimum*; to ascertain the maximum of absolute and enlightened independence, and the happy medium between the prostitution of faction and the selfish coldness of ‘indifference.’ Thus he meditates on a second step—something to be done as well as to be demonstrated;—a problem rather than a theorem. In 1803, dismissing his apprehensions of party association, he perceives the necessity of purifying it. He no longer suggests that the obligation of party should be disregarded; but he recommends that party should be freed from all that could lower or contaminate its nature. ‘Depend upon it,’ he observes, ‘that liberal opinions will never again be popular till we shake ‘off all those who have brought disgrace upon them.’—(i. 234.) It was in 1804, when in his twenty-sixth year, that his matured judgment adopted and avowed that political preference to which with such honourable constancy he adhered to the close of his life. The following remarks were entered in his journal, after deliberate reflection and consultation with three of the most acute and experienced of his friends:—

‘Political adventure,’ he observes, ‘is a game which I am disqualified from playing by many circumstances of my character, and which I am resolved to decline. But some share in public business, acquired by reputation, and supported on an independent footing, is a fair object, and almost the only reward that stimulates me to the law. Without belonging to a party, there can be no efficient participation in public affairs. If an honourable man sees no formed party amongst the factions of the state, by whom his general views of policy are maintained, he will shrink from them all, and attempt only individual efforts to explain and enforce his views. But in the general maxims and principles of Mr Fox’s party, both with regard to the doctrine of the constitution, to foreign policy, and to the modes of internal legislation, I recognize those to which I have been led by the results of my own reflection, and by

the tenor of my philosophic education. And I am ambitious to co-operate with that party in labouring to realize those enlightened principles in the government of our own country. However I lament some violences and mistakes in the conduct of opposition, and however much I suspect the characters of some who have at times been very near Mr Fox's person, all my feelings carry me towards that party, and all my principles confirm the predilection. Into that party, I therefore resolutely enlist myself, with very feeble hopes of its ever being for any long period triumphant in power. There is a low prudence in rearing the fabric of one's fortunes, which fixes the ambition (if it may be called by so proud a name) on the actual possession of place and emolument. But there is a more elevated prudence, which does not stop at affluence in its prospect, but ventures to include the chances of lasting service to mankind, and of a good name impressed on the history of the times.'—(i. 253.)

Attached as Horner was to the principles of Fox, he yet comments on his public character with the utmost freedom. 'The great error of Fox, in the late years of opposition,' he remarks, 'appears to have consisted in that favourable expectation of the issue of the French Revolution, natural to young and speculative minds, but hardly to be permitted in a practised statesman. He felt too much, and reflected too little; perhaps he did not take sufficient pains to enquire into facts. He gave an indolent indulgence to his benevolent and quiet feelings. An error of an inferior description, but of fatal influence on the opposite party, was the countenance given to the Jacobin party in England by Mr Fox. He was misled in this by some people about him, and by the persuasion, no doubt, that that powerful party might easily be restrained from excess, and in the meanwhile give effectual aid in the prevalence of popular sentiments.' We do not transcribe this passage as adopting the opinions it contains in all respects, and to their full extent. On the contrary. But the extract proves the independence of Horner's judgment as exercised on men and things; and it contains some principles of more general application,—of peculiar importance, indeed, to the Whig party in the present times.

The most immediate link with the Fox party was, in the case of Horner, as in so many other instances, with that truly excellent man, the most attractive of all his contemporaries, the late Lord Holland. Attached as Horner was to the principles of freedom, civil and religious, foreign and domestic, from whose lips could those opinions come with more persuasiveness than from those of the representative of Mr Fox, the heir of his uncle's reputation? When Lord Holland dwelt on constitutional doctrines, it might truly be said, *Nunquam libertas gratior!* 'I have had frequent opportunities of seeing Lord

‘Holland,’ Horner writes to Lord Webb Seymour in 1805. ‘I am delighted with his spirited understanding and the sweetness of his dispositions. In both respects he resembles his sister much, and both are of their uncle’s make. The strongest features of the Fox head are precision, vigilance, and (if I may apply such a word to the understanding) honesty. Nobody escapes from them in vague showy generals, or imposes by ostentatious paradox; you are sure of getting both fair play and your due, but you must give as much, or you have no chance of concealment or mercy. Watchful, dexterous, even-handed, implacable sense is their law.’ It was not on grounds merely personal, or theoretical, that the party preference of Horner rested. The events of 1807 had placed before him Whigs and Tories in their just relative positions. ‘I began to exult a little about the Whigs, and shall be doubly armed in argument for their defence. The Slave Trade, the Finance Committee, the Limited Service, and the commencement of wise and moderate government towards the Catholics, gave me great confidence and great pleasure.’—(i. 397.) On the other hand, the correctness of all his anticipations of evil from the advent of the Tories to power, had been but too fully demonstrated. ‘All the prejudices that have been skulking out of sight will be advanced into broad day, avowed in Parliament, and acted on in the Cabinet; it will be the language of the Treasury bench in the House of Commons, that the poor would be made worse subjects by letting them learn to read; the principles of toleration will be brought into question; and we shall have eternal chimes rung on the wisdom of our ancestors, and the danger of innovation.’ We do not deny that the present Conservatives would shrink from the avowal of many of these doctrines. We recognize this change, on the contrary, as a gratifying fact. But to what are these tardy and reluctant conversions attributable? Solely to the truth and boldness of men like Horner, who familiarized the public mind with real and orthodox doctrines, and made it impossible for their political opponents to adhere to their more ancient and bigoted articles of faith.

This slow but steady growth in the formation of his opinions, till they deserved the name of settled principles, took place some years before he entered Parliament. It was not the result of any *necessitudo sortis*, nor of any compulsion arising out of association in practical politics. Nor were his determinations fixed without having considered, as well as heard, what might be said, and strongly said, against them. His enlightened and affectionate friend, Lord Webb Seymour, whose temperament fitted him for contemplative rather than for active life, not only seems to

have stood aloof from party feelings himself, but to have used all the authority of tried and valued friendship to maintain in Horner's more practical mind a state of philosophical balance. This excellent person would have preferred that Horner's introduction into the House of Commons had been delayed even beyond the age of twenty-eight, for the purpose of 'strengthening those principles which, as he considered, seldom continue unimpaired amidst the violence or the cankering corruption of party zeal.'—(i. 369.) In after life, these friendly warnings and this amiable controversy were carried further, and more distinctly stated, when Lord Webb Seymour alludes to Horner's 'warm attachment to friends, with whom every private as well as public feeling has almost made it a religion to agree. The prevalence of partial views may in some degree be ascribed to certain noble sentiments which the circumstances of the times made you cherish in early youth; an admiration for talent and energy of character, and the wish to see those only who possess them at the head of affairs. But the main source of bias is the constant society of your party friends in London. I can conceive no situation more seducing to the mind than to be going on among a set of men, most of whom are united in the harmony of friendship and social enjoyment, all extolling the talents and principles of each other—all ardent for the same objects, though each impelled by a various mixture of private and of public motives—all anxious to communicate and to enlarge upon every thing that is to the disadvantage of their adversaries, and to keep out of view every thing that is to be said in their favour. Most men, when actuated by any keen interest, even in their private affairs, are liable to bias: how much more must this be the case, when a number of minds are re-acting on each other in the strenuous prosecution of a common cause, when there is the mutual support of each other's authority, no reference to opinion beyond the limits of the party, and the prevalent notion that the good of the country depends mainly on the practical adoption of their principles. How seldom in history do we find an active associate of any sect or party retaining a tolerable degree of candour! There are many cases in which I would trust to the candour of your judgment, but not so when certain strong feelings are connected with the point in question. Above all, I could not trust you where your affections are involved; for that warmth of heart and steadiness of attachment, which are such charms in your character, must then interfere, and I have observed them to do so.' The reply to this very striking appeal escapes from the path of controversy with a friend, rather than meets the argument; but it is strongly characteristic of the meek and tole-

rant nature of the writer. ‘ I took your letter as you meant it, as the interposition of your authority as a friend rather than as opening a controversy with me. I think I could justify myself on many points where you have mistaken me, or been misinformed about me. I have read your letter repeatedly, which was what you intended me to do ; and though I hardly confess myself so wrong on any particular as you think me, I feel sure that your advice will, even more than I may be at the time aware of it, keep me from going wrong.’ There may be finer writing than this; but we know not where to seek better feeling. It is eloquent, because it is the heart which here speaketh out of its abundance.

We cannot dismiss this question so lightly. Important as that question is at all times, connected as party spirit has ever been, now is, and must be hereafter, with free institutions and a parliamentary government, there are present circumstances which render a just appreciation of the effects of party connexions more than commonly momentous. We see the ties of party loosening around us ; we see the old landmarks removed on all sides. The Radical sneers at one who calls himself a Liberal ; the latter gives but a limited confidence to the Whig. On the other side, ‘ Young England ’ breaks out into open mutiny ; and abjures all faith in Sir Robert Peel’s government, as founded on low and vulgar principles of expediency. The old Tories continue their more constant, but still somewhat threatening allegiance : though support be not withdrawn, cordiality exists no longer. The Conservatives, escaping from the scoffings of friends and opponents, may possibly contrive to maintain order and combined action at the Ministerial Fish Dinner ; but have sunk into a state of pitiful weakness in the House of Commons and in public estimation. What is the tendency of this movement on both sides, but to render the Government contemptible, and the Opposition inefficient ? The effect on the two parties is, however, very different. An Opposition may bear differences of opinion—indeed such differences are the necessary results and incidents of their freedom of action ; but to a Government, union is indispensable ; divisions are fatal. Is not faction found pretty uniformly the successor and substitute for party ? Small knots of men, connected in an insignificant companionship, coalescing without any great, or perhaps any well-defined principle, acquire and exercise a most undue and mischievous importance in public affairs. Intolerance and animosities are increased on both sides ; and these bad feelings are more especially excited between those who form parts of the same political corps. Exaggeration finds a ready acceptance,

and, so far as the attainment of mere personal notoriety goes, a pretty certain selfish reward. This is a miserable substitute for the more regular and disciplined struggle of Whig and Tory. This *petite guerre* ceases to excite public interest; Parliament is lowered in the estimation of the country; Parliamentary leaders, on both sides, lose all their dignity, and much of their usefulness, when deprived of their ancient authority; and those great watchwords, which have been handed down from age to age, and which gave a nobleness to party contests, are undervalued, if they are not wholly forgotten. This state of things is but poor amends for the loss of party attachment: it possesses all the evils of party without any one of its redeeming attributes. So long as it continues, with some few bright intervals, the reign of insipid mediocrity will last.

But this was not the system which Lord Webb Seymour recommended to his friend Horner's adoption. What, then, is the *tertium quid*?—Individual action, founded on the supposition that each member is bound to form his own opinion, to act on his own conviction, and to admit no guide or adviser but his own conscience. All this sounds very plausible, and to those who have not entered practically into politics seems highly attractive. It appears to be founded on high moral principles. It holds out the hope that, as conscience acts upon individuals and not upon classes, the separate action of the units composing society will produce a more elevated and dignified result than that which proceeds from combinations where mutual sacrifices must be made, and averages must be struck. But is this historically true? Have we any example that justifies such a theory? What are those great measures which have advanced or secured the well-being of nations, that have not been the consequence of combined action? Were our liberties so won? Was it not a party confederacy in the days of the Plantagenets which established the rights of the House of Commons, and limited the power of the Crown? Were the Reformation, and the Revolution, the fortuitous consequences of some accidental agglomeration of political atoms? Was there no union and no combination required to produce the Petition of Rights in one reign, and the Bill of Rights in another? How could the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the Repeal of the Test Acts, or the Reform Bill, have been carried but for the agency of this much decried and misrepresented spirit of party? Is not social mainly distinguished from savage life, by its wise and salutary application of this same principle?

Lord Webb Seymour, and other speculative reasoners of the same school, who look on politics pretty much as a mere theoretic-

cal mechanist considers his science, believe that party can only be maintained by the sacrifice of individual judgment. This sacrifice they describe as immoral, as well as contrary to true freedom of thought, and therefore they condemn it. We object to their mode of stating the question. A right of individual judgment must always be reserved for extreme cases ; and not only reserved but exercised. Of this Horner's life affords some remarkable instances. His strongly formed party attachments did not preclude him from expressing, in 1806, his decided condemnation of Lord Ellenborough's appointment to a seat in the Cabinet. 'It is against the constitution, both in its forms and its spirit,' he writes to Lord Murray, 'that the Chief Justice of England should have a seat in the Cabinet; and it is a violation of those fundamental principles on which the purity and integrity of judicial administration rest.'—(i. 341.) In like manner, in reference to the noble struggle for Spanish independence, he writes to Lord Holland, 'I have never ceased to lament, that in the crisis of Spanish politics in 1808, our party took a course so inconsistent with the true Whig principles of continental policy, so revolting to the popular feelings of the country, and to every true feeling for the liberties and independence of mankind.' Great exigencies of this kind can only be provided for when they arise: like the constitutional principle of resistance, this right of independent action can never be very exactly defined in extreme cases, though it must be acted on courageously as well as conscientiously.

Horner, though not in Parliament at the time, witnessed the last public exertions both of Pitt and Fox. He was in London at the period of the deaths of these great rivals. In respect to the former event, his observations are peculiarly interesting. In a letter written to Lord Murray, from the gallery of the House of Commons, and dated 21st January 1806, he observes—'The illness of Pitt occupies every one's feelings and attention; for no one, even with all his party antipathies, can be insensible to the death of so eminent a man. In the place where I am sitting now, I feel this more than seems quite reasonable to myself; I cannot forget how this space has been filled by his magnificent and glowing declamations, or reflect with composure that that fine instrument of sound is probably extinguished for ever.'

The tenderness and generosity of Fox's nature had at that moment an opportunity of displaying themselves in a very remarkable manner. 'An amendment having been intended to be moved in the House of Commons, a meeting of the Opposition was held at the house of Mr Fox, a few hours before going

‘down to Westminster.’ Fox stated to the meeting, ‘that he thought it improbable they would enter into the discussion; he could not, while they had the idea that Pitt was in extremities—*mentem mortalia tangunt*,’ he said. A curious and well-authenticated fact on this subject has been communicated to us, which we shall here record. Pitt died at a solitary house on Wimbledon common. Not far off, by the roadside, stood, and still stands, a small country inn, where the various parties interested in the great statesman’s life were accustomed to apply for information, and to leave their horses and carriages. On the morning of the 23d January 1806, an individual having called at this inn, and not being able to obtain a satisfactory reply to his enquiries, proceeded to the house of Pitt. He knocked, but no servant appeared; he opened the door and entered; he found no one in attendance. He proceeded from room to room, and at length entered the sick chamber, where on a bed, in silence and perfect solitude, he found, to his unspeakable surprise, the dead body of that great statesman who had so lately wielded the power of England, and influenced, if he did not control, the destinies of the world. We doubt whether any much more awful example of the lot of mortality has ever been witnessed.

It was in October of the same year that Fox died, not surviving his great rival for more than seven months. ‘This week has been a painful and anxious one,’ writes Horner to Mr, now Lord Jeffrey. ‘After all had been given over, there was a strange renovation that deluded us in spite of our despair. It is a cruel disappointment, if one thinks of the hopes so recently indulged, and a cheerless prospect forward. The giant race is extinct, and we are left in the hands of little ones, whom we know to be diminutive, having measured them against the others.’—(i. 373.) If such was the observation of Horner in 1806, when Lord Grenville, Romilly, Canning, Mackintosh, Lord Holland, Grat-tan, Tierney, Wyndham, and Whitbread, were still living, and before Lord Grey had retired from that Parliament which he reformed—of which he was the ornament, and of which he deserved to be the idol—what would be said of the present state of both houses?

Did our limits permit it, we should have wished to have entered into a detailed examination of Horner’s parliamentary life: yet this is too memorable, and his services are still too recent, to require to be recapitulated. To some persons it will be a matter of observation that he owed his return to the close borough system. He sat first for St Ives in Cornwall, obtaining his seat through the good offices of the Marquis of Lansdowne, as communicated by the late Lord Kinnaird. Nothing can have been

more honourable to all parties concerned, than the mode in which the anomalous system of borough patronage appears to have been exercised towards Mr Horner, both on this and on subsequent occasions. Yet it would be a mere puerility, on account of instances like these, to entertain any doubts with respect to the principles of the Reform Bill, or, in other words, with respect to the principles of civil liberty. It is said, that in reply to a well-turned compliment from Madame de Staël, in which that distinguished lady spoke with indulgence of despotism where wisely administered, the Emperor Alexander observed, ‘D’ailleurs, ‘Madame, ce n’est qu’un heureux accident.’ The same remark is applicable to a liberal and generous use of parliamentary patronage. This reminds us of a very striking passage in the life of Horner. In 1812 Romilly was defeated at Bristol. At that time Horner was out of Parliament, but a seat was offered to him by the kindness of Lord Grenville. No person can doubt how much his happiness depended on his connexion with the House of Commons. But all private feelings and interests were forgotten in his sense of the public claims and services of Romilly; and he wrote to Lord Holland to suggest, that a preference should be given to Romilly, and that his own claims should be set aside. He could not have selected any person better fitted to be the medium of a noble and generous offer. The ambassador was worthy of the mission.

We have described the rise and growth of Horner’s party attachments and principles. In adopting them he still maintained his fixed resolution of preserving his independence. He applied it in a manner the most honourable—a manner which proved his entire sincerity. In January 1811, when there arose a question of forming a new administration, Lord Grenville, for whom Horner had ever felt a most sincere respect, wrote to him on the subject of accepting office in connexion with his political friends. Nothing could be more kind, and, as we are convinced, more sincere than the offer which was made. ‘I do not mean to flatter you,’ observed Lord Grenville, ‘when I say that I myself feel, and I am ‘confident such would be the universal impression, that I had in ‘that way secured the assistance of the man in all England the ‘most capable of rendering efficient service to the public as ‘Secretary of the Treasury, and of lightening the burthens ‘which I am thus to undertake.’ Horner declined this proposal, and explained to Lord Murray, that ‘having been put to the ‘trial, he had decided without difficulty to adhere to the rule ‘which he had laid down on entering Parliament, not to take ‘any political office until he was rich enough to live at ease ‘out of office.’—(Vol. ii. p. 76.) We doubt the justice and

wisdom of this rule, though it has received so high a sanction. Undoubtedly, a man thus escapes from what might be a temptation; but to a high mind, is it not better that a temptation should be overcome, than merely avoided? Can it be doubted, but that, if the temptation did occur, principles like Horner's would have surmounted it? But by retreating before this imaginary danger, the result might have been, that for an unlimited time the country would have been deprived of all chance of his services, when those services were most necessary. Was not this entailing on the public an unreasonable sacrifice? To the great majority of mankind a lot is cast, rendering strenuous labour, continued during many years, the condition by which alone competency and independence are to be won. Are all such men to be excluded, or are they to exclude themselves, from the public service, till their harvest has ripened, has been reaped, and is bestowed away in their garners. We think such a result most dangerous: it limits the public service most disadvantageously. Risks for the public should, and must, be run, and, among others, the very risk which Horner endeavoured to escape from by a decision which he stated 'was made for his life.'

There is a passage in this part of Horner's life very peculiar and noble. What seems to have tempted him the most to accept the offer of Lord Grenville, was neither distinction, power, nor emolument; it was an association with a colleague in whom he had entire confidence, and the belief that the political prospects of his party made his acceptance of office a step attended with uncertainty and adventure. Here we see exhibited again, the true moving powers of his nature—duty and affection.

A most striking contrast might be drawn between the conduct of Horner on this occasion, and that of his friend, Lord Dudley, then Mr Ward, in October 1822. On the accession of Mr Canning to office, that statesman proposed to the latter, who had been a kind of volunteer aide-de-camp, that he should become under secretary of state, retiring from Parliament. His hesitation, doubts, and vacillation, all appear in his published letters. But what are the motives which seem to affect and influence his mind? He observes, that the office is 'subordinate, but that he prefers subordination to responsibility.' He does not object to leaving Parliament, 'because he is quite sure never to cut any figure in it.' He refers to the relative 'dignity and fitness of offices of the second and third class,' and the prior offer of the same office to another by Canning, and its rejection; he admits that literature is 'beginning to pall upon him,' and he begs for delay again, and

again for additional delay—shrinking from the pain of any decision. This state of miserable irresolution continued for more than a fortnight. How very superior does Horner's character appear! and may not that superiority be traced to the different foundations on which the political opinions of the Whig and the Tory rested? Obligation due to the public, the desire of usefulness, determined the course of the one. The most insignificant worldly considerations seem to have been the influencing motives of the other. With Horner politics were not treated as a sport or as a speculation; the House of Commons was not degraded into a theatre or a gambling-house, but was considered as the arena of a noble and elevating contest, where the battle of the public was to be fought; where the combatant, and even the victor, if not by others, yet certainly by himself, should be forgotten in the thought of victory; and where 'the garland to be run for' was immortal, and not to be won without toil and heat.'

On no questions were the abilities of Horner more conspicuous and more usefully employed, than on all measures connected with Political Economy. The principles of freedom of trade, which at the present moment occupy the first place in public attention, were discussed by him with the wisdom of a philosopher, combined with the knowledge of a practical statesman. On no other subject did he display more ability than on the Corn Question. If this were the fitting opportunity, we should be glad to strengthen our own views by his authority. Though we are unwilling to do so at any length, there are yet some few points which we cannot wholly overlook. Horner pointed out, in 1813, that 'though we had Corn Laws on our statute book, we had no 'Corn Laws in fact; but that there was the most perfect freedom in the trade in grain; and that, notwithstanding this, tillage had never increased so much, or prices been so regular.' He described as the inevitable consequences of the measure then proposed, 'great misery among the manufacturing classes as well 'as among labourers in husbandry, an alteration in the proportion 'between agricultural and manufacturing population and capital, 'which the freedom of both has adjusted, and would maintain 'better than all the wisdom of all the squires in the island, and 'all the political arithmeticians to boot.' In reply to the argument of Malthus in favour of high cultivation at home, as the consequence of high duties and restrictions, he observes, 'It would 'be a palpable sacrifice of the end to the means, if, for the sake of 'extending our most finished husbandry to every sterile ridge, we 'impose on the whole body of the people extravagant prices for the 'necessaries of life. What other result would there be if Dartmoor 'and Blackstone Edge were laid out in terraces and garden-

‘ground, than a population always in peril of being starved, if their rulers will not let them eat the superfluity of their neighbours.’ On the subject of fluctuation of price, his opinion is equally distinct. ‘My theory is, upon the whole, that nothing will contribute so much to make prices steady, as leaving our own corn-factors unfettered by restrictions of our own making, and at liberty to make their own arrangements for bringing corn from the various large and independent markets of the world.’—(Vol. ii. p. 233.) These are opinions, it should be remarked, not hazarded in debate, but communicated in amicable controversy between himself and one of his ablest and most intimate friends. These doctrines might be expected to produce some salutary effects on the minds of opponents, if the results of the controversy had not brought us pretty nearly to agree in an assertion made by Horner, ‘that it is almost as absurd to expect men to be reasonable about corn as to be reasonable about religion.’ On this question he had the strong hope which is the result of firm conviction; and he exclaimed with the same confidence which we now feel,—‘Magna quidem, magna est veritas, et prevalebit.’ But when will this truth prevail? and, in the meanwhile, what ills may come!

The leading part taken by Horner on the Bullion Question, seconded by the experience of Huskisson, and by the eloquence of Canning, needs no notice on our part. If a coin were now to be struck, as in the reign of Elizabeth, perpetuating the great event of the restoration of our circulating medium, it is the name and image of Francis Horner which such a medal ought to bear.

We know not that any more striking instances of political sagacity have ever been exhibited, than some which might be collected from the interesting letters before us. Had Horner lived to later times, he would indeed in many instances have only ‘seen what he foresaw.’ Referring to the state of opinion, and the political bias of the Court, in the reigns of George III. and of his successor, he says of the Whig party—

‘In the precarious, unsure footing on which they would have to act, with the Court hostile and deceiving them, and, on the other side, an ill-disposed public, incapable of seeing their merit and public virtues, they could prosecute no systematic measures for the public good. It is not very probable, under any circumstances, according to my view of these matters, that they can retain for a length of time the favour of any king they are likely to serve. In a certain event, I expect they will hold him just long enough to carry through one or two large measures, such as the Catholic question; and an arrangement, in respect to Irish Tithes, which, like the abolition of the slave trade, and the limitation of military service, will mark them out hereafter to those who will appreciate their conduct more truly than their contemporaries are capable of

doing. Not that I have not some faint hopes, in which you will probably think me both sanguine and partial, that a time may come, in which they will acquire the confidence of the better part of the public; that is, a time when a taste and fashion may be revived in this country for the qualities and principles which entitle them to that confidence.'—(Vol. ii. p. 4.)

Horner might have prophesied that the rise and progress of the middle classes, which he saw and rejoiced in, must contribute to this result. This subject is so very important, and the anticipations of Horner have been so accurately realized, where they are not still in visible progress towards their accomplishment, that we are sure our readers will indulge us in one or two further extracts and remarks. So early as in 1806, he observes—'It does strike me very forcibly, that the great number among whom wealth is diffused in considerable yet equal portions, the tolerably good education that accompanies it, the strength of physical and moral influences that are thus combined in a population to which both order and freedom are necessary, form a new case very different from any former example; and it is from this aspect of our condition that I take my hope.'—(Vol. i. p. 375.) In 1810, he carries his prognostics further. 'It is by a perverse coincidence in point of time,' he observes, 'that the greatest peril we have ever been exposed to from foreign hostility, has fallen in one of those periods which are incident to our constitution in its nature, when the evils of the monarchical part prevail over its advantages; but if we outlive this crisis, there are numerous symptoms which begin to manifest themselves in the three kingdoms, especially in England, to start forward, which cannot be repressed much longer, but which, on the next change of the individual whose character most affects the condition of the country, will enforce maxims of administration more adequate to the necessities of the times, and more corresponding to the sentiments of the educated part of the people.' No one was better calculated to appreciate or to be appreciated by the middle classes of England than Francis Horner. Earnestness, simplicity, strong sense, domestic affection, and public spirit, are the characteristics of the class, as they were of the statesman. Of a cabinet to govern this great community, Horner was admirably suited to be the first minister. It was in the confidence that the voice of the middle classes would yet make itself heard, and its power felt, that he contemplated 'the building up in this country of a vast party, cordially united on public principles, who, supported by the intelligence and activity of the middle orders, will wait, with cool determination, for the first opportunity when they can demand, with decisive voice, the

‘ establishment of those laws and maxims of administration, which are required by the necessities as well as by the improvement of the times.’ This voice spoke, and this power was felt at the time of the Reform Bill. We are convinced that it will speak yet more loudly, and make itself felt hereafter.

We could have wished, had our space permitted it, to have accompanied Horner into the private society of London, which he was so well qualified to improve. His success was immediate and complete. All those who were most distinguished in politics, in literature, and in powers of conversation, gave him a welcome reception. Of the personal friends by whom he was known and cherished, many of the most distinguished are now, unhappily, removed from the scene—Mackintosh, Romilly, Whishaw, Sharp, William Stewart Rose, Malthus, and, very lately, John Allen, whose knowledge, alike deep, accurate, and extensive, was not more admirable and constant than his kindness of heart, and his undeviating courage and integrity. To Horner’s success, the truth and simplicity of his character, and the warmth of his attachments, contributed even more powerfully than his acquirements and rising fame. Perhaps his eager thirst for information, and his respect for those who could communicate it, might have equally contributed to this result; as it is those who most ardently seek knowledge who are the most valued by those who have acquired it. The terms in which Horner speaks of the late Richard Sharp are very descriptive of this part of his character. ‘ Sharp is a very extraordinary man. I determine every day to see more of him, and as much as I possibly can. His great object is criticism; what I have not frequently observed in combination, he is both subtle and pleasing. I spent the whole afternoon with him; I trust beneficially, I am sure most delightfully. If I had owed nothing to you (he is here addressing Sir James Mackintosh) but the friendship of Sharp, I never could repay even that. I am assiduous to make myself worthy of it, by bringing myself as frequently as I can in contact with his strong and purified understanding.’—(Vol. i. p. 283.) We are glad that, in making this extract, we are enabled to pay a tribute to the memory of a very superior man, whose friendliness of nature, as well as whose soundness of judgment, deserve to be remembered even more than that power of conversation to which he owed his main distinction. Though well meriting the name of ‘ Conversation Sharp,’ given him by common consent, he had a better title to the regard of society than any which is derived from one of its most delightful but transient distinctions. Of Sir James Mackintosh he writes, as might justly be anticipated, in

still stronger terms. ‘ To him my obligations are of a far
 ‘ higher order than those of the kindest hospitality. He has
 ‘ been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my pro-
 ‘ spects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than
 ‘ any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking. I never
 ‘ left his conversation, but I felt a mixed consciousness as it were
 ‘ of inferiority and capability ; and I have now and then flattered
 ‘ myself with this feeling, as if it promised that I might make
 ‘ something of myself.’—(Vol. i. p. 244.) We have made these
 extracts with a view of showing, on the authority of such a man
 as Horner, in what spirit it is necessary to hold intercourse with
 superior men, if we are indeed desirous of profiting either by their
 conversation or their example.

It was in the society of those we have named, and of the most
 brilliant of our still living contemporaries, that the literary and
 social tastes of Horner expanded and acquired completeness and
 accuracy. Like most other considerable men, his enjoyment of
 natural pleasures never seem to have deadened. To the beau-
 ties of nature, the change of the seasons, the song of the birds,
 his sensibility was possibly more lively, than if he had passed
 the whole of his days by the side of mountain streams and
 lakes. Whether in youth he visits the Isle of Wight, or
 in maturer life the valleys of Wales, his pleasure in the varied
 aspects of nature is undiminished. His power of describing
 as well as relishing them is very great. Nor was he con-
 tented with visiting beautiful scenery as a mere source of phy-
 sical pleasure. From this, as from every thing else, he seems
 to have possessed an intimate and peculiar power of extracting
 moral enjoyment. ‘ Surely the stir and smoke of a town life, so
 ‘ far from deadening our sensibility to country beauties, render
 ‘ our pleasure in them of a still higher relish ; at least I assure
 ‘ myself it is so with me ; and I am no less certain, that frequent
 ‘ retreat into the country is necessary for keeping one’s mind in
 ‘ tone for the pursuits of an active life, and for refreshing, in our
 ‘ imagination, those larger and distant views, which render such
 ‘ occupations most useful, and which alone make them safe.’—
 (Vol. ii. p. 18.)

These turns of thought and of feeling were, in fact, modifica-
 tions of that overflowing sympathy and affection which, freely and
 abundantly given to his friends, was repaid by them, as was so
 richly deserved, in returns largely poured into his bosom. This
 was touchingly manifested during his last fatal illness. The dis-
 ease to which he fell a victim, at the early age of thirty-nine,
 but ripe in virtue and in knowledge, seems to have assumed a
 serious character while attending Parliament in 1816. ‘ I have

‘ been at Holland House’—he writes to his father—‘ during our
 ‘ Whitsun holidays; Lady Holland taking almost as much care of
 ‘ me when she fancies I need it, as if I were in my own dear mother’s
 ‘ hands.’ Towards the close of the autumn, the unfavourable
 symptoms still continuing, Horner was recommended to try the
 air of Italy. The family of Fox, from which he had already
 received so much affectionate sympathy, again offered to make
 a home for his reception. The letters written both by Lord and
 Lady Holland are above all praise in their earnestness and kind-
 liness of feeling. We cannot resist the pleasure of making an
 extract from one of Lady Holland’s letters, regretting that we
 have not space for the whole of those written on this occasion.

‘ *Holland House, 1st Oct. 1816.*

——‘ I am glad my doctors send you from the keen air of your native
 mountains, but they will not mend the matter by sending you to Lon-
 don. I accordingly trust to your docility and your sister’s good-nature,
 in expecting you to drive from Barnet straight here, where you will
 occupy three south rooms, regulated as Allen shall direct, and have your
 hours, and company, and occupations, entirely at your own disposal. Such
 books and papers as you may require can easily be brought from your
 own house. These three rooms open into each other, and are perfectly
 warm; your servant will sleep close to you, and your sister will have a
 room adjoining the apartment. Pray, spare me all the commonplace
 compliments of giving trouble, and taking up too many rooms. What
 you know I feel towards you, ought to exempt me from any such trash.
 From henceforward till June, when I look forward to a thorough amend-
 ment, you must lay your account to have me, heart, soul, and time, de-
 voted to your welfare and comfort; and I am satisfied in this, because
 Allen says it is right. I am afraid your sister may think it a bad ex-
 change from living solely with you to come among strangers; but tell
 her I already feel warmly towards her, for her affectionate intention of
 nursing you, and that I will try and render her residence as little irksome
 as possible. Do, my dear friend, yield to my entreaties.’——

If warm and earnest hospitality could have been a restorative,
 the letter we have partly transcribed must have been effectual.
 No *eloquence de billet* of the most accomplished French corre-
 spondent has ever equalled the sincere, but refined and considerate
 energy of this excellent letter. The same anxiety was expressed
 for him by Romilly,—a man whose deep and concentrated
 sympathies were never carelessly or indiscriminately lavished.
 ‘ I do not think you nearly as careful of yourself as you ought to
 ‘ be. If you take little account of yourself for your own sake
 ‘ and that of your friends, yet your regard for the public good
 ‘ should induce you to pay the utmost attention to it. You will
 ‘ not, I am sure, suspect me of encouraging vanity, though your
 ‘ modesty may induce you to question the soundness of my judg-

‘ment; but it is my most sincere opinion, that there is no public
‘man whose life it is of such importance to the public should be
‘preserved as yours.’

Accompanied by all these anxious good wishes, Horner proceeded to Pisa. The change of climate produced no improvement in his health. But though struggling with a mortal disease, his energy, his public spirit, and his love for his fellow-men, never for one moment slackened. On the 21st December 1816, he writes to Lord Murray on the wretched state of the Scotch jails, and on the despotic power vested in the Lord Advocate of Scotland, of protracting from year to year the imprisonment of accused persons, by ‘deserting the diet.’ By such means, persons not convicted are said to have been detained in custody until they suffered confinement long enough for guilt, and were ultimately discharged, not tried indeed, but punished. This cruelty and injustice awakened that moral indignation against oppression which formed so essential a part of Horner’s character. He urges on Lord Holland (21st December) the necessity of trying to raise the tone of the House of Commons ‘above the old song of sinecures and reversions.’ This, he observes, ‘we learned from the unreasonable, ‘narrow-minded democrats, and have been teaching it so exclusively to the excellent Whig party among the gentry and middle ‘orders of England, that more general and generous notions of ‘constitutional liberty and foreign politics, are no longer so ‘familiar and acceptable to them as they were formerly.’ But it is in his last letter to his mother, that all that was most engaging and attractive in the character of Horner, breaks out in undiminished warmth. His heart and his affections seem as young as when, in 1795, he addressed his first letters to his parents from Mr Hewlett’s parsonage. ‘I have a little nose- ‘gay upon the table, taken from an open garden in the town, ‘in which, besides China roses and a lily, there is the most ‘exquisite perfumed double jessamine; and my brother Leo ‘brings in from the wayside on his walks, buds of spring. All ‘this I hope is soon to do me good, for I am rendered so self- ‘ish by illness, that I think only of myself, you see, in these ‘blessings of the sun. The last ride I took was with dear little ‘Mary; and, upon recollection, I think I should have been ‘better company for her to-day than on that occasion; for I ‘have no longer that feeling of mortal lassitude which hung ‘upon me at Dryden, and seemed to wither me within: that ‘sensation is gone, though I am weaker now and leaner, and ‘blow still with a very bad pair of bellows.’ Quitting this style of playful affection, he proceeds to describe with much sympathy the distress of the Tuscan peasantry, arising from the

failure of the crop of chestnuts, grapes, and olives. On the 4th of February he writes to his father, expressing a grateful confidence in his physician; he describes in a tranquil and resigned tone the general state of his health; and draws a graphic picture of the spring work among the peasantry. ‘In one field, they are still gathering the olives; in another, pruning the vines; in a third, ploughing for Turkey wheat; in a fourth, preparing the ground with the spade. I feel far greater curiosity,’ he continued, ‘to know the ways and habits of this peasantry, and to understand a little the form of this society, than to penetrate into the Campo Santo, with all its treasures of art.’ Four days after writing this letter, he was no more!

No event of the same description in our times appears to have called forth the same general sympathy. The unhappy fate of Romilly was felt deeply, but felt within a narrower circle, and was connected with painful reflections. The extinction of the splendid light of Canning’s genius cast a shadow over a wider sphere; but the private sorrow was less remarked than the public calamity. The fervour of political excitement, then prevailing, diverted the public sympathy from the heavy loss the world sustained in Mackintosh. Grattan was gathered to his fathers in a ripe old age; and was almost permitted, from the height which he had reached, to look down upon Ireland awaiting that promised emancipation to which his prophetic eloquence had so greatly contributed. On the occasion of moving a new writ for the borough which Horner had represented, the present Earl of Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth—a name transmitted from sire to son, giving and receiving honour—Mr Canning, Mr Manners Sutton, Mr Wynn, Mr W. Elliot, Lord Genelg, and Lord Harewood, in varied terms, but with one feeling of respect, affection, and deep sorrow, expressed their sense of his virtues and public services. Monuments were raised to his memory, and statues were erected; but without undervaluing these proofs of esteem and affection, we must be permitted to say, that the most enduring monument to his memory is to be found in this publication. It is one, too, which we view as no less appropriate than enduring. His object was not to acquire fame for himself, but to confer benefits on his fellow-men; and his journals and correspondence not only afford evidence the most conclusive of his abilities, his public services, and his virtues, but as it were revive and continue, even after death, the exercise of his active duties. They instruct and benefit mankind, and more especially that country which he ever warmly loved.

ART. II.—1. *The Laws of Harmonious Colouring, adapted to Interior Decorations, Manufactures, and other Useful Purposes.* By D. R. HAY, House-Painter and Decorator to the Queen, Edinburgh. 4th Edition. 8vo. London: 1838.

2. *The Natural Principles and Analogy of the Harmony of Form.* By D. R. HAY, Decorative Painter to the Queen. 4to. Edinburgh: 1842.

3. *Proportion, or the Geometric Principle of Beauty, Analysed.* By D. R. HAY, Decorative Painter to the Queen. 4to. Edinburgh: 1843.

THESE works are highly honourable to Mr Hay as a practical man. He has been long known as an extensively employed and elegant Artist in the department of Decorative Painting; and he has found leisure, notwithstanding the pressure of his professional avocations, to appear before the Public as an Author, with strong claims to its attention and respect. He is one of the few artists who have drawn the resources of their profession from the recognized fountains of knowledge; and who, in offering the lessons of their experience at the shrine of science, have been anxious to listen, in return, to her infallible counsels. The disposition to this species of exchange, and to introduce into the intellectual community the principles of free intercourse, is by no means general; but we are confident that Art will not sufficiently develop her powers, nor Science attain her most commanding position, till the practical knowledge of the one is taken in return for the sound deductions of the other.

Many causes have concurred to place art and science at variance; but these causes have been gradually diminishing, and in the present advanced state of the mechanical and useful arts they have almost wholly disappeared. It is in the fine arts, principally, and in the speculations with which they are associated, that the controlling power of scientific truth has not exercised its legitimate influence. In discussing the principles of painting, sculpture, architecture, and landscape gardening, philosophers have renounced science as a guide, and even as an auxiliary; and a school has arisen whose speculations will brook no restraint, and whose decisions stand in opposition to the strongest convictions of our senses. That the external world, in its gay colours and lovely forms, is exhibited to the mind only as a tinted mass, neither within nor without the eye, neither touching it nor distant from it—an ubiquitous chaos which expe-

rience only can analyse, and touch transform into the realities which compose it; that the beautiful and sublime in nature and in art derive their power over the mind from association alone, are among the philosophical doctrines of the present day, which, if it be safe, it is scarcely prudent to question. Nor are these opinions the emanations of poetical or ill-trained minds, which ingenuity has elaborated, and which fashion sustains. They are conclusions at which most of our most distinguished philosophers have arrived. They have been given to the world with all the authority of demonstrated truth; and in proportion to the hold which they have taken of the public mind, have they operated as a check upon the progress of knowledge.

The same distrust of the senses has led many distinguished metaphysicians to maintain the extraordinary paradox, that during our infancy we see all objects double, and turned upside down, like their pictures on the retina; and that it is only by experience, and the assistance of the sense of touch, that we are initiated into the mystery of single and erect vision, and thus learn the true number and position of external objects! It would be interesting to know, if the authors of such opinions can inform us, what the process is by which the infant has been taught these important lessons—and what the time is in which that wisdom has been acquired. Knowledge is not conveyed instantaneously even to adult minds, and there must surely be various steps in the alphabet of vision, by which the child acquires its knowledge of the unity and uprightness of its nurse. The *double* picture must have passed into *one*—by halves, or quarters, or some infinitesimal progression; and the figure with its head downwards, must have performed its journey of rotation through an arc of 180° , till it settled in its natural position!

While opinions like these were considered as sound and well established, philosophers never thought of studying the laws of visible direction in single and double vision, by which all the difficulties of the subject have been subsequently removed; and in like manner, while the present theories of taste prevail, there can be no inducement to discover the rules of harmonious colouring, or to investigate the origin of beautiful forms, or to develop the laws of regular and irregular symmetry. When speculation, however, is thus in the ascendant, and theorists least apprehensive of danger, truth is often securing auxiliaries from localities the least likely to supply them. The sovereignty of association in matters of taste had never been recognized by practical men, who study nature principally through the eye; and the painter, the sculptor, the architect, and the landscape gardener, had been striving in their respective spheres to discover those ‘Laws of

Harmony,' both in colour and in form, which ought to regulate the taste, and direct the hand of the artist. In so far as we know, Mr Hay is the first and the only modern artist who has entered upon the study of these subjects without the trammels of prejudice and authority. Setting aside the ordinances of fashion, as well as the dicta of speculation, he has sought the foundation of his profession in the properties of light, and in the laws of visual sensation, by which these properties are recognized and modified. The truths to which he has appealed are fundamental and irrefragable; and the conclusions which he has deduced from them, will admit of no modification either from taste or fashion. In the adaptation of his principles, indeed, to the various circumstances in which they are to be applied, taste and judgment are undoubtedly required; and even in the decoration of the boudoir and the drawing-room, harmony of colour, and symmetry of form, may be made to coexist with, and even to control, the caprices of fashion, and the glitter of meretricious ornament.

The following observations, which form part of the introduction to the second edition of his work on Colouring, will show the soundness and scientific character of the principles by which Mr Hay has been guided.

‘ In my search for examples of harmonious colouring, in interior decorations, I found the most perfect were generally to be met with in the houses of amateurs, or lovers of the higher branches of the art of painting, whose knowledge of the qualities which constitute the excellence of colouring in pictures had enabled them to impart a degree of the same excellence to the decoration of their mansions. I therefore made it my study to become acquainted with the laws of harmonious colouring, as exemplified in the works of the most eminent artists. Here a little investigation sufficed to convince me, that these laws were not made by the great artists who had given such splendid examples of their power, but were founded on certain and natural principles, and were applicable to colours generally, under whatever circumstances they are presented to the eye. In short, I found that the organs of sight were equally susceptible of pain or pleasure with those of hearing or taste, from the degree and mode of irritation produced upon them; and that colours, like sounds and flavours, were rendered more pleasing by being harmoniously mixed and graduated, than when distinct and uniform.

‘ The great additional beauty, therefore, which the harmonious combination of tints has given to the most splendid works of art, and the certainty that these combinations were pointed out by the laws of optics, induced me to attempt their application to the humble, yet useful art which I profess; and in order that I may be the more easily and generally understood, I have adapted them to house-painting, and other decorations, in the same manner in which they seem to have been applied in the works of the most eminent artists in all ages. This has been done

with the best effects by eminent writers on *external decorations*; and surely if the face of nature can be improved by attention to the laws of harmonious colouring, as displayed in works of art, the same may with safety be applied to the improvement of the interior decorations of houses.

‘Colours, when arranged according to these laws, must be a quality of visible beauty more easily recognised than even symmetry of form, and must be equally agreeable to all, according to the correctness and sensibility of their organs of sight, because the pleasure thus derived is merely sensual, and being founded on natural principles, cannot be reckoned a mere matter of taste.’

In following out these principles, Mr Hay, in the fourth edition of the same work, discusses, in *four* chapters, *the theories of colour*, *the analogy between colours and sound*, *the nature of colours generally*, and *the nature of colours individually*; and he subsequently treats, in a separate section, *of the application of the arts of design and colouring to manufactures*, gives a few elementary instructions in ornamental drawing, with hints to the more advanced; and concludes his work with remarks on the mechanical department of house painting.*

Adopting the analysis of the spectrum, by which it is found to consist of *three* equal and coincident spectra of *red*, *yellow*, and *blue* light, having their *maxima* of illumination at different points in their length, Mr Hay proceeds to point out the *analogy between colour and sound*. He considers the *three primary* or fundamental colours, *red*, *yellow*, and *blue*, as corresponding with the ‘three fundamental notes, viz. C, E, and G, which compose the common chord or harmonic triad, and are the foundation of all harmony.’ *Secondary* colours he regards as produced ‘by the combination of any two of these primary colours;’ and as ‘only one absolutely distinct denomination of colours can arise from a combination of the *three primaries*, (namely, *white*,) the full number of really distinct colours is *seven*, corresponding to the *seven* notes in the complete scale of the musician.’

* We are glad to observe that Mr Hay’s works are beginning to draw the attention of eminent artists to the important subject of the decorative arts. On the 24th of April last, Mr C. H. Wilson read a paper to the ROYAL SCOTTISH SOCIETY of ARTS, ‘On some of the *decorative arts in Germany and France*, and on the causes of the inferiority of these as contrasted with the same arts in Britain; with suggestions on the improvement of decorative art.’ Mr Wilson illustrated his observations by exhibiting specimens of ancient German iron work, glass painting, and carving, and also various casts and prints explanatory of his views.

In his work on the Analogy and Harmony of Colour, Mr Field maintains that the three *primary* colours have the ‘numerically ‘proportional power of—*red* 5, *yellow* 3, and *blue* 8,’ while the secondary colours are composed as follows:—

Orange is composed of *yellow* 3, and *red* 5.

Purple ————— *blue* 8, and *red* 5.

Green ————— *blue* 8, and *yellow* 3.

These three *secondary* colours, have a very interesting relation to the three *primary* ones. When viewed under this relation, they have received the names of *accidental*, *opposite*, *harmonic*, *contrasting*, and *complementary*. Buffon gave them the name of *accidental*, to distinguish them from real colours, in consequence of their being only *spectral*,—an impression on the retina. They have been called *opposite*, because, if we arrange the *seven* colours of the spectrum in a circle in their due proportion, the *violet* end touching the *red* end, the two colours *opposite* each other, are the one the *primary*, and the other the *secondary*, or accidental colour. They are *complementary*, because they are the complement of the primary colour to *white* light, that is, the *primary* and the *secondary* form *white* light. They are called *harmonic* and *contrasting*, because they not only produce *harmony* along with the primary, but because the brilliancy of each is heightened by their *contrast*; or, to employ Mr Hay’s words and views, ‘because they produce *harmony* in *opposition*, ‘in the same manner in which it is effected in music by accompaniment.’

Pursuing these colours throughout their combinations, Mr Hay comes to *tertiary* colours, which are combinations of the *secondary* ones, standing in the same relation to the secondaries that the secondaries do to the primaries. The *tertiary* colours are *three* in number, *olive* from the mixture of *purple* and *green*; *citron* from the mixture of *green* and *orange*; and *russet* from the mixture of *orange* and *purple*.

The *tertiary* colours give rise, by their combinations, to a series of other colours, such as *brown*, *marone*, *slate*, and through an endless number of gradations, ‘until they arrive at a perfect neutrality in *black*. This passage of *white* light into *black*, through the *decomposition* of white light into the *three primary* colours, and then through these *secondary*, *tertiary*, and other combinations, is beautifully illustrated by Mr Hay, in finely coloured diagrams, which give a great interest to the work.

In addition to the ‘relation of contrast in opposition,’ Mr Hay conceives that colours have ‘a relation in series,’ which he regards ‘as their melody,’ or ‘harmony in succession.’ The

YELLOW in the prismatic spectrum, for example, is melodized by the *two* compounds which it forms with the *red* and *blue*, namely, by the *orange* on the one side, and the *green* on the other:—the BLUE by the *green* and *purple*, and the RED by the *purple* and *orange*.

Mr Hay concludes this part of his subject, by mentioning ‘a striking coincidence between colour and sound, which has not been referred to in any work that he has consulted.’*

‘I have already,’ says he, ‘mentioned the phenomenon discovered by Buffon, of the accidental colour which appears with any given colour, and that such accidental or compensating colour, makes up the harmonious triad or concord. This, as I am informed by professors of music, is precisely the case when any given note is sounded on an instrument. It is always accompanied, or immediately succeeded by those which form a chord, and are termed in music the harmonics. This phenomenon in acoustics, is most perceptible in the sound of a bell in succession, and in accompaniment on the string of the violoncello.’—(P. 22.)

Such are the general principles by which Mr Hay directs his practice in the decorative art. They have, doubtless, a firm foundation, not only in those optical laws which regulate the *decomposition* of *white*, and the *combinations* of *coloured* light, but also, in those physiological actions of light upon the retina, on which the harmony and contrast of colours essentially depend. Considering *light*, as is now very generally done, as the undulations of a highly elastic medium; and therefore, resembling *sound* in the mode of its production, it was very natural to illustrate the phenomena of optics by those of acoustics, and to trace their analogies even beyond the limits of sober reasoning. After Newton had stated, that the boundaries of the seven colours of the spectrum, divided its length in ‘the manner of a musical chord,’ so that if any point X is taken as far beyond the extremity R, as the violet extremity V is from R; that is, if $RX = RV =$ the length of the spectrum, then the distance of all the boundaries of the colours from X, will be $1, \frac{8}{9}, \frac{5}{6}, \frac{3}{4}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{9}{16}, \frac{1}{2}$, representing the chords of the key, and of a tone, a third minor, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth major, a seventh, and an eighth above that key;†—after such a statement, it is not to be wondered at that his successors should have pursued so seducing an analogy, even though it has been overturned by subsequent discoveries. That there are *harmonic* colours, and that their existence may be proved, both by the laws of optics and the principles of physiology, cannot be questioned;—that *sounds* and *colours* have equally

* This analogy has been frequently noticed.

† Newton’s *Optics*, Book I. Part ii. Prop. 3.

their *harmonics* is also true;—and that Father Castel's *ocular harpsichord* is not altogether an illusion, however difficult it may be to construct it on his principles, and to bring out its melody, may be admitted. But that there is any analogy between the coloured spaces in the spectrum, and the divisions of a musical chord;—that 'the chromatic scale of the colours' has a counterpart in 'the diatonic series of the musician;' or that the analogy between the seven notes and the seven colours is made out by three *primary* colours and three *secondary* ones, and *white* light to complete the *seven*,—are positions which we cannot admit. Pursuing such deceitful analogies, Mr Hay has been led in the appendix to his work on the *Harmony of Form*, to make a bold inroad upon the domains of chemistry and physics. Considering light as composed of 'three primary parts, and sound as analogous to light in its three fundamental musical notes,' he states it to be 'very probable that atmospheric air is composed of *three* 'different kinds or forms of particles, quite unappreciable to the 'senses in any other way than by the effects of vibratory bodies 'upon the air.'

'He may, however, remark, that it appeared clear to him, that a certain number of vibrations in a second affected a certain class of these particles particularly; while the other two were affected subordinately, producing the harmonics; and that the secondary or intermediate notes were produced by two of these classes of particles being simultaneously and equally affected. These particles may be supposed to be circular, angular, and rectilineal, and to correspond to one another in the relative proportional musical quantities or intervals. They may also be subject to horizontal compression in proportion to the density of the atmosphere, in which case they would become horizontally lengthened, and in the same ratio vertically shortened—thus bringing distant objects more distinctly into view, and conveying distant sounds more distinctly to the ear. But this supposition is advanced with much diffidence.'—(*Harmony of Form*, pp. 48—50.)

* Father Castel, a learned Jesuit, was better known by his opposition to Newton's discoveries, than by any thing which he himself did. The idea of an *ocular* organ or harpsichord occurred to him about 1725; and M. Tellemann, who had seen one of these instruments in 1739, published a description of it, which was afterwards printed in 1740, at the end of Castel's work, entitled *L'optique des couleurs, fondée sur les simples observations, et tournée sur tout à la pratique de la peinture, de la teinture, et des autres arts coloristes*. The ocular harpsichord was a common harpsichord fitted up, so that when a certain note was sounded by striking the keys, a colour related to that sound was exhibited to the eye. The colours were adjusted to the notes by a fixed rule laid down by the author.

Now, we must say, that these speculations are unworthy of Mr Hay; and that they can have no other effect but to involve *science* in mysticism, and allure *art* from the solid groundwork of experimental truth into the quicksands of the imagination. The laws of harmonious colouring can have no other foundation than the doctrine of complementary or accidental colours, and the physiological action of light upon the retina; and so well understood are these branches of the science of vision, that they will supply the artist with abundant materials, whether he desires them as the basis of cautious speculation, or as the guide to correct practice.

In our review* of Goëthe's *Theory of Colours*, we have discussed at great length the theory of harmonic colours, in their application to the art of painting, and to the decorative arts; and it is a remarkable fact, that long before the discovery of accidental colours, or any of those phenomena on which the principles of harmony depend, the ancient masters had been led to an approximate and practical solution of the problem. There is, however, a prevailing defect which occurs in the works of many of the best masters. The *red* is generally opposed by a *blue*, in place of a *greenish blue*, or *bluish green*; and when there is not much *chiaro-oscuro* in the picture, the defect of harmony becomes very perceptible.

The division of colours into cold and warm, led the artist to introduce them in certain proportions into his picture, and he was thus conducted to a system approaching to that of harmonious colours. To a certain extent, warm has the same relation to cold colours as any one colour has to its harmonic colour. The cold *blue* must be balanced by a ruddy *orange*, and the warm *green* by a cold *red*; and it was doubtless by this principle that many of the ancient masters were guided. Titian, Rubens, and others, gave a predominance to the warm colours, and introduced such a portion of the cold ones as was necessary to produce compensation, and give variety to the picture. The *locality* of the colours in a picture has also been a topic of discussion among artists. This, we should have thought, depended wholly upon the nature of the subject, and upon the colour which was most suitable to the principal figure in the picture; but Mr West, misled by idle analogies, maintained that the *red* should occupy the parts of a picture *nearest* the light, and then should come the *orange*, *yellow*, and *green*. This mode of making his picture a spectrum he deduced from the *rainbow*, believing that the *red*

part of the bow was nearest the sun ! But if the *red* part of the inner or *primary* is *nearest* the sun, the *red* part of the outer or secondary rainbow is *farthest* from the sun, so that the doctrine of Mr West has no foundation whatever. But even if there had been only one *rainbow*, such as the primary one, it is ridiculous to say that the *red* side of it is nearer the sun than the *blue* side. The sun is *necessarily* opposite the *centre* of the rainbow, and has therefore the same relation to one side of it as it has to the other.

In applying the laws of harmonious colouring, the principal difficulty which the artist has to encounter is to determine among the variety of transparent, translucent, and opaque colours, which he must use, what colour or mixture of colours is complementary to, or the harmonic of, any other colour or mixture of colours. Had he to deal with the pure colours of the spectrum, whether primary or compound, the polariscope would exhibit to him in two partially overlapping circles,—the *red*, for example, in one circle, its complementary *green* in the other, and the overlapping parts *pure white*. But the pigments employed in the art have so little relation to the colours of solar light, that we cannot safely transfer to their contrasts and combinations the indications of the polariscope. Still, however, it must prove a valuable auxiliary ; it will show the artist the harmonic colours, which is an important step, and it will also show him what kind of *red*, for example, has a *green* for its harmonic tint ; what kind has a *greenish blue*, what kind has a *bluish green*, and what degree of approximation to *orange* the red must have when its harmonic colour becomes *blue*. The same observation is applicable to all the other colours ; and when we consider the almost infinite number of tints which may be produced by the *polariscope*, especially when the polarised rings or colours are obtained from crystals themselves more or less coloured, we cannot doubt that it will be a valuable guide to the colourist, whatever be the department of art which he professionally pursues.

We have formerly * explained a tentative process by which the artist might study the mutual influence and harmony of the colours he employs, by combining them in any proportion, and under any degree of illumination, with the symmetrical forms produced by the kaleidoscope. As colours are never seen alone either in nature or in her artificial representations, we cannot form any adequate idea of the effect of contrast or harmony, unless they are embodied in symmetrical or picturesque forms ; and

hence it was that the optical part of Father Castel's ocular harp-sichord was an entire failure. We hold, therefore, that the painter may derive essential advantage from studying colour and form in a state of combination; while in other branches of the fine and useful arts the actual formation of coloured patterns in the kaleidoscope, by making the real colours or the coloured materials the object exposed to the instrument, becomes an infallible guide, and enables him to select and combine his tints.

This process, however, is nothing more than an auxiliary to his own taste and judgment. It does not indicate to him the harmony or discord of his materials. We shall, therefore, endeavour to explain what we consider as the only sure and practical method of determining the harmonic colour of any pigment or coloured body, or colouring material, upon the supposition, of course, that, in its application to the particular art, it undergoes no change of tint in the process. If it does, the colouring matter in its altered condition should be subjected to the process we are about to describe.

Expose the colour to a light of considerable intensity, but not so great as to alter its proper hue; and having placed in front of it a rectilineal aperture, of the 20th, 30th, or 50th of an inch, analyse the colour by a prism with a considerable dispersive power, and a considerable refracting angle.* Even if the colour is tolerably homogeneous, it will still be found to contain a few rays of all colours, which will form a very feeble spectrum. In this spectrum, the colour under examination will give a spectrum of its own, lying, as it were, under or over the faint common spectrum. The observer will see at once *what* rays are wanting, or nearly so, in the general spectrum, and *where* they are wanting; and the defective rays, when combined, must form the complementary or harmonic colour. Let this colour be now submitted to the same process, and if the spectrum which it forms fill up, as it were, the blanks in the former spectrum, he may consider it as the true harmonic colour. Both the original and the harmonic colour may be analysed at the same time by the prism, when placed side by side, and it will be at once seen whether the coloured spaces of *least* intensity in the one, correspond with those of *greatest* intensity in the other. After the artist has acquired a little practical knowledge of the properties of the spec-

* Part of the rectilineal aperture may be occupied with common white light reflected from paper, to show the complete spectrum alongside of the defective one.

trum, and a little experience in making these very simple experiments, he cannot fail to derive great advantage from this mode of analysing his pure and his mixed colours.

In treating of *colours generally*, Mr Hay employs the word *hue* to denote any compound colour undiluted. *Primary* colours, therefore, cannot be called hues. In *secondary* colours, on the contrary, the hue changes with every change in the proportion of the ingredients, so that a great variety of hues arise from this cause,—*orange*, for example, varying from the *yellowest* to the *reddest*. The same is true of the *tertiary* combinations. The term *tint*, which is applicable to all *colours* and all *hues*, indicates the gradation of that colour or hue from its most intense state up to *whiteness*. The word *shade*, again, is applied to every gradation of a colour or hue in *depth*, from its perfect or intense state down to absolute blackness. This last condition of colours—namely, their transition to blackness by combining with other colours—Mr Hay illustrates by a beautiful coloured diagram.

In the application of his principles, Mr Hay observes, that *colouring*, like sound in music and poetry, must be an echo to the sense. The style of architecture, the situation of the house in town or country, the illumination of the apartments by direct or reflected light, and, he might have added, the relative number and size of the windows, must all be considered. The colour of the furniture, however, which is generally a point previously fixed, and the purpose to which the apartment is to be applied, are important elements in deciding upon the style and colours which the artist is to adopt.

After pointing out the prevailing errors in the practice of house-painting, Mr Hay proceeds, in his fourth chapter, to treat of *colours individually*, and exhibits to the eye, in six diagrams, each of the *three* primary colours in contrast with their *harmonic* colours, and passing through their deepest neutral hues, and also through their various combinations and gradations of hue down to *black*, omitting, of course, the numberless intermediate hues of shades between any two of these upon the diagrams.

In the *yellow*, for example, contrasted with its harmonic *purple*, we see their deepest neutral hues *brown* and *marone*, with the *tertiaries* of *citron* and *russet* as media.

In the *red*, in contrast with *green*, we see their deepest neutral hues *marone* and *slate*, with the *tertiaries* *russet* and *olive* as media.

In the *blue*, contrasted with *orange*, we see their deepest neutral hues *slate* and *brown*, with *olive* and *citron* as media.

Having treated of all the colours in succession, and laid down

such general and elementary rules as the artist may readily apply to his own department of art, Mr Hay proceeds in a separate section to treat of the *application of the arts of design and colouring to manufactures*. Our readers are no doubt aware, that within the last twenty years the indifference of England to the progress of her most national and valued arts had become an object of severe censure. In this Journal we have had occasion to denounce the conduct of our successive governments as unwise and unpatriotic, and we have reason to know that our labours were not fruitless. The transference of the power of extending the term of patents from Parliament to the Privy Council, and the act for establishing a Copyright of Design, have evinced some disposition on the part of public men to protect and advance the scientific and the manufacturing arts. In the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the state of the fine arts as applied to British manufactures, many facts were elicited, which, though they had been long well known, and pressed upon public attention by individual zeal, had yet made no impression upon the mind of the legislature, or rather had formed no part of the intellectual machinery which had been applied to the government of the country.

The great superiority of many articles of French manufacture, such as porcelain, fancy silks, paper hangings, ribands, &c., injured, to a very great extent, the sale of similar articles manufactured in Great Britain. The superior beauty of the patterns, the richness and harmony of their colours, the tasteful grouping of the figures, the adoption of the finest models of antiquity, and the introduction of flowers, fruit, and foliage, accurately imitating nature, have long ago given an impulse to the progress of the manufacturing arts in France, which they are only now beginning to receive in England. It has been the *fashion* in this country to boast, for the boast had no better foundation, that while the other governments of Europe fostered the arts and sciences by royal protection and national endowments, England has secured for them a more munificent patronage in the zeal of individual enterprise, and in the activity of private institutions. This erroneous judgment, now universally condemned in reference to the manufacturing arts, is still in force in reference to our scientific and literary institutions.

* A society has lately been organized for the re-establishment of schools of ornamental design throughout the country. The object of the institution is, to ‘spread a knowledge of the arts among the people, and to show the various modes of applying them to the different branches

It is not difficult to assign the cause of the inferiority of England in those branches of industry of which we have been speaking. We have no national institutions, no schools of design, where this species of knowledge is to be obtained; and those who, by the force of genius and indefatigable application, succeed in acquiring it, consider it a degrading task to minister at the shrine of the useful arts. In the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, there are separate professors of architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, perspective, and ornamental design; and the pupils in this latter department are so numerous, that the professor requires an assistant. The pupils are required to make each an original design within a given number of hours, and rewards are bestowed on the most successful. In the School of Arts at Lyons, all the youths are educated who display an aptitude for drawing or imitative design of any kind applicable to manufactures; and hence the most eminent painters, sculptors, botanists, and florists in that city, ‘become,’ as Dr Ure expresses it, ‘eventually associated with the staple trade, and devote to it their happiest conceptions.’ We are informed by the same able writer, that, ‘among the weavers of Lyons, and all persons connected with devising patterns, much attention is devoted to every thing in any way connected with the beautiful, either in figure or colour. Weavers may be seen, in their holiday leisure, gathering flowers, and grouping them in the most engaging combinations. They are continually suggesting new designs to their employers, and are thus the fruitful source of elegant patterns.’

The desire of all young artists to rise into a higher sphere of labour, and the fact that no eminent artists in this country stoop to the level of the decorative arts, are doubtless the causes why ‘mediocrity of talent in the fine arts,’ as Mr Hay states, ‘is multiplied beyond all probable means of employment.’ He informs us that he has known many an industrious young man,

‘of trade and manufactures. A branch society has been formed at Manchester, to act in connexion with the central society in London; and similar branches are in progress elsewhere. There is scarcely any pursuit with which the arts are not immediately or remotely connected. The engine-maker, the builder, the upholsterer and decorator, the coach-maker, the goldsmith and jeweller, the pattern-drawer, the engraver and printer, the tailor, and many more, are, by profession, either designers, modellers, or colourists.’ The society propose also to open a school for females, under the superintendence of competent female teachers who have offered their assistance.

of moderate talent, who might ‘ have raised himself to the head
 ‘ of ornamental painting, sacrifice himself to a life of penury and
 ‘ neglect, from the vain ambition of becoming a portrait or a
 ‘ landscape painter;’ and, in illustration of this fact, he has given
 us the following interesting anecdote of Sir Walter Scott:—

‘ A young aspirant of this kind, (we presume Mr Hay himself,) during his apprenticeship, had produced some pictures which attracted the notice of this great man, who, with that goodness of heart by which he was so distinguished, took the youth under his particular patronage, and got him admitted to the Academy of the Honourable the Board of Trustees. This young man, at the expiry of his indenture, like most others in similar circumstances, turned his back upon the humble profession of house-painting, to which he was bred, and laboured strenuously to gain a livelihood by painting pictures. Whether the penetrating eye of this wonderful man had seen, by the appearance of his protégé, the difficulties he was encountering, or by his works that he had got a long probation to undergo before attaining eminence as an artist, is not known—probably both; but on one occasion, shortly after the expiry of his apprenticeship, when he waited upon his patron with a picture which he had been commissioned to paint, Sir Walter addressed him nearly as follows:—“ I have thought for some time, that were young men who have a genius for painting, and who are not possessed of sufficient patrimony to enable them to follow such a course of study as alone can raise them to eminence in the fine arts, to endeavour to improve those professions in which a taste for painting is required, it would be a more lucrative field for their exertion. I know no profession that stands more in need of this than that to which you have been bred, and if you will follow my advice, you will apply yourself to its improvement, instead of struggling with the difficulties that you must meet in following the higher walks of art.” In conclusion, he encouraged his protégé, by promising him his own house at Abbotsford to begin upon, the building of which had just commenced. I need scarcely add that this advice was followed, and the illustrious individual who gave it lived to see and acknowledge the satisfaction he felt from the beneficial effects that resulted from it. I trust its insertion here may be equally serviceable to others; for it would have been well for many who are now struggling with those difficulties pointed at in Sir Walter’s advice, had they, at their outset in life, had such a counsellor.”—(P. 67, 68.)

Mr Hay concludes his interesting volume on *Harmonious Colouring*, with *Remarks on the Mechanical Department of House-Painting*, including the imitations of woods and marbles, which cannot fail to be acceptable to all professional painters. There is, indeed, a portion of the work from which amateurs as well as artists may well derive important information; and we would venture even to recommend it as a household-book, to direct the taste of the purchasers of carpets and curtains, the wearers of ribands and silk gowns, and the industrious knitters of tapestry!

From the *Harmony of Colour* Mr Hay was naturally led to study the *Harmony of Form*, a subject much more difficult to investigate—much less understood—more under the dominion of controversy—less regulated by physical principles—and one where the results, whatever they be, will be boldly denied and assailed. Notwithstanding all that has been written on the influence of association in matters of taste, we are convinced with Burke, that ‘wherever the best taste differs from the worst, the *understanding* operates, and nothing else;’ and that whatever be the charm with which association may invest the colours, and the sounds, and the forms of the living world, they constitute a class essentially different, and necessarily separable from those minute and natural elements of beauty which the eye and the ear recognise, and to whose perception the mind responds with its deepest emotions.

We consider this question, which has been discussed principally by metaphysical writers, as one entirely analogous to Berkeley’s *Theory of Vision*, which has been so generally adopted by almost every author of the same class. Those who deny that man, with his perfect organs of sight, cannot see distance, or a third dimension in space, and at the same time willingly admit that this distance is instantly seen by the duckling and the serpent when they emerge from their shell, may consistently maintain the doctrine that colours and forms, in their state of combination, have in themselves neither beauty nor grandeur. The metaphysical tribunal, however, is not the exclusive judgment-seat for questions like these. Physical science claims her jurisdiction, and art hers; and though their rights of judgment have been denied, or at least questioned, they will cheerfully allow the metaphysician a third voice in this triple court of appeal.

Our limits will not allow us to discuss this most important subject at present—a subject which the writings of Mr Bailey have again brought into discussion. We shall merely lay before our readers an account of the opinions and views of Mr Hay on *Harmony of Form*, with such observations as they may suggest.

Following almost all our most distinguished artists, whether painters, sculptors, architects, or landscape-gardeners, Mr Hay maintains ‘that the impressions made upon the eye by forms are really founded upon natural principles, and that the proportions and peculiarities of form which produce the most pleasing impressions, are in reality, as well as appearance, dictated by nature and art, *being* a response to these principles in the human mind.’ These principles he calls the principles of *linear harmony*; and in his attempt to develop them, he endeavours to

establish a strict analogy between the *three* harmonies of *Form*, *Sound*, and *Colour*.

‘Forms,’ says he, ‘are therefore analogous to sounds and colours in their effects upon the senses, and through the senses upon the mind. But the proving this analogy would do little in the promotion of an intelligible system of harmony of forms; it must be shown that a perfect analogy also exists in the component parts producing these effects.’—(P. 9, 10.)

In pursuing these ideas Mr Hay involves himself in a maze, through which, we are sorry to say, we cannot follow him. We cannot admit his analogies as any thing else but ingenious plausibilities, which will not bear the test of a rigorous examination. To express in musical notes the *Melody of the Parthenon*, the *Melody of its Portico*, and the *Melody of the Farnese Palace*, may be tolerated in the poetry but not in the geometry of science.

In order to show that harmony of form depends upon *three* homogeneous parts, Mr Hay goes on to make a few observations upon *lines*, by which, whether real or imaginary, all forms are represented. He maintains—

1. That there are *three* kinds of lines used in producing forms, viz. the *straight* line, the *crooked* line, and the *curve* line.

2. The *straight* line has *three* positions, *horizontal*, *perpendicular*, or *oblique*.

3. The *crooked* line may be crooked in three different ways, into a *right angle*, an *acute angle*, and an *obtuse angle*.

4. The *curve* line may be curved in *three* different ways, into a *circle*, an *ellipse*, and a *volute*.

Mr Hay next states to us that in *Form* there are only *three* simple, primitive, and homogeneous parts; viz. the *circle*, the *triangle*, and the *square*. These forms he considers as truly homogeneous, because they admit of no change in any of their parts without changing their character. They are thus, he adds, analogous to the primitive parts of sound and colour in their number; and he proceeds to show that they arise out of one another in the same relative proportional quantities.

For the proof of this proposition we must refer our readers to Mr Hay’s work, as no extract or abridgement could convey an adequate idea of the process of analogical reasoning which he employs, and which, we must confess, has chiefly ingenuity to recommend it. In the application, however, of his views to *Architecture*, the following observations possess some interest. He defines ‘melody of form,’ or ‘linear harmony,’ to be ‘simply the general outline—the manner in which’ the *three*, the *crooked*, *angular*, and *curve*, lines ‘follow one another;’ the melody of form alone being appreciable when the composi-

tions of architecture and sculpture are ‘viewed against a light sky.’ The ‘three kinds of lines or forms which they inscribe,’ must be ‘employed in the outline of every composition of architecture, in all cases where it also may meet the eye.’ In ‘melody of form the passage from one part to another must in general be gradual and connected—a rule followed by the ancients. The melody of an edifice may enter into combination with surrounding objects on the ground upon which it is placed, or it may form an independent melody of its own.’

In order to illustrate these views, Mr Hay applies his principles to the Parthenon, the Pantheon, and the Farnese palace.

‘The most perfectly harmonious production,’ he remarks, ‘in architecture that exists, is, by the concurrent opinion of the best judges in all ages since its production, the Parthenon of Athens. Whether this structure owes its perfection to an acquaintance with a particular system of applying the natural principles of form to architecture, lost to succeeding ages, or to the natural genius of the designer alone, is a matter of doubt, and may ever remain so. But whether the knowledge of the artist was acquired or intuitive, it must be admitted that the elements of harmony are transcendently displayed in this great work.

‘The melody, or general outline of the temple itself, seems to enter into combination with the hill upon which it stands, and thus to make up the harmonic triad of the third class of forms. * * * * This melody is only appreciable at such a distance as allows the general outline of the temple, in combination with the hill upon which it was placed, to be encompassed by the eye of the spectator; consequently when he ascended the Acropolis the curvilinear forms, which at a distance made up the harmonic triad, disappeared. Instead of which, however, the most beautiful harmony of combination was presented to his view, accompanied, as has been proved by late investigations, with an equally perfect harmony of colour. The curvilinear forms so amply supplied in the distance, which, like cool colours in nature, always predominate in the most pleasing combinations, he now finds in equal proportionate quantity, not only in the horizontal and perpendicular lines of the columns, but in the exquisite bas-reliefs which embellish the frieze and tympanum. The taste and knowledge of the artist is further displayed; for, that there might be no harsh or sudden transition from the curve to the perfectly straight line, *the architrave, frieze, and cornices, approach the tympanum by an almost imperceptible curve.*’—Pp. 36, 38.

From this general view of the Parthenon Mr Hay proceeds to give the melody of the portico, or front elevation of the Parthenon, which ‘from the base of the columns to the extreme point of the pediment’ is inscribed by the parallelogram.’ By a process which requires a diagram for its explanation, Mr Hay deduces, from an assumed combination of circles, ellipses, parallelograms, and triangles, the dimensions of all the parts of the portico, which agree tolerably well with the dimensions given in

Stuart's Athens ; but we are satisfied that many other processes might be devised which would give the same result ; and we cannot conceive how any conclusions, of either interest or importance, could be deduced from the coincidence between the results of such a process and the actual dimensions of the edifice.

The part which we have printed in italics at the end of the above quotation, Mr Hay does not attempt to deduce from any linear combinations. He gives it on the respectable authority of Colonel Mure of Caldwell ; but it is a fact so extraordinary, that we cannot resist laying before our readers the whole of the very interesting passage in which Colonel Mure has described this new discovery :—

‘ A curious discovery, relative to the more subtle mechanism of the structure of the Parthenon, has recently been announced by Mr Metzger, a Bavarian architect, as the result of researches which were in progress at the period of my visit to Athens. This gentleman asserts, that by a series of observations, carried on with great nicety through every portion of the edifice, he has ascertained that *there is not a straight line of any considerable length in its whole extent*, with the exception, if I mistake not, of those of the gable of the pediments. That the vertical lines of the building have a certain inclination *outwards* was already well known, and is indeed *apparent to the eye of an ordinary observer*. His investigations apply more especially to the horizontal lines of the architrave, and by consequence to the parallel portions of the entablature, frieze, cornice, &c., together with the basement or platform on which the columns stand. The masonry of all these portions of the edifice has been found to be arched or curved upwards, though in a degree so slight as not to be perceptible, unless on very accurate inspection ; but by placing the eye, for example, at the extremity of any one of the principal lines above mentioned, the deviation from the horizontal will be very apparent. This peculiarity of structure he found to be carried through every portion of the fabric, in so uniform a manner as to prove it to be the result of system. These observations are said to have since been verified by several other members of the same profession.

‘ In considering what may have been the object of this apparent anomaly, one is naturally led, in the first instance, to take into account the liberties in which the ancient architects occasionally indulged, in aid of the optical effect of their buildings. It is not, however, easy to see how any advantage of this sort could have been either proposed or attained in the present case. The object, it may be presumed, was here not elegance, but solidity ; and thus the Parthenon itself, there can be little doubt, supplies another evidence, in addition to those adduced in different parts of this journal, of the familiarity of the Greek masons with the principle of the arch. In a country subject to earthquakes, the smallest degree of concentric pressure, such as would result from this peculiarity of structure, if carried through the whole edifice, would be greatly conducive to its durability, while not so perceptible to the eye as to affect its symmetry.

‘In a letter from Athens, read by Mr Hamilton to the Royal Society of Literature, on the 13th March 1840, it is stated that the same peculiarity is also observable in the Theseum.’*

Disposed as we are to be sceptical on this subject, the authorities upon which Colonel Mure’s statement rests will not allow us to call them in question. Had the upward curvature of the horizontal lines occurred only occasionally, we might have ascribed it to accident; but its systematic prevalence throughout the whole edifice, and its existence in the temple of Theseus, prove that it has been the result of design. Colonel Mure has alluded to the only causes to which we think it can be reasonably ascribed; namely, to a desire on the part of the architect to promote the optical effect of the temple, or, what he thinks most probable, to increase, by concentric pressure, the stability of the edifice. We are disposed to adopt the hypothesis which Colonel Mure rejects. We do not see how a curvilinear outline has any thing to do with the principle of the arch, unless the joints of the stones converge to a centre—a fact which has not been alleged; and even then there could be no increase of stability, not even when the building is exposed to a force or pressure from below. We are, therefore, driven to suppose either that the architect had no object at all in view, or that he intended to counteract some of those optical illusions to which we are subject, in viewing straight lines and planes stretching out from the eye. Illusions of this kind, however, which seem never to have been studied by the ancient philosophers, were not likely to be noticed by architects; and the optical writers of antiquity afford us no ground for believing that they were acquainted with those singular illusions in the classification of lines, planes, and solids, which are only now beginning to occupy the attention of philosophers.

In a short Appendix to his work on *Form*, Mr Hay has stated that ‘combinations of lines seem to have their discords as well as concords;’ and, as examples of this, he mentions a vertical line placed upon a line inclined to the horizon—a straight line placed horizontally upon, and in contact with a curve line, in which case the straight line appears curved in the opposite direction—oblique lines meeting a straight line with different degrees of obliquity, and straight lines meeting curve lines otherwise than ‘at right angles,’ or rather otherwise than at an angle of 180 degrees.

* Journal of a Tour in Greece and the Ionian Islands. * By Colonel MURE of Caldwell, Vol. ii. p. 320, 321: Edinburgh, 1842.—This able and well-written Tour was, some time ago, reviewed in this Journal.

These observations and facts are just and true; but they merely touch a subject of vast extent and importance in the fine arts which has never yet been studied, but which is capable of being treated as a branch of physiological optics, 'in which the understanding operates, and nothing else.' We shall endeavour, with as much perspicuity as our narrow limits will permit, to give our readers some idea of this curious subject.

When a straight line is cut by a series of concentric circles or arches of such circles, or when it is cut by small arches of circles slightly curved, or when it is cut by a number of other straight lines at very oblique angles, *the straight line thus cut* no longer appears a straight line. A slight *refraction*, as it were, or bending, appears to take place at every intersection. Hence, if such intersections were to occur in any combination of forms, such a combination could not be beautiful. Burke might have said, that this defect of beauty arose from 'sharpness of angles causing a twitching or convulsion of the optic nerve,' and his conjecture would not have been a very erroneous one, however incorrect would have been its mode of expression; for the effect is produced by the action upon the retina of sharp luminous spaces contained by dark lines, which, like the action of luminous points and close parallel lines, invariably disturbs vision.

In the beautiful forms of Grecian architecture, no such intersections of lines are found. The combination of straight lines, which forms so remarkable a feature in Greek temples, takes place at right angles, and it is in the pediment alone where the lines meet obliquely. There, however, the trilateral form was necessary to complete that general harmony which arises from the vision of triangular, quadrangular, and curvilinear forms; and the injurious effect which arises from the meeting of lines obliquely, is prevented by the discontinuance of the lines at their point of contact.

But the most interesting illusions connected with the vision of forms, are those which relate to plane surfaces stretching out from the eye, or walls standing in front of it. When the celebrated philosopher Bouguer was in Peru, he made a number of valuable experiments on this subject. When ascending with his companions the steep flanks of the Cordilleras of the Andes, he found that they became inaccessible when the inclination to the horizon was from 35° to 37° . The traveller could no longer make his way unless he found stones to serve him for steps, or clung to the shrubs and plants in his path. Under these circumstances M. Bouguer and all of his party agreed in estimating the inclination of the slope at 60° or 70° . In continuing these observations, he found that the difference between the *real* and

the estimated or apparent inclinations of planes stretching from the eye, varied from 0° to 25° or 30° at a maximum.

When the plane is horizontal, the apparent plane rises above the horizon about 4° or 5° . The difference between the two increases as the real plane becomes more inclined, and at a particular angle not exactly determined, that difference is about 25° or 30° . The difference continues even when the real plane is inclined 9° , or is *vertical* like the wall of a house. But, what is very curious, the apparent plane is still above the real plane when the latter dips below the horizontal line; or, in other words, the *real* plain or declivity is *more steep* than the apparent one. When the inclination of the descent is between 20° and 25° , the real plane and the apparent plane coincide; and, passing this angle, the *real* plane is *less steep* than the apparent one. When the plane is a vertical wall rising above the spectator, Bouguer has found that it appears to hang over, as if it were falling towards the observer.

When the planes are horizontal and extended, such as a flat champaign country, the same eminent observer has found that its *form* as well as its *inclination* is changed. Such a plane has the appearance of a curved surface, the curvature of which approaches to that of an hyperbola, having its centre at a certain depth (greater than the height of the observer's eye, but not double of it) below the feet of the observer, with its first axis very short and its second axis very long. The first part of the curve, where it springs from the observer's feet, is sensibly coincident with the asymptote, or inclined 4° or 5° to the horizon. Beyond this the curvature increases, but quickly degenerates into a straight line. When the height of the observer increases, the centre of the hyperbola is the more depressed, and the asymptote the more inclined to the horizon. When the spectator is placed at a great height above the plane, the simple dimensions of the curve do not at all change in the same proportion. The centre of the hyperbola from which the asymptote sets out is more depressed in proportion, and the angle which the asymptote forms with the axis becomes more acute; but the part of the ground which appeared to coincide with the asymptote acquires always a greater extent.

Now if what is true of surfaces be, as it ought to be, true of lines, which are sections of these surfaces, then we see the reason why the lines of the architrave and basement of the Parthenon and Theseum are curved *upwards*. If the eye is below the planes of which these lines are sections, then the optical illusion in question would give them the appearance of lines with their curvature *downwards*, and in order to correct this illusion a slight *upward*

curvature becomes necessary. In this hypothetical explanation we place little confidence; for if it is applicable to a temple like the Parthenon when seen from below, it cannot apply to a temple like the Theseum when the eye is placed above the basement line—that is, it can apply only to the lines of the architrave, &c.

With regard to the other curious remark of Colonel Mure, that the vertical lines of these edifices ‘have a certain inclination outwards,’ and that this was ‘apparent to the eye of an ordinary observer,’ we are somewhat perplexed. Though we infer it from his mode of expression, yet he does not positively say that this inclination is real, and has been determined by the plumb-line applied to opposite sides of the edifice. If it is only *apparent*, the illusion is explained by the experiments above detailed. Had the inclination been *inwards** and *real*, it might have been ascribed to a desire to counteract the optical illusion; but if it is *outward* and *real*, we can see no explanation of it whatever. An inclination *outwards* would certainly not increase the strength of the edifice, either as a gravitating mass, or as a combination of arch-stones assailed from below.

* A gentleman just returned from Greece, and aware of these discoveries, distinctly stated to us that the *inclination* was *inwards*.

Since this short statement was written, we find the following observations, by Mr George Finlay, published in the *Athenæum* of August 6, Vol. xliii. p. 714:—

‘It is well known that no two columns of the Parthenon correspond exactly. The axis of no column being exactly through its centre, every column has likewise *an inclination towards* the centre of the building; and the basement on which they stand, and the architrave which they support, rises in the middle of the side. * * * Cicero seems to have held that a man must have been an utter barbarian who could so utterly fail to admire one of the most distinctive beauties of the Grecian peristyle; and we subjoin the whole passage, as possessing especial interest, for it has not yet been sufficiently attended to in illustrating this peculiarity of Domestic architecture:—“Venit ipse in ædem Castoris: considerat templum: videt undique tectum pulcherrime laqueatum, preterea cetera nova atque integra: versat se, quærit quid agat. Dicit et quidem ex illis cambus quos iste Liguri dixerat esse circa se multos. *Tu, Verres! hic quod moliare nihil habes, nisi forte vis ad perpendicularum columnas exigere.* Homo omnium imperitus quærit quid sit perpendicularum. Dicunt ei fere nullam esse columnam quæ ad perpendicularum esse possit. Jam mehercule, inquit, sic agamus: columnæ ad perpendicularum exigantur.”—Orat. in Verrem, Act. ii. Cap. li. Ed. J. Aug. Ernesti. Lond. 1830.

It is obvious, from these remarks, that lines, whether they act alone, or as the boundaries of surfaces, or as the edges of solids—and planes, whether they act alone or as the limits of solids—give rise, during their action on the retina, to certain optical illusions which affect the beauty and symmetry of the architectural forms which they compose; and therefore beauty and symmetry must depend, to a certain extent, on the absence of that physical influence.

But there are two other classes of illusions that tend to produce discords in the harmony of form; namely, those which have been called the *inversion of perspective*, and the *conversion of relief*. When we look through a telescope obliquely at a rectangular sign-board, its horizontal lines vanish in a point *towards*, in place of *from*, the observer. The farthest side of the board and the farthest off letters, appear larger than the nearest side and the nearest letters. The perspective of the sign-board is therefore inverted. We have found the same illusions to exist when no telescope is employed. We confess that we are unable to give any explanation of this remarkable effect.* The conversion of cameos into intaglios, and of intaglios into cameos, called by Professor Wheatstone the *conversion of relief*, forms another class of illusions which greatly affect our vision of forms; but though both these subjects have very important applications to the arts, we must content ourselves, at present, with this slight reference to them.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to give our readers a very intelligible account of Mr Hay's remaining work *On Proportion, or the Geometrical Principle of Beauty*.

‘Proportion,’ says Mr Hay, ‘in its simplest mode is to form what time is to music, or measure to poetry; but in its more complex mode, it is to form what grammar is to language, or harmony to music. Proportion may be in the relative sizes of two or more objects—the relative dimensions that the length bears to the breadth of an object—the relative obtuseness or acuteness of various angles—the relative classes of curvature in various objects, or in the parts of one object; or, it may be, in the general relation that various forms bear to one another in rendering their combinations harmonious. Proportion is, in short, that geometrical quality in forms and figures by which they are rendered pleasing to the sense of sight, independently of their use or any other consideration.’—(P. 1, 2.)

* Professor Forbes, in a paper in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Journal*, has given an ingenious explanation of the illusion as seen through a telescope; but it is not satisfactory.

The preceding quotation is immediately followed by a description of the structure of the human eye; and that again by an attempt to show that by the division of the circular section of the eyeball 'into twelve parts, and by drawing from each of these parts two straight lines to the other parts, we discover the manner of its division into the various parts by which its extraordinary functions are performed.' Mr Hay's views, however, on these subjects are more ingenious than sound, and are not calculated to throw much light on the subject of his work.

After treating of the three simple and homogeneous figures, the *circle*, *triangle*, and *square*, and their correspondence with the three primary colours, and the three primary parts of sound, the 1st, 3d, and 5th notes, Mr Hay adopts the *rectangle*, the *rhomb*, the *hexagon*, and the *dodecagon*, as corresponding with the four secondary colours, *orange*, *green*, *purple*, and *neutral*, and with the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 7th notes in music. He then treats 'of the circle and other curvilinear figures;' 'of the square and other rectangular figures;' 'of the triangle,' and 'of polygons;' and he concludes with three sections of the 'geometry of harmony,' 'of the harmony of geometry,' and 'of the harmonic ratios of numbers.'

In the section 'On the Geometry of Harmony,' Mr Hay shows that, agreeably to the established laws of Acoustics, three leading harmonies are produced by portions of the monochord relating proportionably to one another in the first instance, or within an octave, as 1 to 2, 2 to 3, and 4 to 5, and are called the 8th, 5th, and 3d degrees of the diatonic scale; but that, when the proportions of the monochord are as 1 to 2, 1 to 3, and 1 to 5, the harmonies of an 8th, a 12th, and a 17th are produced. Hence, by dividing a quadrant into 2, 3, and 5 parts, he obtains three dominant rectangles, which he considers as having an 'harmonious' relation to one another; that is, the *square*, whose diagonal is inclined 45° , or half a right angle to the sides; a rectangle whose diagonal is inclined 60° , or two-thirds of a right angle; and a third rectangle, whose diagonal is inclined four-fifths of a right angle to one of the sides.

In considering the formation of these three rectangles, we cannot discover any reason why their proportions, 'by acting mechanically upon the eye,' should give them an harmonic character. While the eye surveys these geometrical forms, it does not take cognizance of the *proportion of the angles at their diagonals*; and it cannot do it, because the diagonals are not seen; but it may take cognizance of the sides of the rectangles, or, when the diagonal is drawn, of the ratio of either of the sides to this diagonal. Hence it follows, that if two or more consecutive rect-

angles harmonize with one another, such as those which are formed by the solids and vacuities of a building, it must be because their *sides*, (or their *areas*, which are proportional to the sides when the altitudes are the same,) have a certain proportion. These are the only measurable quantities which the eye sees, and consequently they are those only, from the harmony of which, if it does exist, beauty can be derived.

Adopting this principle, the three harmonic rectangles, if such exist, must be the *square*, the *rectangle* whose sides are as 2 to 1, and the *rectangle* whose sides are as 3 to 1. The angles of the triangles which compose these rectangles, are $63^{\circ} 26'$ and $26^{\circ} 34'$ for the first, and $71^{\circ} 34'$ and $18^{\circ} 26'$ for the second, instead of 60° , and 30° , and 72° , and 18° , as given by Mr Hay.

Now this view of the subject is doubtless that taken by Plato in the following passage :—

‘Of many triangles, therefore, we shall establish one as most beautiful; I mean the *equilateral*, which is composed from three parts of a scalene triangle. To assign the reason of this would, indeed, require a prolix dissertation; but a pleasant reward will remain for him who, by a diligent investigation, finds this to be the case. We have, therefore, selected two triangles out of many, from which the body of fire and other elements is fabricated; one of which is *isosceles*, but the other is that which always has its *longer side triply greater in power than the shorter*.’ —(Taylor’s *Plato*, Vol. ii. p. 524.)

In all these three triangles, the beauty is obviously considered as depending on the *proportion of the sides*, which are all visible magnitudes. In the third of these triangles, supposed to have two sides and a hypotenuse, the angles are $71^{\circ} 34'$, as at the diagonal of our rectangle. If the eye had been supposed to take cognizance of the *longest* of the three sides and the *shortest*, then the angle would be $70^{\circ} 30'$; that is, an angle whose secant is triple the radius. In the other triangle, in which the ratio of 2 to 1 is expressed, the angle will be 60° , when the proportion of the *shortest* to the *longest* of the same sides is considered, agreeing with Mr Hay. Hence, it is manifest that no fixed principle is embodied in these views; for when we take the ratio of the longest and shortest sides in one case, the result agrees with Mr Hay’s ratio of the angles; whereas, in another case, the deviation from Mr Hay’s ratio is greater even than when we take the ratio of the *shorter* to the *longer* of the two sides.

From these dry and intricate discussions we must now proceed to give our readers some account of Mr Hay’s ingenious methods of applying his views to practice. In his PLATES VII. and VIII., he has given us *three* beautifully executed harmonic diagrams, or circular arrangements of the homogenous angles.

These diagrams are formed by drawing lines from each angle of a polygon to every other angle. When the sides of the polygon are equal, the intersections form various concentric polygons, which approach the figure of the circle so nearly that they deceive the eye at first sight, though they have not a single curved line in their composition. But when the sides of the polygon are irregular, an effect is produced in which no particular figure is distinguishable; and the apparent curves, instead of being circular, are hyperbolic.

‘Such combinations of lines,’ says Mr Hay, ‘may be termed *capriccios* in the harmony of form, which, although they display every variety of figure harmoniously arranged, have no subject, and are consequently mere exemplifications of dexterity. Yet are they suggestive of subjects, especially in mere ornamental design, and I shall, therefore, add other four compositions—or more properly combinations—of this kind. They are of a totally opposite character, being angular arrangements of the homogeneous curve, while the former may be termed circular arrangements of the homogeneous angle. These combinations may be multiplied to any extent, and the result never be otherwise than pleasing while the harmonic ratios are attended to. It will be observed in those diagrams, that, as the straight line assumed the appearance of the curve in the circular mode of combination, so does the curve assume the appearance of the straight line in those combinations that are angular.’ —(Pp. 61, 62.)

The diagrams constituting PLATES IX., X., XI., and XII., are executed with singular accuracy, and are exceedingly interesting. Mr Hay intends to publish, ‘a series of Diagrams upon the same principles, with the diaper designs resulting from them;’ and we are disposed to think that very beautiful forms and patterns may be thus produced. In looking at these diagrams, both with reference to their geometrical structure, and their physiological action upon the eye, which their component lines exercise, two observations have presented themselves to us. After looking at them for some time, with the head steady, the whole area of the diagram, especially of those in plates XI. and XII., appears darker than the ground of the paper, as if the area were shaded with a very pale solution of Indian ink. In a short time the area appears coloured; some parts being of a palish red, and the others of a palish green tinge. All this arises from the physiological action of the black lines upon the retina, diminishing its sensibility, and disturbing its regular transmission of white light to the brain. This effect is seen in its maximum state when we look fixedly, and for a while, on the close black lines which form sea in particular maps. When we look at Mr Hay’s diagrams

* See *Lond. and Edin. Phil. Journal*, Vol. i. p. 169. Sept. 1832.
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directly in front, there is a general pattern exhibited to the eye; but upon continuing to look, the eye will lose one pattern and take up another, and sometimes a third and a fourth. This singular variety of patterns is increased in number, and each of them is better developed, as the eye views the diagram at different degrees of obliquity, and in different azimuths. These effects arise from the various direction of the component curves, similar parts of which, having similar directions, combine to produce the various forms which are successively developed. Now, as the carpets of rooms, geometrical pavements, and paper-hangings, are all viewed by the spectator with various degrees of obliquity, might it not be desirable to invent patterns, which, though they might not be the most beautiful when seen *directly*, have the power of developing in succession a series of beautiful combinations, when viewed, as they always must be, at different obliquities? These effects might be greatly increased by giving certain portions of the component curves greater intensity of colour, or greater breadth, and by introducing particular tints into particular spaces, symmetrically placed in the pattern.

Mr Hay promises us another treatise, containing the application of his system to the various arts in which it is calculated to be useful; but he thinks it would be premature to apply rules until their accuracy is acknowledged. We would dissuade Mr Hay from this pause in his career. The acknowledgment of statutes in the republic of art is scarcely to be expected: The eye is the only tribunal before which questions of form and points of order can be justly and satisfactorily decided; and with his fine taste and sound judgment, Mr Hay may safely surrender himself for trial.

Notwithstanding some trivial points of difference between Mr Hay's views and our own, we have derived the greatest pleasure from the perusal of these works. They are all composed with accuracy, and even elegance. His opinions and views are distinctly brought before the reader, and stated with that modesty* which characterises genius, and that firmness which indicates truth. We trust they will be generally read, and that they will be considered as ornamental in the drawing-room as they will be found useful in the workshop.

ART. III.—*Memoiren von Karl Heinrich, RITTER VON LANG : Skizzen aus meinem Leben und Wirken, meinen Reisen und meiner Zeit.* 2 B^{de}. Braunschweig, 1842. (Memoirs of Charles Henry, Knight of Lang : Sketches of my Life and active Career, my Travels, and my Time. 2 vols. 12mo. Brunswick, 1842.)

IN a former Number we attempted to give a slight sketch of the state and aspect of German society before Europe had felt that mighty convulsion which has shaken all the relations of social life, and all the ideas upon which those relations rest, or by which they are governed. We say advisedly, all; for we are persuaded that there is no corner, however secluded, of social or domestic life, through which the vibration is not felt.

Having seen a little of Germany in her more tranquil days, we are now about to catch a partial glimpse of her, tottering on the brink of the abyss into which she was soon to fall. That awful catastrophe, and the regeneration by which it was succeeded, may perhaps afford matter for future consideration. Our present task is a painful one. It brings us to the contemplation of an august and venerable body in the last stage of feebleness and corruption; exposed by the parricidal hands of its sons to the insults and lacerations, and betrayed by their meanness and selfishness to the rapacity, of the stranger. If, in the following article, we are forced out of the province of domestic and social life, which is more agreeable to our taste, we entreat our readers to recollect that it is the inevitable consequence of the evil times we are fallen upon. German life, as we have seen it, was inextricably bound up with the existence and character of the Germanic empire. Danzig or Nürnberg could have been no other than free imperial cities; Gotha, than the capital of a small principality; and so on. The Ecclesiastical States had a character of their own—and one, we may add, on which it is allowable to look back with regret, as models of mild, pacific government. With the overthrow of the great body of which these were the various and widely differing members, their peculiar life was overthrown; and it is impossible to detach the consideration of the one from that of the other.

The further we advance in the great historical drama, the more will domestic life fall into the background; or rather, the more deeply will it be coloured by political events. How, for example, would it be possible to account for the state of many an honourable household in Berlin in the years 1811-12, with an expenditure narrowed to bare necessities; servants dismissed

every article of show or luxury gone—in many, not even a gold ring or a silver spoon left—without the explanations so fearfully and so nobly afforded by the exactions of the invader, and the zeal which flinched before no personal sacrifice for his expulsion? Without, therefore, abandoning the domain of ‘Manners and Customs,’ we shall see, first, how these affected the political condition of the country; and may perhaps afterwards try to show how they were again reacted on by the overthrow of monarchs and states.

We must premise that the book before us gives the most unfavourable picture of the last days of the Empire;—indeed, of all that it describes. The author belongs to a class of men for whom we entertain neither affection nor respect. He is essentially a *derisor*; and, like all writers of that temper, seems never so well pleased as when men act in so base and absurd a manner as to justify contempt and derision. While they fancy themselves emancipated from prejudice, and believe that they take a large and dispassionate view of human things, they are in fact condemned to the narrowest one-sidedness; for what is a more miserable defect of vision than to see only the deformed? Yet, as is undoubtedly the case with the book before us, they often reveal truths from which a more earnest mind may draw useful as well as grave reflections. All that they see *is there*; but there is a great deal which they do not see. They want the appropriate moral visual organs.

A curious instance of this partial blindness occurs in our author's account of the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Frankfurt, in which there is not a single incident nor image that is not exquisitely ludicrous and mean. If we turn from this to Goethe's description of the same ceremony, at the coronation of Joseph II. in 1764, we shall see how true it is that *omne receptum modo recipientis recipitur*. Of this more hereafter.

Lang says in his few words of introduction, that he shall give ‘Wahrheit und *keine* Dichtung,’ (truth and *no* poetry;) and inexorably has he fulfilled his promise in the latter respect. As to the former, it is difficult to believe that he has been equally scrupulous. Yet we must confess that, much and justly as the book is disliked by all people of good taste in Germany, for its sneering and cynical tone, we have not, after some enquiry, been able to learn that any body has contradicted the facts it contains. We have heard Germans who love their country regret its publication, and seem distressed that strangers should read so unfavourable a picture of it. We think this a mistake; and if we contribute in any degree to make known to England a state of things so scandalous and corrupt, we beg it to be understood that we

should not do so, did we not believe it to be for the honour of actual living Germany.

It is obvious to the most uninstructed and superficial observer, that the progress made by this great country within the last half century is immense; perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world. But it is only by comparing what Germany was in the last century with what it is now, that we can appreciate the magnitude of the change. It is only after seeing how the noble metal had been debased, that we can estimate how it has been refined in the furnace through which it has passed. Well might Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia say, (in the hearing of one who repeated his words to us,) during the period of indecision which preceded the declaration of war—‘We must be utterly destroyed and crushed. Then we may rise, like a phoenix from its ashes.’ His prophetic forebodings of his own and his country’s fate were fulfilled throughout.

As the most prominent point in the social picture, we may cite the Courts of Germany; for whatever may be said of the enormous difference between court and people, we entirely doubt the fact. We are convinced that the court is, in general, a very fair expression of the current morality of the people; partly, because it is sure to influence them by its example; and partly, because no court will venture to indulge in shameless depravity in the face of a virtuous people. Who that thinks of the brutal orgies of Frederick William II., or the remorseless debaucheries of Augustus the Strong, can look at the domestic virtues which are now enthroned at Berlin and at Dresden, without confessing that the chastisements of Heaven have not been bestowed in vain, and that a new standard of morality is accepted by rulers as well as by their subjects? It is always with considerable hesitation that a candid writer will submit any disadvantageous picture of foreign manners to a public so ludicrously inclined to overrate its own superiority in morals, as that of England. We must therefore just premise, that before Englishmen indulge in that swell of self-gratulation which they so frequently display at any representation of continental enormities, it might be as well if they were to reflect what sort of picture a man gifted with the keenest perception of the base and profligate, and blind to the noble and the pure, might draw of certain portions of English political and private life.

Ritter von Lang says, he presents us ‘with the shadows of a past world, which few of its descendants can understand;—of the ruins of a worn-out empire, and of a conflict between old and new manners.’ Matter enough, it will be acknowledged, for interesting contemplation.

The first scene of this curious drama is laid in one of the small principalities of which the French Revolution left so few standing, and even those retaining scarcely the shadows of their former independent existence. With the empire vanished the power and consideration which they enjoyed as members of that august and time-hallowed body. Those which have been spared subsist only by the mutual jealousy of the great powers, and look with an anxious glance into a dim and uncertain futurity. We have heard the amount of good and evil resulting from their existence discussed often enough, to have been able, one might think, to arrive at a decided opinion. But we confess ourselves unable to do so. To a Frenchman, or to a Prussian, the doubt must appear the result of imbecility; and truly, if greatness and power, conquest and domination, are the sole ends of social and political life, he is right. But spite of the evils of a little court which is at every body's elbow—the trifling occupation it gives to men's minds; the tiresome monotony of its gossip; the tendency to shut out the larger world, and to contract all the views and ideas—these small communities have advantages and blessings of their own, which wisdom and humanity will not overlook. This is not the place to particularize them; but as the picture we are going to offer our readers is not a very flattering one, we are bound to say that another might be drawn, equally true, and in much fairer colours.

Heinrich Lang was born in 1764 at Balgheim, a village in the district called Riess, (Rheingau,) one of the most beautiful and fertile in Swabia; in which, being lying on the frontier of both Franconia and Bavaria, the Swabian character and dialect reigned in all their freshness and purity. The land formed part of the extinct ecclesiastical principality of Oettingen-Oettingen, and was at that time in the possession of another branch of the princely house, called Oettingen-Spielberg. His father was pastor of Balgheim. He was descended from a line of foresters, (Jägers,) who, for a time beyond the memory of man, had possessed the Forsthaus, or as we should call it the Ranger's House, at Morbach, which, together with the calling, was transmitted from father to son as a right. Many posts and employments in Germany had, by the mere sanction of time and custom, acquired an hereditary character which no one ventured to dispute. Lang's family was of great antiquity; the name occurs in the archives of the Empire in the year 1290, as possessors of land in this neighbourhood. But to come nearer to our own days. The destiny of our author's grandfather was decided in the following curious manner:—‘At a magnificent boar-hunt, my great-grandfather, Jäger Johann Conrad Lang, complained bitterly to his princely master, that

‘ among his many sturdy boys, he had one (my grandfather) of whom he could make absolutely nothing; he couldn’t even send him to cut oats, much less to take a boar or a stag. “ I’ll tell you what,” said the prince, “ let the chap (kerl) learn Latin; I’ll make him my clerk.” This useless boy became the confidential man-of-business, or agent, of the Count of Wallerstein-Oettingen, who, in 1731, was the reigning prince.” We must remark, by the by, how long language retains the impression of institutions after the substance is destroyed. Nothing is still more common in Germany than to hear the actual possessor of a title and estate—the *present* Earl as we should say—called ‘ der regierender Graf,’—the reigning Count. In Austria this has a meaning; for though, as towards the government, the nobles have been stripped of all political character, as towards their tenants, (or subjects as they are called,) they still possess many of the privileges of sovereigns. But in other parts of Germany the nobles are not half so well entitled to be called *regierend* as they are in England; since they have neither retained their old privileges, nor acquired legislative power. With these Counts of the empire, (Reichsgrafen,) the case was far otherwise. They enjoyed not only every title and every symbol and ceremony of royalty, but also all its substantial and absolute power.

To proceed with our story. The following is like an incident in a sentimental play, where superhuman justice is done by some *bourreau bienfaisant*. The succession had been contested, and the same Johann Lang had adhered with unshaken fidelity to the infant son of his old master. When the young count died, and his uncle, the Count of Oettingen-Wallerstein, the other claimant, succeeded, every body gave the faithful Johann up for a lost man. He went with the other members of the Council to the ‘ Huldigung’ (act of homage) at the Castle, but the Count did not deign to look at him, nor was he called to do homage or asked to sit. He remained standing humbly behind his sovereign’s arm-chair for above an hour, when suddenly the Count started up, and turning abruptly to him, said, ‘ What do you stand here for? Why won’t you swear allegiance to me? Do you think I don’t know how to value your fidelity to your old lord?’ And at the same moment he presented him to the astonished Council as the new director of the two Chambers (i. e. Treasuries) of Oettingen and Wallerstein. Master Johannes, terrified at this sudden elevation over the heads of his kinsmen and gossips, used all his eloquence to decline the distinction, seated himself at the lowest place at table, and the same evening fled home to Oettingen. ‘ But the next day a Reiter, heavily armed, alighted at his door, mounted the stairs with

‘ clanking spurs, and stamping with his foot (three times, we presume—according to the ancient form prescribed to heralds or messengers) delivered to him the written decree, on which was the superscription, “ To my Kammer-director, Johannes Lang, —whether he will or not ;” and with it a French note from the Count, à Monsieur Lang, directeur de ma chambre, bongré ou malgré lui. ” *

The worthy Johann's reluctance did not arise from humility alone. Such honours were often perilous and costly, as he had seen in the example of his own father-in-law, who had been the prince's Tax-secretary and Rent-meister, (we leave our readers to find the analogous title.) The poor and prodigal lords of that time purposely placed men of property at the head of their affairs, that they might use them for the support of their own tottering credit. When the sponge was squeezed dry, they threw it away and took another. The following was the order sent to Balthasar Reiner, the father-in-law of Johannes Lang:—

‘ By the Grace of God—We, Ulrich Ernst, Prince of Oettingen-Oettingen, (and so on :)

‘ Well-beloved and faithful,

‘ Since our Princely Consort's Highness has graciously determined to take a journey to the baths of Pyrmont, for which purpose a sum of 500 ducats in gold is indispensably necessary for travelling expenses, we graciously command you to send us the above-mentioned sum out of your official chest ; or, in failure thereof, out of your own resources, within twenty-four hours, under pain of an execution.’

The terrified Rent-meister sent an immediate reply, to the effect that, the day before, his highness's faithful servant had sent 150 gulden out of his own private purse into the court kitchen, without which the usual provisions for the day could not have been bought ; and that there was not the least prospect of any money from the official treasury for the princess's journey. Hereupon this message instantly followed :—

‘ Well-beloved and faithful,

‘ Since we perceive from your most obsequious (unterthänigsten) reply, *de dato hesterno et presentato hodierno*, that *Pars prima Rescripti nostri* is not practicable, it follows that *Pars secunda* must be executed without fail.’

This is spoken in the third person singular—the form in which superiors formerly addressed their inferiors. *Why does he stand here ?* &c. It is now generally regarded as an insolent and coarse mode of address, and has given way to more reasonable and humane ideas.

i. e., the 500 ducats must be raised on the credit of the Rentmeister. And this was the ordinary course of things.

‘ If it came to a dispute, *Partiales* and *Impartiales* always maintained that not the most serene drawer, but the most faithful and obedient (treugehorsamste) acceptor, must pay. At length the tormented Rentmeister could go on no longer; being creditor to his princely master to the amount of 27,000 gulden, without current interest. The Count, who was distressed at nothing but the drying up of such a source, dismissed him with these words, “ Go home, and a decree shall follow, with which you will be satisfied.” This decree was as follows:—We, &c. &c. Since we have graciously resolved to make a reduction, both in our civil and military establishment, in which you are included, we lose no time in communicating to you,’ &c. &c.

And this was the end of the song. The heirs produced the proofs of the debt before the two sovereign offices (Amter) of Oettingen and Kirchheim. After being bandied from the one to the other for a hundred years, in the year 1813, our author, in the name of all the creditors, accepted the sum of 3000 gulden as payment in full of all claims.

Monstrous and ludicrous as such a tyranny, combined with the Tom Thumb etiquette of such a court, (whose highest ambition it was to emulate the grandeurs of that of Ansbach,) must appear to us; yet on the whole Lang admits, that the condition of the subjects of these little princes was not an unhappy one. ‘ The children of the servants of a sovereign house, male and female, could reckon with certainty on an hereditary provision; in return, an inviolable respect for every thing princely and lordly was inculcated on them from the cradle. Thus the happy forester’s house in Norbach sent forth a rapid succession of foresters, rangers, house stewards, and chief butlers; and, at a later period, learned and reverend divines.’

Lang’s description of his grandfather’s house may remind our readers of some remarks (quoted in a former Number) of the venerable Jacobs of Gotha, who was born in the same year as our author, as to the changes in the social habits of Germany. ‘ The manners in the house of Johannes Lang were those of old France. Not a day passed without its regular morning and evening visits; the former were invariably welcomed with sweetmeats and liqueurs, the latter with a glass of wine; no stranger was suffered to depart without being pressed to stay to dinner. There were as yet no houses of public entertainment or meeting. Every evening the head of a family assembled about him the different members of it, and his intimate friends. The house of every acquaintance stood open, without any laborious inviting or dragging people

‘together. Tobacco and beer were not seen. The dress had a sort of formal elegance; the men did not venture to appear in boots and long coats. Dancing was reserved for weddings. . . . Such was the quiet and regular life, public and private, led by Johannes Lang for twenty years.’

We must pass over the childish reminiscences of our author—even the delightful earthenware pelican on the top of the stove, with its splendid red beak, which he used to sit looking at for hours from the little stool at his mother’s feet; though we are abundantly sensible to the charm of it. His father seems to have been not only a worthy and pious pastor, but a man of singular and various erudition. And here we gladly record one characteristic feature of German manners which is not yet effaced. Very near his father’s house was a convent of Benedictine monks. Not only did the learned Protestant divine live on terms of perfect amity and good neighbourhood with the good fathers, but he voluntarily gave the young monks instruction in the oriental languages and in mathematics. They were always sure of a friendly and hospitable reception at his house;—though once on a time our author remembers to have heard his mother call out hastily to the maids, to take in a large cake that had been set out before the door to cool, for fear the sight of it from the convent windows should bring her an inconvenient visit. ‘Not less friendly were the good pastor’s relations with the synagogue, where he sometimes attended divine worship. On these occasions the elders always handed him the sacred books, and he, to their great delight, read aloud the lesson for the day in Hebrew.’ Such was—such, we trust, is—long may such continue to be!—the humane enlightened character of German Christianity. On such teachers of the people their Master’s lesson and example are not thrown away. They know the extension He gave to the word *neighbour*, and they act upon it. We in England have made to ourselves a much narrower interpretation.

At a very early age our author lost his father, and was taken by an uncle, to reduce the burden of the numerous family which pressed upon the widow. In the year 1771, this uncle, George Lang, removed to Hohenaltheim, where the Prince of Wallerstein held his court. The little boy was dazzled with the magnificence around him; the soldiers, the musicians, a steward, a court gardener, an apothecary, a head forester, &c. ‘How did I stare,’ says he, ‘at the running footmen with their silver-fringed aprons, the black servants, the huge dogs;—how did we run when we heard the cry, the Prince! the Prince!’

Nor were these sovereign counts by any means the smallest of their class. The Reichsritter (knights of the empire) were,

though lords only of a few hundred subjects, not only more absolute than the king of England, but were, as members of the Germanic body, to many intents the equals of the electors of Brandenburg or Bavaria.

At Hohenaltheim, though only four leagues from their former residence, and though also in Swabia, they found totally different manners, customs, and dialect. It was one of those singular villages called a Freidorf, or free village, possessing a democratic constitution. Every year the community elected five representatives, who were called the five-men, (*die Fünfer*,) in whose hands the whole police and administration of the village was vested. The Prince, as sixth-man, presided, in the person of his head forester. The election was preceded by divine service, and followed by a dinner, at which the clergyman always formally claimed the right to give his opinion in all the proceedings of the new five-men connected with morals and religion;—a claim which the peasants silently admitted, but which the Prince's commissioner, before whom the election took place, as invariably refused to acknowledge. The Fünfer met every Sunday after church, in a little house in the churchyard destined to that purpose; and whenever the business required the presence of any of the other parishioners, the clerk called out aloud at the end of divine service, 'Let every man who belongs to the parish remain standing.' (*Wer zur Gemeinde gehört, der bleibe stah'n.*)

We should like to know whether there remains any memory of this curious and interesting little fragment of free municipal institutions, in a country which is now the classic land and paradise of 'Beamten.' Whatever may be its other diversities, we have seen or heard of no part of it in which the idea of political power, *underived from the government*, would not appear one of the wildest and most mischievous of dreams. It is true, the subjects of the King of Würtemberg have little reason to wish the power which is vested in his hands transferred to any others whatever. They may often have occasion to wish that, against all but his own subjects, his power were greater.

A less edifying sort of freedom was that enjoyed by the free people, (*Freileute*,) wandering gangs, who seem to have had many of the attributes of gipsies;—the lawless life, the pipe and tabor, and the stealing of children. Curious vestiges of fist law existed even among the peasantry; such as the wild violence with which the bride was seized at her father's door by the bridegroom and his friends on horseback, and carried off to her future home, full gallop, and holding a hen decked with long fluttering ribands, struggling and screaming, in her arms.

Nor were the village stories, *the Sagen*, extinct of the wonderful great serpents (Unken) that lived peacefully under the peasant's roof, drank milk with the children out of their pot, wore crowns on their heads, (which they laid aside when they played with them,) and discovered hidden treasures to godly women. The favourite hero of the peasants was Hans Däumling—*Anglicè*, Tom Thumb—whose usual post of observation was the ear of his father's plough-horse. Can any body calculate the amount of human enjoyment produced by a fairy tale? Like the winds, its origin is often beyond our ken; we know not whence it comes, nor whither it goes. All we do know is, that it leaves freshness, fertility, and fragrance, wherever it passes. Incomparable Tom! type and symbol of the triumph of intelligence over brute strength! how joyfully do we meet you again among the simple and good-natured Swabian peasants!

Our author's early life was that of a man who has to depend on his wits. It was as full of variety and adventure as that of Gil Blas, of whose lax morality and biting sarcasm he not unfrequently reminds us. After studying three years at Jena, he went to Vienna to seek his fortune; he found plenty of amusement, but no employment that suited him; and at length accepted the situation of tutor to the only daughter of a Hungarian magnate. He accompanied his little pupil and her mother to their castle, hard by the foot of the Carpathians, the description of which is amusing enough. It throws light on that curious structure of society, in which the elements of liberty and slavery, which for centuries stood side by side in rude and abrupt antagonism, are now gradually incorporating into one fermenting mass. The conquering caste, encamped in the midst of a subjugated and oppressed population, is beginning to feel that the demands of man, as man—whether Magyar or Slavonian—are no longer to be resisted. Already some of the most exalted in rank, and all the most eminent in intelligence, among them, are awake to the high and large signification of the word freedom, and cease to confound it with privilege. Opposed on many points to the supreme government—whose great object it has ever been to obliterate every trace of the principle of self-government—they are not less opposed to the rabble of their own class and nation, whose only idea of liberty is, exemption from the common duties and obligations of a citizen. As against this latter party, our wishes and sympathies are all with the Austrian Government; which, narrow and imperfect as are its views of the interests of humanity, is yet the sole barrier between the Slavonic population, and that ruthless oppression which results from the antipathies of race combined with the arrogance of rank. As against

the party which, in asserting its own rights, does not forget the still more sacred and urgent claims of the subject-class, we can of course—as men and Englishmen—only have sympathy as strong as our confidence in their final success. There is something wonderfully imposing in the indomitable spirit of the Hungarians. We know no other instance of a people, upon whom ages of subjection have had not the slightest effect in breaking down their pride, or taming their audacity. If they can add to this unbending temper, knowledge, justice, and humanity, it is impossible that they should not do great things.

To return to the Hungarian castle. Our author travelled with a Vienna music-master. They were met on the road by the Baron's house steward, *Dominus Szatlanay de eodem*, who embarrassed our hero by addressing him in Latin. Great was the joy in the castle at the arrival of the young tutor: 'They had long been tired of the old one, who wore a wig, and could not waltz.' All the female hands were set in motion to put him into Hungarian costume. The lady's maids eagerly undertook his education, and laughed heartily at his attempts to imitate the Szrd, Smst, and Wlk, which ran so glibly over their tongues.

'The whole household, down to the lowest lackey and kitchen-maid, were of good Hungarian nobility; even the cow-herd and the shepherd of the lord's farm, wore swords as marks of their rank. Noble domestics in the house of a magnate were as little extraordinary as a noble page or chamberlain with us: but it was not permitted to beat them; and the meanest maid-servant of noble blood was allowed a chair in a court of justice to sit on during her trial. The house was very spacious; not in comfortable separate chambers, but in vast rooms containing many beds, which were often occupied in an evening by twenty or thirty unexpected guests. No traveller of condition ever thinks of going to an inn. The evening was spent in dancing and play. The table was prodigal and luxurious. Behind the chairs of the master and mistress stood Pandours with great bunches of feathers, which they constantly agitated to refresh the air of the table. The superior dependents, (Beamten,) and even the sons, rise from table in the middle of dinner, and take their place behind the chair of the master or mistress of the house, till, after a few dishes have been handed, the latter look round, give their hand to the attendant to kiss, and permit him to resume his seat, when another takes his place.'

Lang had every reason to be satisfied with the kindness of the noble mother, and the docility and talents of the daughter; but unfortunately the lord of the castle had an insatiable passion for the game of nine-pins, and the sacrifices of time and patience which he exacted of the tutor for the gratification of this taste were at length insupportable. His humours, though of the mildest sort, bred by uncontrolled power, were, independent of the nine-pin

passion, disagreeable enough. He had a fine library, out of which he never would suffer his daughter's tutor to take a book. In one or two fortunate moments Lang succeeded in obtaining the loan of one. In half an hour the Baron sent for it back, alleging, 'that the sight of a gap on his book-shelves gave him a headache.'

Lang's announcement of his resolution to go, was received with grief and consternation by all the family; and even the Baron tried to induce him to recall it, promising, among other improvements of his condition, an entire deliverance from the nine-pin bondage. But all would not do.

Before we leave Hungary, we shall give a brief outline of a description of our author's abode in the castle of a Servian noble, about 100 miles (English) from Belgrade; though this occurs at a later period of the Memoirs. He was sent from Vienna on the business of a noble family, whose estates lay in Slavonia proper, or, as he calls it, the kingdom of Slavonia; in the midst of the horrible and pestiferous marshes formed by the overflowings of the Danube and the Drave. Quitting this deadly region, where the whole air was charged with putrefaction, he visited Belgrade, and on his way back was hospitably entertained by the father of a Vicegespann with whom he had made acquaintance in that city.

'At four in the morning,' says he, 'the old lord called up his lieges with a speaking-trumpet—*Domine Pater! Surgas! Domine Provisor! Domine Cancellista Frumentarie! Surgas!* He did not desist till he saw through the windows the glimmering of their newly-lighted candles, or till he was greeted in return by the morning salutation—*Salve, Domine perillustris!* In half an hour they were all assembled round him to receive their orders for the day. * * * *

* * * * The castle stood in the midst of a swamp, where nothing vegetable was to be found but rushes and Indian corn; and nothing animal but herds of swine and wolves. To keep off the latter, every evening as soon as it was dark a great fire was lighted in the castle court by twenty-five Pandours, who kept watch by it all night. As a precaution against bands of robbers from the Turkish frontier, all the doors were strongly barred, and arms loaded every night.

'The Slavonian peasant seemed to me little better than half-swine, half-wolf. He works little, and drinks and sleeps away most of his time. When he has nothing in the house to eat, he goes to the swamp, catches a pig, kills it, and roasts it whole. Every one who enters the house cuts off what he likes, and this goes on till it is quite putrid.'

At length our author quitted these barbarous regions in company with several other travellers. 'We were,' says he, 'all crowded into a carriage together, the *Dominus spectabilis*, the *Domini perillustres*, myself—*Dominus clarissimus*, and several *Domini humanissimi*. Arrived at the place where they were to stop, the drivers and Pandours who escorted us, dragged all the luggage out of the carriage, kissed our coats, knelt down to ask us for a trinkgeld, and, as soon as they had got it, set off back again.'

This was the state of things in 1790. In 1842 we happened to travel with a Mecklenburger who had lived some years in Agram, the capital of Croatia, and was returning to Mecklenburg with his Hungarian wife. We lament to say, that his description of the peasantry was little more consolatory than this. He said it was no uncommon thing to see a peasant bring his whole crop into the town, sell it, take the money to a public-house, and never move from the spot till he had drunk out the whole produce of his harvest. It is needless to seek for any domestic virtues or human tastes in so reckless an animal. Nor is it these wretched beings themselves whom we would call to account for their brutified state.

Lang's next employment was that of private secretary to Baron von Bühler, Würtemberg minister at the court of Vienna. His pay was here, as well as in his last place, 200 gulden C. M. (about L.20) a-year, and free quarters in the house. 'My new master,' says he, 'received me in his powder mantle, with flowing hair and a piece of wire in his hand, with which he was incessantly arranging his head-dress. The Baron was a widower. His household consisted of a French governess to his little son, a child of two years old, already ensign in the Russian body-guard; a French abbé, and a valet of the same nation.' Our readers have seen that Prince Wallerstein's note (*propria manu*) to Johann Lang, was written in French; and incidents scattered throughout the whole of this work—as, indeed, through all Memoirs of that time—show to what a degree the higher classes in Germany had sunk their own nationality in that of France.* Truly, the lesson which they received from the country of their adoption, however rudely given, was well worth the

* Lang says, in speaking of one of the most extraordinary men Germany has produced, Prince Kaunitz, that he never spoke any other language than French. 'He loved,' says he, 'that his guests should talk freely at his table, and was glad to have artists and men of letters—that is to say, if they were French.'

purchase. The emancipation of the national mind from this self-imposed foreign yoke preceded—as it must always do—the act of material deliverance ; and it is the completeness of the former which is the guarantee for the permanency of the latter. This is the important fact which it seems so difficult to make a certain class of Frenchmen understand ; or the conviction of which, if they do understand it, is so unjustly exasperating to them. Lang relates many anecdotes which prove that the higher classes in Germany were grossly ignorant of their own language. He gives specimens of the ridiculous orthography of one of his ministerial masters. The following passage affords us some insight into his Würtemberg excellency's conceptions of his native tongue. Every post-day Lang had to prepare a despatch, the matter of which was given him by the Baron. 'In about an hour,' says he, 'I brought it him as he was sitting at his toilette. Looking alternately in the looking-glass and the despatch, he smiled incessantly and called out, "That's right! good! capital! charming! excellent!" But when he read a copy of the same despatch an hour or two afterwards, he exclaimed at the very same passages, "No—oh dear, no! Good God, what is this? Quite the contrary! How ill expressed!" Then he let his hands fall, sank back in his arm-chair, and said with a sigh, "How unfortunate I am to have a secretary who cannot even write German!" On one occasion I was led by my wounded self-love to show him the Jena critique of a little book I had written, which especially praised my style. The Baron started from his chair, and exclaimed angrily, "What does that signify? That is learned German—you may understand that, for aught I know; but that will never be ministerial German." (Das ist mein lebenzeit, kein minister-Deutsch.)

The following story is good ;—the peep into the diplomacy of the eighteenth century is still better. 'Once at two o'clock in the morning the valet knocked at my door, and called out hastily, "Monsieur Lang, son Excellence désire vous parler dans ce moment." I hurried to his room to learn what important event had occurred. The Baron opened the door to me, and said, "Monsieur Lang, I have remarked for some time that you don't put your dots exactly over your *i's*; they are always too far either to the right or left. I have intended several times to tell you of this; and as it has now occurred to me in bed, I had you called, that I might not forget it again."

A courier arrived one night from Stuttgart. Not only had Lang seen him in his great boots, but the bulletins of the day announced that, 'Son Excellence, M. le Baron de Böhler, ministre plenipotentiaire de S. A. Monseigneur le Duc de Wür-

temberg, avoit reçu la nuit passée un courier, qui a remis des dépêches de la cour d'une très-haute importance,' &c. The Baron not only did not, as usual, show the despatch to his secretary, but preserved the most impenetrable silence as to its contents. This piqued Lang's curiosity so much that he watched his opportunity, and at length contrived to steal a glance at the important document. It was as follows:—' My dear Baron Böhler—By the present courier, my private secretary Pistorius, I send you a shoe of my princely consort, (fürstliche Gemahlin,) with the request that you will cause twelve pair to be made according to this pattern, by the most celebrated shoemaker in Vienna; but with such expedition that the same courier can bring them back in time for the next great assembly on the — inst. As the present letter has no other object than the above, we are, &c.'

It is not very surprising that our author conceived the greatest contempt and disgust for his employer. Indeed, his estimate of the art, or arts, of what was then called diplomacy, and of the character and intellect of the corps of whom Baron von Böhler was a member, seems to have been as low as can well be imagined. Such being the state of his feelings, he willingly accepted an invitation from the Prince of Oettingen-Wallerstein to become his private secretary. Leaving the mean and ridiculous *comméragé* of the diplomatic circle at Vienna, the scene now shifts to the court of an immediate (reichsunmittelbarer) Prince at the end of the last century; a form of human things now for ever departed. 'Every morning,' says Lang, 'at eleven, (if we had luck,) or oftener at two, we had to attend the Prince's levee. As soon as the groom of the chambers opened the doors, all those who had been waiting in the ante-room for hours entered; the marshal, the stallmeister (master of the horse,) the private physician, we secretaries, the court jägers, and any strangers who happened to be there. The Prince was under the hands of the hairdresser. Every one to whom he particularly addressed himself racked his brain to invent some amusing or witty reply. As soon as he rose, all who were not commanded to stay retired. The Prince then visited the ladies of his family, heard mass, and gave audiences till dinner, which was often late.' We must remark that this is an astonishing deviation from the usual habits of Germany, where, even now, early hours are almost universal. Indeed, we can hardly imagine any measure so likely to exhaust the whole large stock of German patience, or to rouse the nation to a sense of intolerable wrong, as the adjournment of dinner. Germans of the middle classes, *de la vieille souche*, still dine, as we

once heard an Englishwoman say, 'the first thing in the morning : ' half-past eleven or twelve is no uncommon hour. Three o'clock is, we believe, the dinner-hour of most of the courts. Prince Wallerstein's supper, however, was never served before midnight. The wretched secretaries were often waiting till two, or three, or four in the morning. ' He often passed by us poor ' martyrs in the anteroom, as if he did not see us. When he ' was ready to get into bed, the valet told him, " Lang is waiting ; " upon which I must go in immediately. Then I was ' " poor Lang," and I must tell him why he had sent for me. ' As I could not of course do this, I was remanded till next day.'

The Prince's scheme of administration was curious and amusing, but too long for us to recount. The results may be judged of by one anecdote. There were often five or six different decisions of one cause, so that it was absolutely impossible to bring some affairs to an end. ' I know a poor devil,' says Lang, ' who ' lay for years in prison, because the magistrates didn't know ' which of the sentences before them to execute ; whether they ' should hang him as a thief, flog him, put him in the house of ' correction, send him out of the country, or let him go, as ' having undergone his term of imprisonment. At last he came ' to the best decision himself; he broke out of prison, and ran ' away.'

One more story, and we have done with Prince Wallerstein.

A Hofrath (Conseiller de Cour) named Belli, retired. Lang immediately determined to angle for the vacant post. ' As I ' approached the Prince with this intention, he came up to me, ' and asked me at once if I knew what had happened to him ' with regard to Belli. What should he do ? Where was he to ' find such a man again ? After the most appropriate expressions ' of sympathy, I endeavoured to slide on to the consolatory ' hopes of a compensation for this heavy loss. A Prince of such ' eminent abilities could never fail to form efficient servants, ' &c. The Prince, assuming an air of being somewhat comfort- ' ed, looked significantly at me, and said, " Really ? my dear ' Lang, do you think so ? Shall I find such another ? " Deter- ' mined to spring the mine, I extended my arms as if to meet his ' question, and said, " Yes, certainly, your Serene Highness, ' yes "—upon which he stopped me short with the words—" But ' he must be as tall as Belli ! " I stood as if thunderstruck. ' Belli was above six feet high : the most liberal measurement ' could not raise me above five feet six inches.'

Such were the fantastic tricks played before high heaven by some of these ' immediate ' lords. It must be confessed that though enough to make ' Angels weep,' they are also well fitted

to make vulgar mortals laugh. We beg our readers, however, not to fall into one of the usual generalizations so common in all countries, and conclude that our Prince was the prototype of all the lesser sovereigns of Germany. Whatever may be said to the contrary, men really differ more, even in the same country, than sheep in a fold. But it is hard to get this truth recognized in fact and practice. ‘*Vous ne brodez pas, Mademoiselle,*’ said a French lady, some twenty years ago, to a friend of ours, in a circle of fair *brodeuses* round a tea-table in Paris. ‘*Non, madame, je ne brode pas.*’ ‘*Ah ! les Anglaises ne brodent pas.*’ ‘*Pardon, madame, ce n’est pas précisément ce que je disais,*’—was our countrywoman’s cautious reply. But alas ! *à quoi bon ?* Our dear neighbours have advanced little further. We are still ‘*les Anglais,*’ who all think and do the same thing. Time was when they were to us all, *the French*, who passed their lives in dancing and eating frogs.

German Princes then, as now, differed widely from each other ; though the best were not then what they are now, for the simple reason that they were uncontrolled. But we may be sure that if there had not been a large share of goodness among them—a large share of sympathy with their people—love of the hereditary sovereign and of his house, would not be—as it is—one of the strongest feelings in German hearts. It requires the peculiar talents of the present rulers of Hanover, or Electoral Hesse, to root out the loyal and indulgent attachment to the *Landesvater*.

The most remarkable incident of Lang’s life, during the time he was in the service of Prince Wallerstein, was his mission to Frankfurt at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold. The description of this is one of the most characteristic passages of the book, and we must give it entire. We have alluded to it before, as the reverse of the beautiful medal struck by Goethe. The eye of the poet clothed the obsolete, the worn-out, and the unmeaning, with all its pristine grandeur and historical significance. We shall here see the scene, stripped bare to the sad and sordid reality, as it presented itself to a man of cold imagination, completely *dèsillusionné*, and alive only to the absurd, the useless, and the incongruous. He was sent to Frankfurt by Prince Wallerstein, who was head of the Swabian Counts’ league, (Grafenbund.) His business was to report to the Prince all that passed, especially all that concerned the interest of the smaller states ; ‘among which the Counts of the Empire had particularly ‘at heart the permission to use the predicate, We,’ &c.

‘I was particularly recommended,’ says he, ‘to another Swabian count, the hereditary *Truchsess* (Sewer) of the Empire, Count Truchsess-Waldburg, and to Herr Regierungsrath Pietsch, the deputy of the Counts of

the Wetterau. Both of them immediately laid claim to me; the former, to act as a sort of *Ceremoniarius*, or, as it was called, *Gentilhomme*, to him at the ceremony; the latter, to *protocolize* the business of the Counts. I had a special *Protectorium* from the hereditary Marshal of the Empire.

‘The first highly important affair that came under my hands was, an attempt of the hereditary Lord Marshal, Count Pappenheim, to procure that the young Counts of Pappenheim might be included among the young Counts who have the honour to carry the dishes to the Imperial Coronation table. This, however, threw all the states of the whole body of Counts of the Empire, (to which couriers and estafettes were instantly dispatched in every direction,) into no small confusion and dismay; seeing that, without prejudice to the personal dignity of the Lords Counts of Pappenheim, their dominion was no genuine *Reichsgrafschaft*, (County of the Empire) but only an immediate *Reichsritterschaft*, (Knighthip of the Empire.)

‘I was therefore charged to communicate to the old hereditary Lord Marshal an answer to the following effect:—“That though the collective body of the Counts of the Holy Roman Empire would joyfully and willingly offer their dutiful allegiance to the hereditary Lord Marshal, in case he were elected Emperor of Germany and King of the Romans, they could by no means admit, or consent to his exorbitant demand, (the consequences of which were too weighty to be calculated or foreseen,) viz. that his sons and nephews should be allowed to carry the dishes and wait at the Imperial table, either now or at any future time whatsoever.”

I should have been greatly disappointed if I had hoped to see the approaching show in peace. In the midst of the night another fearful storm broke out, and I was called up and obliged to hurry to Offenbach, where the Counts' deputation was sitting. The office of the imperial kitchen had sent a list of the dishes—if I mistake not, thirty-seven in number—to be communicated to those Counts of the Empire, to whom belong the high office of setting them on the table. Now, ever since the days of *Carolus Magnus*—or perhaps a little later—the invariable laws and traditions of the empire required that the first dish should be borne by a Swabian, the second by a Wetterauer, the third by a Franconian, and the fourth (and of course last) by a Westphalian, Count. But according to this order, the 37th, the last of all, would come round again to a Swabian Count; whereat all the Swabians present, who had come as bearers of St George's shield at the ceremony, broke out into the most violent indignation; while, at the same time, no other estate of the empire would undertake this thirty-seventh dish. Little seemed to be wanting to bring matters to a civil war of *Reichsgrafen*. The imperial kitchen absolutely refused to leave out the fatal thirty-seventh dish; for which it was not to be blamed, since it could quote all the lists of dishes from Emperor Rudolf to the present time. At length came, as if from heaven, the ingenious idea of dividing this dish into four little ones; whereupon, the last fell, as it ought to do, to a Westphalian.

‘As *Gentilhomme* to the hereditary Lord Sewer of the Empire, I

had to take part in the procession, and could thus see this piece of Israelitish pomp at my ease, and close to me. The imperial robes and regalia looked as if they had been picked up at an old clothes fair; the crown, as if the most bungling coppersmith had made it, and stuck it with pebbles and bits of glass; on the pretended sword of Charlemagne was the double-tailed lion—the arms of Bohemia. The degrading ceremonial, according to which the Emperor has every moment to rise up and sit down, to be dressed and undressed, smeared and then wiped clean again—to lay himself on the ground at the feet of the Bishops, with hands and feet extended, and remain there was just the same in the main as that at the investiture of the meanest mendicant friar.

‘ The most ridiculous incident in the whole ceremony was, that a Bishop, with a charming nasal twang, addressed the question in Latin to the quire in the organ-loft, whether they would really ‘ *Serenissimum Dominum, Dominum Leopoldum*, in regem habere?’ Whereupon the assenting leader of the quire nodded his head, flourished his fiddlestick vehemently, while the chorister boys and girls sang out at the highest pitch of their voices, *Fiat, Fiat, Fiat*. And so, as there seemed to be no opposition to dread on the part of these little ladies and gentlemen, the crown was hastily put on the Emperor’s head, and a great flourish of trumpets ensued.

‘ After the Emperor, seated on a bare wooden throne, which looked like a hen-roost, had received the congratulations and homage of the Bishops in every possible form of knee-and-back-bending, and was lost in a cloud of incense burnt under his very nose, the candidates for the knighthood were called out, and among them, first and foremost, a Dalberg,* who was standing ready in a theatrical costume.

‘ From the church, the Emperor, dressed in his shabby mantle, took his way to the Rathhaus, followed by a crowded and disorderly procession. He walked in his old imperial slippers over boards covered with red cloth, which the people, kneeling on the ground with knives in their hands, cut away so close to his heels, that they nearly threw him down.

‘ Next came the imperial banquet at the Römer, at which the Duke of Mecklenburg posted himself at the door with a long knife in his hand, and a white napkin before his breast—the “*Durchlächtigster*,” carver to the “*Allerdurchlächtigster*.” The Truchsess, in a Spanish dress, with flowing hair and gold mantle, then proceeded on horseback to a wooden booth in the market-place, in which an ox was roasted whole. His whole retinue followed in state liveries, and the so-called four *gentilshommes*, of whom I was one, two on each side of his horse. I had to carry the Spanish hat with blue and white feathers, and my companion a great silver dish. While the Truchsess remained seated on horseback, we *gentilshommes* had to stand in the booth, close to the infernal fire, and in the pestilential stench of the roasting ox; we had then to cut out a half-raw piece, and carry it on the silver plate before the Count. Just

* The ‘ real Dalbergs,’ as Lang calls them, were extinct as early as the year 1315, when the Chamberlain of Worms took the name.

as we turned to go, the blockheads began to quarrel for the gilded horns, and in the struggle the whole wooden kitchen came down with a crash—probably as a symbol of what was soon to befall the Holy Roman Empire. At the door of the dining-hall, the Truchsess took the dish in his own hands, and kneeling, set this fragrant dainty under the nose of the Emperor, plagued on every side with some grotesque absurdity.

‘Nothing could be a truer picture of the constitution of the Empire, sunk into a cold petrified dotage, than this carnival mummary of an imperial coronation in tawdry rags. The next day, when it was no longer necessary to consult the sibylline books of the Golden Bull, people went to stare at the Huldigung in the Hessian camp, and the fireworks in the splendid barges of the ecclesiastical electors. Wild boars were driven in from every corner in honour of the King of Hungary. The swarms of German professors and doctors who had flocked hither, almost fought for the wet sheets of the new capitulations, in their eagerness to see at what passage a comma had been changed into a semicolon; and some even boasted that they had brought this event about. When I say that the elector of Mainz alone brought a retinue of 1500 people, among whom were a wet nurse and a *capon-crammer*, it may be imagined that there was no want of sensual enjoyments of every kind and degree. The day usually finished with high gambling.

It is not without some misgivings that we have translated this passage, which seems to throw contempt and ridicule on one of the most venerable and (in the best sense of the word) conservative principles in our nature—the sentiment of historical grandeur, of the sanctity of the chain which binds together successive generations;—a sentiment which is nowhere more pervading than in England. But if, as a Frenchman once said to us, in England ‘*on se casse le nez contre le moyen age*,’ it is because *le moyen age* has bequeathed to us something that has an enduring principle of life; and, like all living and organic bodies, a principle of gradual and appropriate change. Ceremonies that have no root in the popular life—that stand detached from the Present, its interests and its cares, by the abyss of time, must die. It is their connexion with institutions still respected, still useful, that gives meaning and sanctity to every ceremony or garb, so long used to adorn a body, of which the most insignificant of us feels that he is a living, moving member. If the Empire had not been already a disorganized body, in which the principle of life was extinct, it would not have crumbled to dust and ashes as it did before the first rude assault from without.

We began by saying that we are no admirers of the tone of this author's mind. We have no sympathy whatever with persons of his stamp, who have an eye only for the grotesque and the deformed. But, it must be considered, that if the propensity to degrade the venerable and to deface the lovely is an odious and

base one, the contrary propensity—to cover the feeble and rotten with stately folds ; to deck vice with wreaths or with gems ; to perpetuate mischievous illusions ; to exalt the glittering at the expense of the useful ; in short, to excite and arm the imagination of man against his reason—is, if not as unamiable, at least as mischievous. It is unfortunate, too, that poetry and sentiment have erected so many altars to false gods. They have joined with pride and selfishness to exalt the powerful and to trample on the lowly ; to adorn the ravagers of the earth, and to bring neglect and contempt on its benefactors ; to throw a halo round those who already ‘ enjoy the bright day ’ of fortune, and to deepen the shadows round those who sit in the darkness of ignorance and poverty. While, therefore, we for ever ought to detest and hold far from us the poor and envious spirit which has no veneration for the great, and no love for the beautiful, we must not suffer ourselves to be imposed on by words, but examine whether that which claims respect is not in fact merely power, and that which professes to be beautiful is not merely glittering. If they will not stand this examination, the sooner they are stripped of a false character, the better. We shall have the more veneration to spare for the truly good.

From the last hollow pageant of the Empire, the transition is as easy as it is melancholy to its tragical and disgraceful dismemberment. The account of the Congress of Rastadt is, historically considered, by far the most interesting part of the book. It is much too long for insertion. We can give but a faint idea of the general impression of moral degradation and mental imbecility—of shameless rapacity and absolute indifference to public interests—which the whole picture is calculated to produce. Now, first, do we clearly perceive the rottenness of the whole body ;—we see that it needed no giant’s hand to pull down a fabric tottering with age, and undermined by the reptiles which burrowed under its walls.

After Lang had quitted the service of Prince Wallerstein in disgust, he went to complete his studies at Göttingen, then the most celebrated university in Europe for all the branches of knowledge necessary to an accomplished archivist. Here he attracted the notice of a man who was destined afterwards to play a conspicuous part in the reconstruction of the new political edifice of Germany—Count (afterwards Prince) von Hardenberg, then minister at Ansbach ; which, as our readers may recollect, had been sold by its last Margrave to Prussia. Lang’s first connexion with this very eminent minister was of a private nature. The reputation he had acquired at Göttingen for historical learning and acuteness, induced the Count to engage him

to arrange the archives of the Hardenberg family, deposited at their ancient seat near Göttingen.

‘ Schloss Hardenberg, called the Vorderhaus (Front-house) Hardenberg,’ says Lang, ‘ is a modern building, in front of which are the extensive offices, and behind it a little park, with no ornament of flower-garden, shrubberies, or greenhouses ; but ringing with the songs of innumerable nightingales. A little further backward rise the picturesque ruins of the old fortress of Hardenberg, with the venerable inscription, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum !* At the foot of the hill on which this stands, are the farm buildings, called the Hinterhaus (Back-house) of the elder line of Hardenberg, whose head, universally known as the old “ Graf Hans,” resided about a league off, in the convent of Marienstein, which he hired. Near Hardenberg Castle lies the small town of Norten, through which passes the high-road—a little Catholic island in the midst of a Protestant population ; with a Catholic endowment, two Hardenberg *employés*, an apothecary, at whose shop we assembled to drink a glass of wine together, a Rathskeller, (Town-hall,) a physician belonging to the ‘ jurisdiction,’ and a tax-gatherer. At the end of the little town lay the “ Hardenberger Krug,” a public-house, greatly frequented by the Göttingen world. The rental of that part of the Hardenberger lordship, or, as the local expression has it, jurisdiction, (Gericht,) which belonged to the minister, was about 30,000 gulden (£3000) a-year. The Vorderhaus had the right of fetching out of the common forest as much wood daily as nine asses could carry for its own consumption.’

This primitive scene was interrupted by the arrival of the Minister, with a retinue of cooks, valets, councillors, (Räthe,) jägers, &c. ; and the quiet country-seat was transformed into a little ‘ Residence.’ Lang’s description of his celebrated employer corresponds with all we have heard and read regarding him. Amiable, agreeable, generous, and dissolute, he inspired even a man so little accessible to kindly emotions as our author, with affection ; while, on the other hand, his vast abilities, and eminent services to Prussia, could not protect him from the stern and contemptuous disapprobation of such judges as the pure and austere Stein.

While exploring the Hardenberg archives, Lang, as he assures us, stumbled upon the following delicious document, which we shall translate for our readers :—

‘ In the reign of Count Hildebrand Christoph von Hardenberg, (b. 1645—1682) a court tone, hitherto unknown, was introduced. Servants, dress, ceremonies, even education, assumed from this time a luxurious air. In former times, when a Hardenberg rode to the yearly fair in the neighbouring town, he was attended by one groom ; but sturdy fellows in gay clothes, standing behind a coach, handing about dishes, and changing plates, was a sight yet unseen by any mortal born and bred in

the Long Forest, (Langforst.) The new lackeys themselves knew not how to behave in their unwonted elevation. Order, cleanliness, and decorous manners had to be beaten into them by means of unheard-of severity. Steward, valet, pages, lackeys, grooms, coachman, and stable-boys, composed the retinue of our Statthalter as long as he lived at the court of Wolfenbüttel.

‘The “Rules for house and court,” according to which his Excellency the Lord Statthalter commands his people to conduct themselves, given the 10th March 1666, begin by declaring to his servants that they are all rude, unpolished, stupid, and inattentive fellows; to whom he is now, with fatherly care, going to give the following rules for the government of their lives and manners; at the same time telling them that he shall take care to make them remember any departure therefrom. Thus, for example, he who can give no account of the sermon, shall eat his dinner like a dog, lying on the ground; whoever swears, shall kneel for an hour on the sharp edge of a plank. Whoever neglects to take the Lord’s Supper when it is notified to him, shall ride upon an ass loaded with heavy weights, or receive a flogging, as circumstances may be.

‘Domestic thieves are promised the gallows. Whoever peeps into a letter, even if it lies open, shall have the bastinado three days running, and be sent out of the house as infamous.’

We particularly admire the delicate sense of honour which the Herr Statthalter sought to produce by the severe chastisement awarded to the latter offence. But what a pity the Herr Statthalter had not the composing of a set of ‘Rules and Regulations’ for the conduct of the servants of Government in this matter, in several states rather larger than Hardenberg, or even Wolfenbüttel! What a pity he could not have administered a little of his corroboratives to honesty, to persons a little higher than lackeys, who are said to have had an unconquerable taste for peeping into letters—which did *not* lie open! But let us proceed with these exquisite Rules.

‘Before the Statthalter rises, the clothes must be brushed clean, and laid in good order on the table; shoes and boots cleaned and set under the bench; fresh water and a towel must be in readiness. His Excellency must be most delicately (*subtilstermassen*) dressed, and what he lays aside be carefully put by.

‘The meals are to be served in good order, without spilling, and the dishes to be taken away with a bow. If any one nibbles at things, and puts his fingers or his mouth into the dishes, he shall be made to eat hot and burning food to cure him of his greediness. Every one is bound, when called upon, to step forward, making a reverence, and to say grace with a clear and audible voice. He who stutters and hesitates shall receive six fillips on the nose, (*Spanische Nasenstüber*.) If any man waits at table with dirty hands, he shall do as if he were washing them, while one pours water over them, and another dries them with two

sharp rods till they bleed. In like manner, he who waits uncombed, shall be well curried in the stable with the curry-comb.

* ‘ The tablecloth is to be spread at one cast ; every plate to have a napkin, and the salt-cellars to be filled with clean salt. At the proper time candles are to be brought, and to be constantly snuffed, every time beginning at the place where the highest guest sits. Lastly, the tablecloth is to be removed in a mannerly way, (*manierlich*;) and the servants are to retire with a reverence, under pain of six fillips on the nose.

‘ Whoever mixes in the conversation, or grins at what is said, shall be made to blow till he is tired ; whoever laughs loud, shall have four raps over the fingers. Whoever fills a glass too full, and then sups it out with his own mouth, shall have twenty lashes with a whip. He who hands a dirty glass may have his choice between four boxes on the ear, or six fillips on the nose. After dinner, a basin of water and a clean towel is to be handed (with reverence) to every guest.

‘ As it is a scandalous and insufferable thing for servants to be long at meals, those who are more than a quarter of an hour at dinner shall have it taken away from them. He who will not eat what is set before him, shall fast twenty-four hours. If the Statthalter orders a servant to do any thing, and he neglects it, and bids another do it instead, he shall receive four boxes on the ear from him whom he so ordered ; who, in return, shall have six.

‘ If any man waits in dirty or torn clothes, he shall run the gauntlet. If two go to blows, they shall fight out their quarrel with staves in the presence of the house-steward ; and he who spares the other shall have a flogging.

‘ If any one goes out without leave, or murmurs against the Lord, he may expect to be flogged, put in chains, or tied to a post, according to circumstances.’

It is evident that the Lord Statthalter wanted only the fostering sun of occasion to ripen into a full-grown Nero. Who that reads this document but must pray with fervour to be preserved from power joined with impunity ? It is not to be denied that the introduction of cleanliness and order is a great work ; and that it is attended with no slight difficulties in a German household, nobody will deny, who sees how imperfectly, two centuries after the date of the above, it is often accomplished. But one thinks with horror of entrusting the destinies of men to the curious ingenuity of the framer of a penal code like this.

At the end of two* years’ research into the family archives, Lang had to submit the result of his labours to the old ‘ Graf Hans ’ in person. He was alarmed at the prospect of this interview with the old man, whom he had heard represented as somewhat in the style of one of the rugged tyrants of former days. The old Count was not much enchanted with our author’s work ; would not believe that could be all he had written in two years,

and at length exclaimed, ‘ “ But you found that we are descended
‘ from Duke Wittekind ? ” On my honest reply, that I had
‘ really found nothing of the kind ; and that no archives in the
‘ world contained family documents relating to the old heathen
‘ Wittekind, he stopped me short, and told me to go and look in
‘ the castle at Rathenburg, where it stood inscribed over the
‘ chimneypiece.’

The man who first raised the name of Hardenberg to European importance, seems not to have had a trace of these feudal sentiments and habits. Lang represents him as uniformly considerate, affable, and kind to all his dependents. We have been diverted from the current of the more important political narrative of our author, by our desire to give our readers one more striking picture of German life and manners, in their various gradations towards humaner and more refined forms. No one can now reproach the higher classes in Germany with want of humanity towards their inferiors.

We return to the Congress of Rastadt, which took place in the year 1797. In anticipation of the discussions there, Hardenberg (who had had evidence of Lang's talents and attainments) had commissioned him to search the archives of Ansbach for every thing that could throw light on the claims and interests of Prussia. Lang executed his task so much to the minister's satisfaction, that he sent for him to act as a sort of secretary to the Prussian embassy at the Congress.

He was, of course, thrown into personal contact, more or less close, with all the men who figured at this singular assemblage. The portraits or sketches he has drawn of them are little flattering ; and have no other importance than what they derive from the deplorable result which they all, in a greater or less degree, concurred to bring about. Few of them are sufficiently known to the English public to awaken any interest in the description of their follies or their vices. We have already said, that a more pitiable spectacle than the congress, as a whole, afforded, can hardly be imagined. Lang calls it a ‘ diplomatic puppet-show ; ’—a tragical one for Germany ! After describing the representatives of the great powers, he descends to those of the immediate nobles and the small states. Among them, we have the first glimpse of another of the men destined, at a later period, to assist in the overthrow of the giant before whom all knees were now beginning to bend—Count Metternich, son of the Imperial plenipotentiary—‘ then
‘ a young man of agreeable exterior, very polite, and never intrusive or arrogant ; of whom nobody predicted the great part
‘ he was hereafter to play.’ He was plenipotentiary of the

Westphalian Counts. Each body or class of nobles was thus represented. He closes the list with one which is now extinct;—for we will not insult a mighty shade by affecting to regard the ridiculous assumption of its name as a continuation of its existence. Its mission had long been at an end, and it was already in a state of decomposition and decay. ‘The Knights of Malta, in their bright red uniforms, put forth their insatiable thirst for Turkish blood; they seemed, however, to have very little appetite for that of the French, and were looking about whether they could not get a bit of *terra firma* instead of their island. The moment it was evident that the hour of danger was come for the ecclesiastical states, they hastened to protest that they were *not* ecclesiastics; and as also the star of Germany did not appear to be very brilliant, they were devising means for declaring themselves Russians.’

Lang next enumerates a vast tribe of Gelehrten, (men of letters,) and concludes with this remark:—‘The most consolatory thing for us was, that Herr Samhaber, professor of law at Würzburg, brought a whole cask of ink with him, which was to be shed freely in defence of the High and Mighty Spiritual Lords.’ Among the ‘learned’ we recognize another illustrious and ever welcome figure. ‘The celebrated Humboldt came to visit the French mineralogist, Faujas. The latter certainly had never had such a fright on the most tempestuous sea, as Count Görz (the head of the Prussian embassy) endured at his own table, when Herr von Humboldt, the invited guest, came in amongst the diplomatic divinities, an hour too late, in a frock-coat and boots, heated and dusty, from an inspection of the mountains in Baden. The Count immediately put them *au fait* of so unheard-of an apparition, by saying in a low voice, “He is a Gelehrter!”’

There was also the usual resort of mere idlers—the scum which gathers on the surface of all such meetings. Even in 1815, after the twenty years of disaster and disgrace which had passed over Germany, Talleyrand could yet say at Vienna, *Le congrès danse, mais ne marche pas*.

‘It became a fashion,’ says Lang, ‘to come to Rastadt for a few days; to go the round of the ambassador’s dinners; to spy at Mademoiselle Hyacinthe (a French actress) through an opera-glass; to risk a few rouleaus at the French coffeehouse; and then, with the list of arrivals, and Count Görz’s valet’s receipt for iced punch in your waistcoat pocket, to take your departure for the interior of open-mouthed Germany.’

And now began the tragedy,—the wretched disunion—the

treacherous defections—the fearful and scandalous *sauve qui peut*. Almost at the very same moment when the first Imperial Ambassador to the Congress proclaimed with solemn pomp ‘the integrity of the empire,’ (which was received with surprise and exultation by all Germany,) the second signed the secret surrender of Mainz; while the third broke out into bitter tears, and entreated ‘the Supreme Head of the Empire’ (the favourite Austrian phrase) to endeavour to prevent this lamentable surrender. Congress was opened on the 8th of December 1797, in the midst of the most enthusiastic hopes. On the 30th of the same month, Mainz was delivered up to the French by Austria. Hardly was this done when the French ambassador declared, (19th of January 1798,) in a dictatorial note, that now the Rhine was, without further delay, to be acknowledged as boundary, and, without more ceremony, caused the Rhine fortifications at Mannheim to be removed. (25th of January.)

‘Hereupon arose an universal wailing and lamentation, to appease which it was said, that the integrity of the empire was not a mere physical, but a symbolic and ideal, integrity; and that, whether the Rhine was boundary or not, the empire was formed by, and consisted of, the same union between its supreme head, and his most faithful electors, princes, and estates; and that the latter would be fully indemnified for what they had lost. Every body was curious to know where this indemnification was to come from. Those who were in the secret, shrugged their shoulders and said nothing. At length the abrupt declaration of the French ambassador, that the indemnity was to be sought in the secularization of church property, satisfied the public curiosity.

‘The knot was now cut, and the signal for plunder given. Every great state laid its plan to get a bishopric, or a bit of one; the lesser, an abbey; the smallest nobleman, a benefice. The spiritual ambassadors were looked upon as suspected; people got out of their way. It rained claims for compensation for losses on the left bank of the Rhine, together with specifications of the precise thing wished for. Nor was this all. The spiritual lords, finding their representations wholly useless, now fell out amongst themselves. The bishops would be well content to give up the property of the convents; the archbishops thought it would certainly suffice if the bishoprics were taken—in which case the three spiritual electors might be allowed, for their special consolation, a little enlargement of their territory, by the annexation of Salzburg, Münster, and Fulda; while Mainz was ready to say “Yes, in God’s name,” to any thing, if Mainz was but allowed to remain primate and patriarch of Germany; for, without an *Archi-Cancellarius Imperii per Germaniam*, the beloved German Fatherland could not exist.’

While this deplorable scene was in progress, the French Ambassadors looked on in silence. ‘Most probably,’ says Lang, ‘their government had left them without instructions, and was

‘ too much occupied with the agitations of Paris to think of these
 ‘ Polack doings in Germany.’

It required moral sensibilities as obtuse as those of Herr von Lang (as obtuse as the whole tone of his narrative of transactions, so fatal and disgraceful to his country, sufficiently proves them to be) to write this word. How was it that the mind of Germany had been familiarized with ideas of spoliation and dismemberment? The idea of National Integrity, which all nations have an equal interest in holding sacred, had, in the partition of Poland, received the most audacious and mortal blow that ever was dealt to it; for here it was not the wresting away of a province, but the annihilation of a people, that was aimed at. What wonder that men who had been actors or abettors in so fearful a crime against the earthly religion of man—love of country—were now to be seen, like parricidal children, scrambling for the heritage of a murdered father?

But Lang was not a man to be struck with this. Indeed, such is the coarseness of his feelings, that he can make himself merry at what would have broken the heart of a man of any earnestness or elevation of soul. To complete the degrading picture, he says—‘ All this did not put an end to the incessant
 ‘ whirl of amusement and profligacy. The French theatre was a
 ‘ favourite resort; and the high and mighty German nobles sate
 ‘ to see themselves caricatured and ridiculed, under the guise of
 ‘ German porters and coachmen in Paris, as *ces bêtes Allemandes*,
 ‘ and their political affairs as *des querelles Allemandes*,’ &c. Thence they repaired to the French coffeehouse, where the *dame du comptoir*, with a characteristic mixture of inaptitude and impertinence, could not recollect barbarous German names and titles, and called one gentleman *l’Habit rouge*, another *Grand nez*, another *le Loup*, and so on. As an appropriate background to this degradation of the higher classes, we have the brutalizing of the lower. Lang says—‘ Early in a morning I was waked by
 ‘ the daily flogging, which the officers of the Baden regiment
 ‘ on duty administered to their soldiers.’

One might think that what was passing would have made the want of a manly public opinion obvious to the bluntest capacity and the coldest heart. But there are certain diseases of the mental vision which are incurable. Lang was invited to dinner by old Count Metternich, (father of the Arch-Chancellor,) and, to his surprise, seated next him at table. A conversation soon began, which rendered these unlooked-for honours intelligible. ‘ His Excellency lamented the unhappy divisions of Germany;
 ‘ spoke of the wild force of public opinion, and of the neces-
 ‘ sity of combating, taming, and quieting it, by the aid of the

‘ most honourable, intelligent, and able minds that the whole
‘ country could furnish. “ Such men,” he said, “ must act
‘ in concert, and must be vigorously supported and well paid,
‘ and promoted by the government.” In short, a very clear, in-
‘ telligible hint was given, what a good reception I should have
‘ if I would desert to the Austrian camp. I replied briefly and
‘ dryly—“ That the task his Excellency wished to confide to
‘ the good heads of Germany, appeared to me to labour under
‘ this unconquerable difficulty—that the best heads were just those
‘ that had opinions of their own, and were attached to them, and
‘ would not be easily induced to manufacture goods to order. I
‘ also thought that public opinion, if founded on falsehood or
‘ illusion, could not endure ; if founded on truth, it would even-
‘ tually conquer.” This reply was received with evident cold-
‘ ness and displeasure ; and thus ended my invitations to dinner.’

It is extremely curious to find precisely the same notions still fondly and tenaciously cherished in other states besides Austria. The idea that governments hold opinions, as Eolus does the winds, in a bag, and can release as much or as little as they like—letting loose (of course) Boreas against the enemy, and reserving the mild whispers of Zephyrus for themselves—is one which it seems almost impossible for them to relinquish. Public opinion is subject to dangerous and disgusting diseases ; but they are not to be treated topically. It is only by creating a sound state of the whole moral and intellectual frame, that the reason can be addressed with any hope of success ; indeed, that it can be said to exist :—for what is the reason of a mob ? And as to addresses to the passions and prejudices which appear to favour the views of those in power, what safety is to result from *them* ? Are they not always a two-edged sword ? The first step towards a sound, beneficial, and lasting influence on public opinion is, a reverence for the reasoning faculty which God has given to man ; a ceaseless and sincere endeavour to improve it ; a fervent desire that it may eventually become a safe standard by which public interests and measures may be tried. But what godlike humanity, humility, and confidence in truth, does this suppose ! Let us, however, indulge in the hope, that it may in time become possible.

It soon became evident that war was inevitable. On the 8th of April the Congress was dissolved. On the 21st, in the evening, the French Ambassadors left Rastadt, and were attacked, close by the gates of the town, by mounted soldiers, dragged out of their carriage, and two out of three killed. Jean de Brie, who was left for dead, recovered. Lang imputes this crime to the Austrians, at the instigation of the English ; for the latter

conjecture he does not offer the slightest shadow of a reason ; the former, he says, was rendered probable by the fact that the soldiers were Austrians. The Prussian ambassador, Herr von Dohm, showed the natural horror and indignation of a man of honour at so atrocious a crime ; ‘ for which he fell under the displeasure of all the great courts, his own not excepted.’

Such was the close of this deplorable drama. The aged body of the Empire, like that of Æson, was torn in pieces, and was now about to be submitted to that fiery process, out of which it was to emerge in renovated youth and strength.

We have detained our readers so long over Lang's first volume, that we have little space to devote to his second. The events recorded in it are less important, and none of them agreeable. He remained in the service of Prussia as long as Ansbach belonged to that power. When it was transferred to Bavaria, the *employés* had their choice of returning to Prussia, or remaining in their posts. He preferred the latter alternative. But, if his opinion of the Prussian government of that period was unfavourable enough, we hardly remember to have read a more revolting picture than that which he draws of the one whose service he entered. A large portion of the volume is filled with anecdotes (in which the names or initials are given) of high official persons. To nearly every one of these biographical sketches, the gallows would have been the appropriate termination. We have robbery under every conceivable form of force and fraud ; murder with the most cold-blooded and complicated aggravations ; brutal and boundless licentiousness ;—in short, it is difficult to believe in a state of society where men of station and eminence were such as he describes. We shall extract none of these stories. We have no means of establishing their truth or falsehood, and we know what may be done by carefully picking out and exhibiting the worst individuals of a nation or a class, as fair samples of the whole ;—a mode of misrepresentation at present very much in fashion with a part of the German press, as regards the English aristocracy, whose general character it is pleased to gather from the police reports, and from ‘ fashionable novels.’ The example does not invite us, though here the selection is ready to our hand ; nor could we plead in our excuse the same profound ignorance of the higher classes of Germany, which evidently prevails among the writers in question, as to those of England. We should sin against our own knowledge and experience of the total unfairness of such a picture. The only instructive lesson to be gleaned from all this scandalous gossip, is the very old one, that bad institutions act as a hot-bed to evil propensities. Many of the stories, as our

readers may infer from what they have seen of the bent of Lang's mind, are consummately ludicrous. He draws unimaginable pictures of the vulgarity and grossness of the manners of Munich, and makes himself merry at the dread which the Bavarians entertained of the 'Prussian foxes;'—a dread not quite eradicated to this hour.

In 1806 came the French occupation of Ansbach. The first officer quartered in Lang's house was General Maison; the second, General Berton;—names afterwards, in different ways, sufficiently known to Europe. Bernadotte commanded in the town, and frequently gave balls. 'At one of these,' says Lang, 'I saw four marshals: Bernadotte, a very tall dark man, with fiery eyes under thick brows; Mortier, still taller, with a long stiff pigtail, and a stupid sentinel look; Lefevre, an old Alsatian camp-boy, with his lady wife, former washerwoman to the regiment; and Davoust, a little smooth-pated, unpretending man, who was never tired of waltzing.' Bernadotte expressed to Lang what delight he had in the business of administration; how happy he had been in Hanover, where it had been his duty to conduct part of the business of government. He said it was one of his agreeable dreams that Ansbach was his own principality, and that he was destined to make it happy. Such were the early aspirations of the prudent and popular King of Sweden.

We must find room here for a most characteristic letter of Napoleon's to the Bavarian general, Wrede, of which Lang obtained possession:—

'Monsieur le Général de Wrede,—Je suis mécontent des troupes Bava-
roises. Au lieu de se battre, elles clabaudent et font des intrigues contre leur chef. Je viens de traduire le Général Stenzel à un conseil d'enquête pour avoir abandonné Golling. Pourquoi n'y mourait-il pas? On n'abandonne pas une poste sans l'ordre de son chef. Les troupes Bava-
roises sont démoralisées. Montrez ma lettre à Duroc, et dites-moi si les Bava-
rois veulent mériter mon estime ou mon mépris. Lorsque des troupes sont démoralisées, c'est au chef et aux officiers à retablir leur moral, ou à périr. Il y a eu des traits de lâcheté de commis, qu'il est à l'honneur de l'armée Bava-
roise de dénoncer et de faire punir; tels que de s'être laissés prendre prisonniers dans les gorges de Tyrol, plutôt que d'effectuer la retraite. *A l'armée il n'y a pas de Prince.* Il est possible que le Prince-Royal ait à se plaindre du Duc de Danzig; *mais cela n'a rien de commun avec l'honneur des armes*: il fallait marcher à l'ennemi lorsqu'il insultait aux drapeaux Bava-
rois jusqu'aux débouchés de Salzbourg. Je voulais faire un ordre à votre armée. Cet ordre fût resté dans l'histoire. J'ai préféré vous écrire—à vous, que j'estime pour vos talens et votre courage. Parlez à vos camarades, et faites qu'ils ne soient point déshonorés. Qu'on ne m'oppose ni Si, ni Mais, ni Car; je suis un vieux soldat. On doit vaincre ou mourir. J'aurais voulu

qu'au premier soupçon de l'attaque, le Prince eut couru aux avant-postes, et eut redonné du moral à sa division. Comme je sais que vous êtes attaché au Prince autant que je le suis moi-même, vous ne ferez de cette lettre que l'usage que vous jugerez convenable.

‘ Sur ce, je prie Dieu, &c.

‘ NAPOLEON.’ *

Schonbronn, (sic.)
le 8 Oct. 1809.

Is it possible to push the blind and brutal insolence of military power further? Because the men of Bavaria were not eager to shed their blood in the service of their country's enemy and oppressor, they were ‘demoralized.’ *Mériter mon estime ou mon mépris*—What a measure of human conduct! what a profound contempt do those words imply for principle or virtue, right or humanity—for all but *self*! *A l'armée il n'y a pas de Prince*;—he should have added, *ni de patrie*—a more inconvenient obstacle

* We insert, though rather unwillingly, the following translation of this characteristic effusion:—

‘ Monsieur le Général de Wrede,—I am dissatisfied with the Bavarian troops. Instead of fighting, they grumble and cabal against their leader. I have just sent General Stenzel before a council of enquiry for having abandoned Golling. Why did he not die there? A man is not to abandon his post without orders. The Bavarian troops are demoralized. Show my letter to Duroc, and tell me whether the Bavarians wish to merit my esteem or my contempt. When troops are demoralized, it is the duty of their leader and officers to revive a proper spirit in them, or to perish. There have been acts of cowardice committed which it is for the honour of the Bavarian army to denounce and bring to punishment; such as allowing themselves to be taken prisoners in the gorges of the Tyrol, rather than effect their retreat. In the army there is no Prince. It is possible that the Prince-Royal may have cause to complain of the Duke of Danzig; but that has nothing to do with the honour of arms: it was his duty to march on the enemy when they insulted the Bavarian flag up the gorges of Salsburg. I was very much inclined to write an order to your army. That order would have remained in history. I have chosen rather to write to you—to you, whom I esteem for your honour and your courage. Speak to your comrades, and try to prevent their being dishonoured. Don't let me be met with any *ifs*, or *buts*, or *fors*; I am an old soldier. One ought to conquer or die. I should have wished that, at the first suspicion of the attack, the Prince had run to the advanced posts, and had revived the spirit of his division. As I know that you are attached to the Prince as much as I am myself, you will make only such use of this letter as you judge expedient.

‘ And so, I pray God, &c.

‘ NAPOLEON.’

still, as it turned out, to the accomplishment of his schemes. Luckily, Louis of Bavaria and his people thought the emancipation of Germany from this insufferable yoke something more worth dying for than the esteem of Napoleon.

Lang seems to have entertained a sovereign contempt for the constitutions which some of the lesser states of Germany obtained after the expulsion of the French. That of Bavaria he treats as a complete 'humbug;' and it must be owned that the following scene from the Chamber is not calculated to give us a very exalted idea of the securities afforded by representative assemblies. We recommend it to all managers of divisions. It occurred during the earlier sittings of the Bavarian Stände.

'Count Reichensburg, the president, was extremely anxious to cut the debates as short as possible. But his great dread was an equality of numbers, ('paria,') because he was forced to recapitulate the arguments on both sides, and to give a casting vote. On one such occasion the secretary almost with terror exclaimed, "Your Excellency, —paria!" The president turned as red as fire, shifted his chair from side to side, counted the votes, and then said—"It cannot be, Mr Secretary; you must have made a mistake. Let us cursorily repeat the voting." But, alas! again there were seven of a side. "I don't understand this," said he; "it seemed to me quite otherwise." At last a certain Herr von Effner rose and said—"It's true I gave my vote on such a side; but I don't care about it, so I will go over to the other." Upon this the president looked round with a face radiant with delight, and rubbing his hands, called out—"Excellent! capital!" He accused the secretary of not having rightly understood the sentiments of his honourable colleague, Herr von Effner; and declared that where there was a good president, and affairs were well conducted, "paria" could never occur; they never happened to him; the difficulty had always been cleared up by a little explanation. At going out he pressed Herr von Effner's hand, and said—"You dine with me to-day, my worthy colleague?"

Nor was our author's opinion of administrative men and things in Bavaria a whit higher. It is very difficult in translation to give an idea of an anecdote, half the drollery of which lies in provincial phrases and absurd expressions. But we will try.

'The new Divan at Munich determined to provide the province at Ansbach with a new pasha, and appointed a certain Count P., who was regarded by the genuine Bavarians as an incarnation of affability and agreeableness. He generally received his subordinate employes in bed, and, confused from the debaucheries of the night, with cordial greetings, such as—"God be wi' ye, sow's tail! How long ha' you been here?" And when the village magistrate, enchanted at the gracious reception, rose to take his leave—"Ah! what are ye about? Well, I'll gi' ye leave to go now to look for a fresh man; but, ye know, you must come and ha' a bit o' a drunk with me." As soon as he heard of his appointment to Ansbach he broke out into curses upon those "ugly Prussian dogs;" and

asked whether the government expected him to learn the queer sort of German (*enterisches Deutsch*) the people spoke "out there." The old father, bent and tottering, forced himself into the king's antechamber, to ask his Majesty what crime his son had committed, that he should be banished to foreign parts, (*ins Ausland verwiesen?*)

'In consequence of this, another protégé of the new faction was appointed, from whom I immediately received the following lines:—"I have the honour to acquaint you that his majesty the King has been pleased to appoint me Commissary-General of the Rezat circle. I intend to set out to-morrow; (*i. e.* take care to provide the fireworks, the train of carriages to meet me, and the garlands of blue flowers;) shall be happy, &c. &c., and have the honour, &c. &c.—Yours.'

'But who? the name was utterly illegible, either by me or by any of the clerks or secretaries, whom, in the anguish of my heart, I summoned to my aid. The reading most commonly adopted was Frugier. The whole town was in alarm, every body was anxious to advise and to help, but in vain.

'At length the carriage rolled into the town with the new Commissary-General; while some sent in the greatest hurry for me, a most humble and obedient deputation was already at the carriage door, to assure the newly-arrived functionary how eagerly all hearts had flown to meet a man whose high name and eminent reputation had so long preceded him; they only took the liberty to beg that his *Herrlichkeit* would now condescend to let them hear this name from his own lips, since it had as yet remained concealed from their eager curiosity. "Concealed?" replied his *Herrlichkeit*, "why, I wrote it!" "Unquestionably you did," replied the most obedient humble welcomers, "but no one here has been bold enough to decipher those distinguished characters, or to interpret them in any ordinary way of reading." "My name is Drechsel," replied his *Herrlichkeit* with an air of vexation. "Drechsel! Drechsel!" echoed the enquiring voices. "Yes, Drechsel, the former post-director." Hereupon orders were given to the people standing about to be joyful; the postilions were particularly delighted, and blew heartily, "Nun danket alle Gott." It was late; the cow's horn of the watchman joined in the chorus, and every street and alley grew noisy and turbulent.'

'This Drechsel had held the honourable post of *Privy Letter-opener*. It seems that every post-office received from the general direction a list of the persons whose letters, sent or received, were to be enclosed to the postmaster-general; by him they were committed to the privy letter-opener, who made extracts from some, suppressed others altogether, and allowed the rest, like birds caught and let loose again, to fly to their destination. The same manipulation existed, I believe, in other countries; which explains the question, otherwise inexplicable, why it is that postmasters-general are so often converted into diplomats, and diplomats into postmasters-general.'

The scene of the following absurdities is laid in Bavaria, but might just as well be at home—or any where else. A rage for trumpery distinctions is unhappily of no time or country.

Almost every man who had risen to a post, civil or military,

under government, created a title of nobility, not only for himself but his children and descendants. In this and other indirect ways, the numbers of the nobility had been greatly increased—a real evil where they enjoy legal and substantial privileges; besides the usurpation of the rights of the hereditary nobles. •

To correct this abuse, a sort of herald's college was established for examining and ascertaining the titles of the nobility. The attestation of this college was necessary. The price of an attestation will not appear to our readers ruinous—for the lowest class of nobles, thirty shillings; for a baron, L.5; a count, L.10; a prince, L.30. For this they had a pedigree, arms, &c. &c.

‘ Nevertheless, the creation of this and a similar institution in Westphalia, Prussia, and Hanover, (where the fees were, however, much higher,) excited a terrible outcry among great and small. Among the great, because they were angry at being questioned, and because the origin of their nobility was—according to them—too remote to be traced; at all events, as old as that of the reigning house. The fact, however, was generally not so; especially as to the barons, who had, therefore, no alternative but either to give up their title, or to receive a new one by way of favour, and so to start afresh with a very recent diploma. The few barons (*Freiherrn*) of great antiquity, as, for instance, those of Lippe and Schwarzenberg, have taken their place among the nobility of the Empire.

‘ A still greater lamentation resounded from among those who had no proof to show—even of the lowest class of nobility—except such things as tailors' bills, (generally unreceipted,) which ran as follows:—“For mending his *Hochfreiherrliche Gnaden's* old clothes—so much;” &c. &c. The claims of above a hundred such families were entirely rejected. The whole amount of this immatriculation of the already existing nobility might amount, during my time, to 30,000 gulden.

‘ We had often most curious claims laid before us, to which we could not refuse our pious belief without mortal offence. Thus, for example, the Esterhazys pretended to be descended directly from Attila, or, better still, from the patriarch Enoch; the Arcos, from the long extinct counts of Bogen; the Spierings, from the dukes of Cleves; the Ruffinis, from the Roman dictator, Publius Cornelius Rufinus; the Widmers, from a Gothic king; the Aretines, from the kings of Armenia. The old court ladies were ready to scratch my eyes out because I asked for their baptismal register. A Countess of Taxis was heroic enough rather to give up all immatriculation than reveal this secret; others sent it to me through their confessors; others required me to take a formal oath not to reveal it.’

The minister, Count Montgelas, a man of considerable talent and originality, had a great contempt for the small fry of nobility. He wanted to found an aristocracy like the English, founded on large hereditary landed possessions, and the law of primogeniture; and then a personal or life *Ritteradel*, or class of knights. He felt the inconvenience of a poor beggarly nobi-

lity, and the way in which its claims hamper the government in the distribution of offices. He did *not* feel, or know, the inconvenience of an aristocracy strong enough to control or thwart all the acts of the government.

From the specimens we have laid before our readers, it is sufficiently clear that our author is not much given to the weakness of over-admiration. Few individuals or governments have much of his good word; and he has so quick a sense of the characteristic vices, follies, or defects of each branch of the great German family, that it is as impossible to deny them a certain air of truth, as it is not to recognize H. B.'s caricatures—in which, *par parenthèse*, there is far less bitterness than in Lang's portraits. Of all the states of Germany, Austria fares the best with him, as being 'the freest from the Egyptian plague of pedantry, and where, 'what there is, is on a grand and imperial scale.' The Austrians are, indeed, the most popular people of Germany, and no wonder. Extreme good-nature and absence of pretension are the most convenient of all qualities to others; they conciliate both the sympathy and the self-love. Lang speaks with unwonted good-will of the imperial family and the Austrian people; and, as the Bavarian constitution had given him a hearty disgust of what he calls playing with mere forms, he quotes with some satisfaction the Emperor Francis' delightful speech on his coronation in Hungary. 'Totus mundus stultizat, et vult habere novas constitutiones; sed vos jam habetis unam constitutionem antiquam, 'ut non opus sit his novitatibus peregrinis.'

We observe, by the by, that the Hungarians proved their attachment to the antique usages of their country the other day, by trying to throw Count Batthyany out of the window, because he was base enough to maintain that the nobles ought to tax themselves. However, any thing is better than *peregrinæ novitates*. Even our worthy and intelligent countryman, Mr Paget, seems to have a leaning for this venerable process of ejection, as indicative of the same sort of high spirit and manly character which is displayed in the noble election 'rows' of England. The Emperor's German, as is well known, was as remarkable as his Latin—it was Viennese. Lang tells a story which he seems to think greatly to the Emperor's credit. He had been much importuned to give some place to a man whom he especially disliked and disapproved, and had as constantly refused. At length, through neglect or hurry, he signed his appointment. When he had found out what he had done, he only said—'Curious! he has got it, though, at last!' (Curjos! jetzt ist er's halt doch worden!)

We find one really interesting and important remark about

Vienna. In noticing the changes which had taken place in the lapse of time since his former visit to it, he says—‘ The Vienna dialect had in great measure given way, in the higher classes, to the Silesio-Bohemian. The Bohemians and Moravians had raised themselves in every department by their talents and activity, and occupied the majority of the more important posts ; and I am firmly persuaded that this race will force itself into a prominent place in Austrian history.’ If this struck him in 1820, what would he say now ? It is much the fashion among tourists to ascribe the rising importance of the Bohemians to the patriotic partialities of Count Kolowrat. We see, however, that they had begun to distinguish themselves before his influence commenced ; nor do we believe that any such change is to be brought about by one man. It would probably be nearer the truth to say, that the minister is himself one example of the general proposition. Bohemia is, perhaps, one of the most interesting points in the map of Europe, to the eye of one who cares to contemplate the spectacle of a nation developing itself out of its own resources and by its own energies. Reserved, industrious, and intelligent, the Bohemians are the workers of the Austrian empire, and must, of course, become the most indispensable members of the body. They number among their wealthy and powerful nobles some most high-minded and enlightened men ; who show their patriotism not in factious and furious opposition to the government, but in strenuous, persevering, and peaceful exertions for the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the people. Bohemia has undoubtedly *un grand avenir*—to use a French phrase. It is reserved for her to show whether a Slavonian people can attain to solid, consistent, and generally diffused civilization. The high and brilliant polish of Poland never reached the people ; and it had little solid moral or intellectual culture to rest on. Still less can Russia, with her broad contrasts of splendour and filth, profusion and meanness—with an insensibility to national honour almost as universal as that which characterizes America—be accepted as affording any sample or earnest of Slavonic civilization. It is to Bohemia that all the most intelligent and virtuous friends of the Slavonic movement look as their leader. Those who believe that movement to be prompted by, or favourable to, Russia, know nothing at all of the temper of the Slavonic subjects of Austria.

Lang's memoirs close in the year 1824. We have given very little of his private history, except incidentally. The reason we have alleged at the beginning of this article. His personal character does not attract our sympathy, nor our respect ; except in as far as he seems to have been really impressed with an idea very uncommon at that time of day, and very remarkable in a man of his

temper ;—namely, that governments and public functionaries are bound to act with some reference to the interests of the governed. He seems, too, to have had, for his age and country, unusually clear and just notions on economical subjects—such as the commercial restrictions which severed the various states of Germany ; the absurd passport system ; the establishing of a *maximum* on articles of consumption ; and all the evils consequent on the rage for overgoverning—(*Vielregieren*.)

There is a great deal of wit in the book, of a peculiar kind—not the highest certainly ; and a vast store of anecdotes. Some of these are so extraordinary as almost to stagger our belief ; and all are related with a cynical delight in the meanness and deformities of mankind. The author made, as we have been told by persons who knew him, countless enemies by his bitter and unsparing tongue ; and he showed as little reserve and delicacy about himself as about others. But his historical and antiquarian learning were always acknowledged by the most competent judges. His leanings, if he had any, (for his contempt was pretty impartial,) were, we think, more towards the French than his own countrymen ; and, indeed, there is a mocking levity about him, which savours far more of France than of Germany. The overbearing pretensions and military pedantry of the Prussians ; the coarse habits of the Bavarians, the corruption and inaptitude of the governing classes, and the servility and meanness of the governed—are all described with a sort of *gusto* very different from the sorrowing indignation or the discriminating rebuke of a true patriot. But his facts have not been denied ; indeed, they may be taken as acknowledged even by those to whom they are most offensive, since the Bavarian Government has prohibited the publication of the third volume, (which brings the history down to the present time,) and has, by that act, avowed that it was not in a condition to confute the author's allegations.

We must, however, again emphatically remind our readers that this book relates to German men and things as they *were*, and not as they *are* ; and that in no country has a more striking progress been made. Who shall say how much this progress has been accelerated by the consciousness that secrecy and impunity are not now to be counted on as formerly ? Inasmuch as they contribute to that result, such books as this, odious as is the temper they evince, are of great public utility ; and, though we cannot applaud them, we must admit that they are serviceable to the cause of truth and justice.

- ART. IV—1. *Biographia Britannica Literaria ; or, the Biography of Literary Characters of Great Britain and Ireland, arranged in Chronological Order. Anglo-Saxon Period.* By THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A. Published under the Superintendence of the Royal Society of Literature. 8vo. London : 1842.
2. *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.* Second Series. Vol. I. 8vo. London : 1843.

So wide is the realm, and so densely peopled with a noisy multitude is the Republic of Letters, that we dare say there are many of our readers who know very little about the Society whose publications invite this notice. Yet it has been a number of years in existence, and was right royally founded and munificently endowed by George the Fourth. Among the literary institutions of the present century it holds a prominent place ; and among its members and supporters are many individuals of the highest rank in society, and the highest fame in literature and science. Thus, standing apart from the numerous private associations formed for the cultivation and promotion of particular classes of learning, a brief account of its origin and progress may not be unacceptable. Having all the necessary information at our command, we shall therefore commence with a historical sketch of this royal foundation, which though singular, as having emanated spontaneously from the Sovereign, yet presents in its formation all the features of analogous associations, whether springing from private individuals or learned bodies pursuing similar objects. The original steps taken, the difficulties encountered, the gradual progress, and finally, the maturity of plans resulting in operations and effects which endure for many generations, and have an influence on them all, present details of curious interest, well deserving of literary record.

The ‘ Royal Society of Literature ’ originated in an accidental conversation between the late learned and worthy Bishop of St David’s (Dr Burgess, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury,) and an eminent person of the royal household, in October 1820, respecting the various institutions which adorn the British name and nation. It was agreed that there seemed to be one wanting for the encouragement and promotion of General Literature ; and that if a society, somewhat resembling the French Academy of *Belles Lettres*, could be established, it might be productive of great advantage to the cause of knowledge. This suggestion was

communicated to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and by him mentioned to the King; and his Majesty having expressed his approbation, a general outline of the institution was, by command, submitted to the royal perusal. From seed thus fortuitously scattered, sometimes arise trees that furnish fruit and shelter to mankind.

In November, the Bishop of St David's was summoned to Carlton House, for the purpose of devising the best mode of giving effect to the undertaking; and was entrusted with a full commission to arrange the plan of the society. He accordingly invited a few of his personal friends to assist him; and for some time they held frequent (almost weekly) conferences on the subject. Their first meeting took place on the 30th of that month; and the parties present were, besides the Bishop, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, (Mr Vansittart, now Lord Bexley,) the Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, (the last Lord Clarendon,) and Prince Hoare, Foreign Secretary of the Royal Academy, a gentleman distinguished for his love of learning. Letters were read expressing his Majesty's '*eagerness* to promote the object' in hand, and appointing an audience for its further consideration. A statement was printed by Mr John Mortlock, an early friend and member of this initiative committee, and five hundred copies distributed. The title was '*Royal Society of Literature for the Encouragement of Indigent Merit,** and the Promotion of General Literature;' but the views and means it recommended were soon greatly modified and altered, to adapt them to the ultimate constitution approved of and munificently endowed by the King. A single part of the plan was, however, immediately acted upon, to give signs of public life in the society—namely, the offer of prizes for the following subjects:—

I. For the King's Premium, One Hundred Guineas—'On the Age, Writings, and Genius of Homer; and on the state of Religion, Society, Learning, and the Arts during that Period: collected from the writings of Homer.'

II. For the Society's Premium, Fifty Guineas—'Dartmoor; a Poem.'

III. For the Society's Premium, Twenty-five Guineas—'On the History of the Greek Language, and the Present Language of Greece, especially in the Ionian Isles; and on the difference between the Ancient and Modern Greek.'

* At the first subsequent meeting of the committee, these objectionable words were ordered to be cancelled; and the title then stood simply, 'For the Encouragement of General Literature.'

Anticipating somewhat the future result, we may here state, that five candidates appeared within the specified time for the second premium. Two others (as is not unusual with poets) were too late. Their productions were referred to a sub-committee of seven, and at a meeting in the British Museum, the prize was adjudged to the motto, 'Come, bright Improvement;' and the poem, of which two hundred copies were afterwards printed at the expense of the society, was found to be written by Mrs Felicia Hemans. The other premiums were renewed, the third being increased to fifty guineas, and another, of the like sum, was proposed for the best poem on 'The Fall of Constantinople in the XV.th century.' By March 1822, six Essays were received for the Homeric premium, and ten Poems on the Fall of Constantinople; but only one on the Greek language!

Meanwhile, the Society continued to gather strength, enrolling among its first members the King, who again by letter spoke of 'his anxiety for the success of the infant undertaking,' the royal Dukes of York and Cambridge, (each subscribing 100 guineas,) the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle, Chester, and Gloucester, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Nares, Dr Gray, (afterwards Bishop of Bristol,) Sir Alexander Johnston, and others;—several of whom immediately began to take a more or less active part in the proceedings of the committee. Among these, the earliest to be found on the list of attendances were the Rev. Archdeacon Prosser, the Rev. H. H. Baber, the Rev. Lewis Way, Mr William Jerdan, the Bishop of Bangor, and Mr R. Westley Hall Dare. Towards the close of the London spring season of 1821, it was deemed expedient to appoint a provisional council, authorized to act till the Society should consist of two hundred members; and, on the 17th of May, the following were appointed, with three to constitute a quorum. The Bishop of St David's, president, the Chancellor of the Exchequer Vansittart, the Bishops of Bangor, Lincoln, Chester, Salisbury, Gloucester, Mr J. C. Villiers, Sir A. Johnston, Sir M. Tierney, Archdeacon Prosser, Dr Gray, Archdeacon Nares, Messrs H. H. Baber, George Croly, Taylor Combe, Westley Hall Dare, W. Jerdan, and Prince Hoare. The sittings continued till the 26th of July, there being generally from three to seven or eight members present. To afford an idea of the trouble of working out such a design, we may intimate the number of what may be reckoned little else than preliminary conferences and meetings. The earliest conferences previous to the 30th November 1820, were followed by fifteen committee meetings between that date and the 17th of May ensuing, when the provisional council was appointed; and during the remainder of

May, June, and July, the council assembled eleven times, and then adjourned till November.

From November to April 1822, the council continued to attend regularly to the business of the society, and enjoyed the accession of Dr Richards, who has since bequeathed a legacy of L.5000 to promote the objects of the society, which will fall in on a future contingency; of W. Hamilton, Esq., who has long filled, and now fills, the office of foreign secretary; of the Bishop of Carlisle; of A. E. Impey, Esq., who became treasurer, and discharged the duties till very near his death; of the Rev. C. K. Sumner, then librarian to his Majesty at Carlton House, and now Bishop of Winchester; and of Dr Pearson. But its proceedings were greatly paralysed by a sinister report, brought before it by one or two of its members of high rank, and using the name of Lord Sidmouth, intimating that his Majesty had withdrawn his countenance, and that he had been mainly influenced to do so by written representations from Sir Walter Scott. Some of the council were for receding, some for giving up, some for modifying, and only two or three for going on. The state of affairs thus became perplexing, and the resolution of the kind-hearted President was somewhat shaken. At length it was determined to ascertain what were the real feelings of the royal founder, and private measures were adopted to obtain this intelligence—such as are resorted to where true and direct information is desired from the heads of palaces and courts. The issue was most satisfactory. A letter addressed to the President, was received from Mr Hoare at Brighton, where the King was then residing, in answer to one from a fellow-councillor, Mr Jerdan, in London, to the effect that ‘his Majesty’s favour was in no manner withdrawn from the R. S. L. ;’ that ‘the question had been asked of the King himself, and that H. M. had expressly declared that *no change* had taken place in his sentiments of regard for the society, nor had the least unfavourable impression been made in his mind respecting it.’ But the session was, by this time, too far advanced for much action; and Colonel Leake and Dr Pearson being added to the council, an offer of the presidency was made to Lord Grenville, who, though warmly approving of the society, declined the honour, in consequence of his retirement from all public business to Dropmore, and other reasons of a personal nature. On the 11th of July, the adjournment till winter took place; and thus it may be said the second year was spent, if not fruitlessly, yet with very little apparent fruit.

Of the third year, several months were, owing to accidental causes, wasted as before: the election of the Marquis of Lansdowne to the council, and a request that he would accept the

office of president, which he also declined, being the most important of the transactions.

Up to this period, the end of February 1823, nearly two years and a half were consumed before the constitution of the society could be framed, its objects distinctly defined, or any of its details forwarded into execution. The story of its vicissitudes is almost ludicrous, notwithstanding the continued and earnest exertions of the six or eight persons who might be considered the nucleus of its operations. To trace the thousand and one propositions made and discussed—occupying the time, and vexing the labours of this little conclave—might afford a lesson and a warning to all future labourers in the formation of any public establishment. The Royal Society of London objected to the title, and its president, Sir Humphrey Davy, must be met, argued with, and propitiated. Had that of the ‘Royal Academy of Literature’ been assumed, as was advised, the same sort of negotiation would have been necessary with Sir Thomas Lawrence! Separate plans of a constitution and regulations were propounded by Messrs Hoare, Baber, Nares, Croly, &c., and each demanded its due share of attention: fortunately, the better parts of each were selected and condensed into one paper by Mr Impey; but then *that* paper had as much of revision bestowed upon it, to fit it for its desired and final purpose, as any other of the endless schemes which every new week produced. Much of the evils experienced were attributable to the irregular attendance of members of the committee and council; some being thus only partially informed of what had been agreed to in their absence. Thus, what was done at one meeting was frequently undone at the next. Now appeared a person of authority, and suggested some new feature, which, being adopted and incorporated with the results of preceding deliberations, was found, on leisurely consideration, to be at issue with a previous rule, or in direct contradiction to the spirit of the whole. Then came a report that such and such a minister had expressed his disapprobation of the project—that such and such an author was hostile to it—that the mind of the King (as we have already noticed) had been turned against it;—in short, there was a good deal of intrigue and timidity, a good deal of vacillation and want of straightforwardness, which hung up the proceedings from November 1820 till June 1823, when a general meeting was held. At this meeting a provisional council was elected, including most of those parties who had taken an active share in the preliminary measures. The Society thus obtained a public *status*; having narrowly escaped being altogether swamped in more than half a dozen instances, when opposition was strong, and rumours of royal in-

disposition ripe. Means having been taken to obtain directly from his Majesty the cordial repetition of his sentiments in favour of his original design, the Bishop of St David's went to work in earnest: the Constitution and Regulations were completed, and submitted to the King on the 29th of May, and, on the 2d of June 1823, were finally approved of under the sign-manual. On the 17th the first general meeting ensued; and the following Council and Officers were elected to conduct the proceedings of the now fully constituted Royal Society, with laws and objects organized, and published to the world:—Council, Lords Lansdowne, Grenville, and Morpeth; Sirs A. Johnston and T. D. Acland; Messrs F. Chantrey, Taylor Combe, G. Croly, James Cumming, William Empson, Prince Hoare, W. Jerdan, and the Rev. Dr Gray; Archdeacon Prosser, Dr Richards, and C. K. Sumner—President, the Bishop of St David's—Vice-Presidents, the Bishop of Chester, Lord Chief-Justice Abbott, Right Hon. J. C. Villiers, Hon. G. Agar Ellis, (afterwards Lord Dover,) Sir Gore Ouseley, Sir James Mackintosh, Archdeacon Nares, and Colonel Leake—Treasurer, A. J. Impey—Librarian, Rev. H. H. Baber—Secretary, in which office he has continued to act most efficiently for twenty years, the Rev. Richard Cattermole.

Thus terminated three years of doubt, wavering, and uncertainty; and the good work was consummated by a Royal Charter, granted in the sixth year of George IV., in these terms:—‘To our right trusty and well-beloved *Thomas*, by divine permission Lord Bishop of Salisbury,’ (to which see he had recently been translated from St David's,) ‘and others of our loving subjects, who have, under our royal patronage, formed themselves into a society for the advancement of literature—by the publication of inedited remains of ancient literature, and of such works as may be of great intrinsic value, but not of that popular character which usually claims the attention of publishers; by the promotion of discoveries in literature; by endeavouring to fix the standard, as far as practicable, and to preserve the purity of the English language, by the critical improvement of English lexicography; by the reading at public meetings of interesting papers on history, philosophy, poetry, philology, and the arts, and the publication of such of those papers as shall be approved of; by the assigning of honorary rewards to works of great literary merit, and to important discoveries in literature; and by establishing a correspondence with learned men in foreign countries, for the purpose of literary enquiry and information.’

It will be seen that the charter embraces desirable and com-

prehensive objects ; and we believe that most of them have been attempted, with greater or less degrees of success, as means and opportunities have permitted. The Society adopted, in 1828, the publications of the ‘ Egyptian Society ’ when *in articulo mortis* ; and has since contributed some important researches into the antiquities of Egypt, that interesting cradle of civilization. Towards the reward of eminent literary men, the royal founder enabled it to act with princely liberality, by placing at its disposal no less a sum than eleven hundred guineas a-year ; to be bestowed on ten associates for life, to be elected by the Officers and Council, each to receive one hundred guineas per annum ; and the remaining hundred guineas to be expended on two golden medals, to be bestowed annually upon individuals whose literary deserts entitled them to the honour. The medals were very handsome, having the head of his Majesty on the obverse, and a whole length figure of Mercury, engraved from a beautiful gem in the Florentine Museum, on the reverse. During the donor’s lifetime and reign they were adjudged, we believe, with impartiality and discrimination—in 1824, to Mitford, the historian of Greece, and Angelo Mai, the well-known archeologist ; in 1825, to Dr J. Rennell and Charles Wilkins, both eminent authors ; in 1826, to the learned Professor John Schweighæuser of Strasburg, and to Dugald Stewart, the celebrated Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh ; in 1827, Southey and Scott were their recipients ; in 1828, Crabbe and Archdeacon Coxe ; in 1829, Roscoe and Baron Sylvester de Sacy ; and in 1830, Hallam and Washington Irving were presented with the last of the fourteen ; for, in 1831, George IV. died, and with him fell to the ground this gratifying bequest. King William, on his accession, had too many and urgent claims upon his privy purse to continue the grant ; and during the present reign, so friendly to literature and the arts, it has not been recommended, nor has it occurred to Queen Victoria and Prince Albert to follow, in this way, the illustrious example of the founder, whose ‘ earnest ’ endeavour to patronize the literature of England, and conciliate foreign sympathy for pursuits confined to no country, thus, as far as the throne was concerned, concluded with him. . . .

The election of the ten royal and *pensioned* associates was a task of still greater responsibility ; and how it was discharged the public must judge from the list of names. The following were the ten chosen :—Coleridge, the poet ; the Rev. J. Davies, author of *Celtic antiquities* ; Dr Jameson, the Scottish lexicographer ; T. J. Mathias, author of the ‘ *Pursuits of Literature* ; ’ the Rev. J. R. Malthus, author of the celebrated work on ‘ *Population* ; ’ Mr Millingen, of classic fame ; Sir William Ouseley,

the Persian traveller ; Mr Roscoe, the biographer of Leo X. ; the Rev. H. J. Todd, editor and enlarger of ‘Johnson’s Dictionary ;’ and Sharon Turner, the Saxon and English historian. Of these, Mr Davies died before the royal bounty lapsed ; and Coleridge, Jameson, Mathias, Malthus, Ouseley, and Roscoe, have since trodden the silent path. Three only, Millingen, Todd, and Turner, remain, in honoured age, the relics of the learning and personal distinction so honourably recognized by the Royal Society of Literature.

Lord Melbourne, during his administration, made some enquiries respecting those associates who were deprived of a resource on which they had naturally relied for life ; and it is to the honour of his government to state, that nearly all, if not all, were placed upon the usual pension list, to the extent of their annual loss ; and thus the only difference was the failure of a few years, and the amount not being paid through the medium of the Royal Society of Literature. There was, and is, a second class of associates — an ‘honorary’ class—which consists of eminent Continental and British scholars. Before concluding this sketch, we may mention that the King, in 1826, made a grant to the Society of the crown land opposite St Martin’s Church ; and that the leading and official members among themselves voluntarily subscribed L.4300 as a building fund, with which they erected their present place of meeting. It would be a departure from our purpose to continue this historical sketch to the present day ; suffice it to say, that, on the death of the Bishop of Salisbury, the Earl of Ripon was chosen, and continues to be, President ; that a valuable library has been formed, and greatly enriched by the lexicographical and antiquarian publications presented by Mr Todd ; that of Papers read at meetings, and furnished by many of the most eminent writers of the age, three quarto volumes have been issued ; and that the expense of the biographical works named at the head of this article, as well as a second volume on the Anglo-Norman period, by the same author, now in preparation, has been supplied by the ‘generous subscription’ of noblemen and gentlemen in ministerial situations, and other long-tried friends of the Society.

It was in his address in 1838, that Lord Ripon, as President, recommended the biographical undertaking just mentioned :—

‘ I would recommend the publication in parts by, or rather under the superintendence of, the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, of a biographical series, not in the ordinary inartificial and imperfect plan of alphabetical arrangement, but in chronological order—thus obviating the inconvenience of the anachronism which occurs between the early and late volumes of a long set, as is the case in Chalmers’s Dictionary, which occupied upwards of five years in publication ; in consequence of which,

notices were given in the latter volumes of persons who had long survived others of whom no mention whatever is made in the earlier sections of the work, while a still greater anachronism occurs from the juxtaposition of men who flourished at the most remote periods from one another; by which means Alfred and Akenside, Wickliff and Wilmot, Chaucer and Chatterton, are jumbled together in very absurd discrepancy.

‘ Another defect of biographical dictionaries is the attempt to render them universal as to all nations, and as to every description of notoriety of character.

‘ I would endeavour to obviate both these sources of imperfection, by making the proposed biography purely national, and arranging it chronologically by centuries, on which plan each volume might be considered a separate work. The volumes might even be published simultaneously, or, beginning with recent centuries, work upwards to the source; and, in either case, the work would admit of indefinite continuance with the lapse of time, while the earlier portions would never become obsolete, or lose their relative value, as has invariably been the fate of all alphabetical biographies.

‘ The only attempt on any adequate scale at a national biography, was by the publication, between the years 1747 and 1766, of a “*Biographia Britannica*,” of which an enlarged edition was in 1777 undertaken by Dr Kippis and others, and slowly continued until the year 1793, when it ceased to appear, having proceeded no further than the letter E. Independent of its vicious alphabetical arrangement, and its bulk and uncertain periods of its publication, enough of cause for its non-acceptance by the public, and consequent abrupt termination, would be found in its injudicious plan of giving the entire text of the former edition, and appending an immense quantity of elaborate and controversial notes, after the manner, but destitute of the critical acumen, of Bayle. A Dictionary of General Biography was soon afterwards compiled and edited by Drs Aikin and Enfield, without, however, establishing any claim to distinction in the literary world.* Another mode of improving on the crude and desultory character of all existing large works in general biography, would be by a classification of the lives according to the different branches of literature and science to which they were devoted; but this would be attended with great difficulty, in consequence of the versatile pursuits of many distinguished geniuses, who, like Julius Cæsar or our own Alfred, have earned laurels in every field of fame.

‘ On the whole, therefore, I would repeat the expression of my predilection in favour of the scheme I have proposed; namely, a purely national literary biography, deduced chronologically from the first dawning of British genius in the seventh century, to the mature, but I

* The great work of the ‘ Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,’ described in a previous Number, had not, at the period of this discourse, been undertaken.

trust still far from declining, splendour of its emanations in the nineteenth.'

On the execution of the first volume, which has appeared in furtherance of this design, we have now to pass judgment; and we at once concede, that we know of few literary undertakings of the kind which could be accounted more useful or more nationally attractive. A literary history of England—any tolerably correct and ample history—had long been felt as a great desideratum. We are in this respect far inferior to almost all our neighbours in civilized Europe. Nay, not to speak of nations, there is hardly a town of any considerable importance on the Continent which does not form the subject of a literary history. France has long had its *Histoire Littéraire*, begun by the learned Benedictines and continued by the Institute, the funds being furnished directly by the government; whilst we, who can look to government for no such aid, are far behind, because such a work surpasses the utmost bounds of individual enterprise. It is, however, rather a memorable circumstance, that in the middle ages there were several attempts to form and produce literary biographies, or bibliographies which ran into that character. The performance of John Boston, a monk of Bury, in the XV.th century, remains a marked example of the fact.

But the first author who compiled a detailed literary biography of our island, was Leland, who, profoundly versed in antiquities, fortunately had the opportunity of visiting the monastic libraries just about the time of their dissolution. He made the best use in his power of the information thus snatched as it were from the fire; nevertheless, his manuscript remained *in statu quo* till the last century, when it was disinterred and printed at Oxford. John Bale, the celebrated Reformer, following Leland, used apparently part of his materials, and, with more zeal than judgment, produced his work entitled 'The Centuries of British Writers;' which he commences, something like the Welsh pedigree, soon after the Flood. The violent enmity to the 'Papists' exhibited in almost every page, soon raised up rivals among the learned Romanists of the sixteenth century, and gave rise to the similar work of the Catholic, Pitsius. These volumes comprehended almost all that we had on their subject till Bishop Tanner composed his 'Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica;' in which was condensed all that had been written by Leland, Bale, Pitsius, and others, with innumerable corrections and additions. Tanner, instead of following the chronological order observed by his predecessors, reduced the whole into the form of an alphabetical dictionary. It certainly seems to many that the juxtaposition of names, remote by hundreds of years from each other, tends

much to confusion of ideas and memory in any thing which goes beyond a mere nominal catalogue. Others again think, that as such works are not read, or but rarely, in a continuous method, the alphabetical order, as best adapted to ready consultation, is preferable. Having on former occasions discussed this point, we shall not at present resume it; but shall go on to observe, that Tanner's valuable '*Bibliotheca*,' being written in Latin, is a sealed book to the multitude, and only useful for reference to the more instructed classes. Even for the latter it abounds in errors, mostly copied from the elder bibliographers; there is little attempt at minute criticism, either in dates or facts; and we can see, through many subsequent publications, how largely their compilers have been led astray by adopting them without examining the original authorities, and comparing them with the texts they have so carelessly copied.

It gives us pleasure to remark, that Mr Wright has not followed this sordid practice. In the principal biographies, those of '*Gildas*, '*Nennius*, '*Asser*,' and others, there are pregnant proofs of his careful investigation of the authenticity, both of the histories of the writers and of the works attributed to them. The discovery of the *un*-authenticity of Asser's '*Life of Alfred*' is particularly important, not only in itself, but because it affects so very interesting a portion of the Anglo-Saxon literary and political annals.

'It appears, in the first place, strange,' says Mr Wright, 'that the life of Alfred should have been written in his lifetime, when he was in the vigour of his age, (in his forty-fifth year,) and particularly by a man in the position of Asser. It is not easy to conceive for what purpose it was written, or to point out any parallel case; but it is still more difficult to imagine why (if Asser the biographer and Asser Bishop of Sherborne be the same) its author, who lived nine years after Alfred's death, did not complete it. When we examine the book itself, we see at once that it does not support its own character; it has the appearance of an unskilful compilation of history and legend. Asser's life of Alfred consists of two very distinct parts; first, a chronicle of events, strictly historical, from 851 to 887; and secondly, a few personal anecdotes of Alfred, which are engrafted upon the chronicle at the years 866 and 884, without any particular reference to those years, and at the conclusion. No person can compare the first, or strictly historical part of the work, with the Saxon Chronicle, without being convinced that it is a mere translation from the corresponding part of that document, which was most probably not in existence till long after Alfred's death. Why the writer should discontinue his chronological entries at the year 887, when he distinctly states that he was writing in 893, does not appear, unless we may suppose that the copy of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle he used was mutilated, and reached no lower than that year.'

‘The second part of the book, or the matter interpolated in the Chronicle, evidently contains legendary matter which could not have been written in Alfred’s time, or by his bishop, Asser. The account he gives of Alfred’s youth cannot be strictly true; it is impossible to believe that the education of the favourite child of King Ethelwulf, who was himself a scholar, should have been neglected, or that in the court where Swithun was the domestic adviser, he should want teachers. His early mission to Rome is a proof that such was not the case. Yet Asser states that Alfred complained that in his childhood, when he was desirous of learning, he could find no instructors. There are several things in the book which are not consistent: on one occasion the writer quotes the authority of King Alfred for the story of the West-Saxon queen Eadburga, which must have been well known to Alfred’s subjects; whilst in another part he goes to a legendary life of St Neot for all the information relating to Alfred’s misfortunes at Athelney, which he has added to what is said in the Saxon Chronicle. In the same manner he asserts in one place that King Alfred laboured under a painful disease, which never quitted him from the time of his marriage till his *fortieth* year, when he was miraculously relieved from it in consequence of his praying to St Neot, after which he never suffered a relapse; and in a subsequent page he says that the king still continued to suffer from it at the time he was writing, in his *forty-fifth* year, and that he had never been free from it an hour together.

‘There can be no doubt that the writer of this life of Alfred made use of a life of St Neot. The story of Alfred and the peasant’s wife is considered to be an interpolation in the original text, because it was omitted in the older manuscript; but even in that manuscript (the one printed by Matthew Parker) the reference to Neot remained in the words—“Et, ut in vita sancti patris Neoti legitur, apud quendam suum vacarium.” There are also other allusions to this life of Neot. It is our firm conviction that there existed no life of Neot in the time of the real Asser. There is, on the contrary, every reason for believing that the life of St Neot began to be written after his relics were carried into Huntingdonshire, in 974. In this case, the life of Alfred attributed to Asser cannot have been written before the end of the tenth century; and it was probably the work of a monk who, with no great knowledge of history, collected some of the numerous traditions relating to King Alfred which were then current, and joined them with the legends in the life of St Neot, and the historical entries of the Saxon Chronicle, and, to give authenticity to his work, published it under the name of Asser. At the time when it was published, and when the Anglo-Saxons looked back to their great monarch with regret, it may have been intended to serve a political object. There is another work which bears Asser’s name, itself a poor compilation from the Saxon Chronicle, but which is also described as a Chronicle of St Neot’s, though it is asserted that it ought to be called *Asseri Annales*. It is not impossible that the writer of both was a monk of St Neot’s, which would account for the frequent use of the life of St Neot in the life of Alfred.’

This extract affords a fair example of the author’s style, rea-

soning, and learning. In like manner, he shows, in his sketch of Alfred himself, that the metrical translation of Boethius, attributed to him, must have been executed by another person; and the popular name of the king attached to it, either by the author or by fond posterity. The subject being curious, we shall present our readers with another extract of some length.

‘We must not,’ says the author, ‘let ourselves be led by the greatness of his exertions to estimate Alfred’s own learning at too high a rate. In “Grammar” his skill was never very profound, because he had not been instructed in it in his youth; and the work of Boethius had to undergo a singular process before the royal translator commenced his operations. Bishop Asser, one of Alfred’s chosen friends, was employed to turn the original text of Boethius “into plainer words”—“a necessary labour in those days,” says William of Malmesbury, “although at present (in the 12th century) it seems somewhat ridiculous.” And in a similar manner, before he undertook the translation of the *Pastorale*, he had it explained to him—the task was perhaps executed sometimes by one, sometimes by another—by Archbishop Plegmund, by Bishop Asser, and by his “Mass-priests” Grimbold and John. But Alfred’s mind was great and comprehensive; and we need not examine his scholarship in detail, in order to justify or to enhance his reputation. His translations are well written; and, whatever may have been the extent of his knowledge of the Latin language, they exhibit a general acquaintance with the subject superior to that of the age in which he lived. Whenever their author added to his original, in order to explain allusions which he thought would not be understood, he exhibits a just idea of ancient history and fable, differing widely from the distorted popular notions which were prevalent then and at a subsequent period in the vernacular literature. There is one apparent exception to this observation. In translating the second metre of the fifth book of Boethius, beginning—

“Puro clarum lumine Phœbum
Melliflui canit oris Homerus”—

Alfred has added an explanation which shows that Virgil was then much better known than Homer. “Homer,” says he, “the good poet, who was best among the Greeks, he was Virgil’s teacher; this Virgil was best among the Latins.” Alfred probably means no more than that Virgil imitated Homer; but in the metrical version of the *Metres of Boethius*, also *attributed* to Alfred, the matter is placed quite in another light, and Homer not only becomes Virgil’s teacher, but his friend also.

“Omerus wæs
east mid Crecum
on pæm leod-scipe
leopa cræftgast,
Firgilies
freond and lareow,
pæm mæran scope
magistra betst.

Homer was
in the east among the Greeks
in that nation
the most skilful of poets,
Virgil’s
friend and teacher,
to that great bard
the best of masters.”

Metres of Boeth. ed Fox, p. 137.

We will, however, willingly relieve the Anglo-Saxon monarch from all responsibility for this error, which seems to have arisen from the misconstruction of Alfred's words by some other person who was the author of the prosaic verses that have hitherto gone under his name. Several reasons combine in making us believe that these were not written by Alfred: they are little more than a transposition of the words of his own prose, with here, and there a few additions and alterations in order to make alliteration; the compiler has shown his want of skill on many occasions. He has, on the one hand, turned into metre both Alfred's preface (or at least imitated it) and his introductory chapter, which certainly had no claim to that honour; whilst, on the other hand, he has overlooked entirely three of the metres, which appear to have escaped his eye as they lay buried among King Alfred's prose. The only manuscript containing this metrical version which has yet been met with, appears, from the fragments of it preserved from the fire which endangered the whole Cottonian Library, to have been written in the tenth century.'

We have cited these passages, both as specimens of the author's language and manner, and because they refer to a personage who never can be viewed without interest, whether considered in his personal history, his rule, or his love of letters. But there are other biographies of the Anglo-Saxon period which elucidate matters of much importance;—such as the lives of 'Alfric of Canterbury,' (one of three Alfrics, mingled in hitherto inextricable perplexity;) and 'Alfric, archbishop of York,' his disciple; and of 'Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester,' whose Homilies were published under the title of *Lupus Episcopus*. From these, in particular, we ascertain the importance of the elder Anglo-Saxon religious doctrines, as approaching those of the Reformed Church. The principles of the future Reformation were there: they only expanded and flourished in the after days of Wickliffe and Lollardism.

The Anglo-Saxon mind appears to have been eminently poetical. Columbanus, Tatwine, Bede, Acca, Cuthbert of Canterbury, Boniface, Alcuin, Ethelwolf, Fridegode, Bricstan, and Wolstan, who wrote in Latin; and Cædmon, Aldhelm, and Cynewulf, who composed their verses in the native tongue, are lasting expositors of this fact. Of the first-mentioned of these, Columbanus, Mr Wright speaks as follows—

'His poems show that he was not ignorant of ancient history and fable, and that he had read attentively a certain class of authors; and his letters on the period of observing Easter, prove that he was well acquainted with the theological works then in repute. It has been conjectured from a passage at the end of one of his letters, that he could read Greek and Hebrew; but the inference seems hardly authorized by the observation which gave rise to it.

‘ The works of Columbanus, which have always found the greatest number of readers, and have been most frequently printed, are his poems. Yet they are few in number, and of no great importance. His style is simple, and not incorrect; but there is little spirit or vigour in his versification. He frequently imitates the later poets; and, like them, is too partial to dactylic measures—a fault which strikes us in his hexameters, most of which have a dactyl for their base. He also possesses another fault in common with all the poets of the middle ages, the frequent use of unnecessary particles, inserted only to help the verse. The subject of Columbanus’s poetry never varies; all his pieces are designed to convey to his friends his exhortations to quit the vanities and vexations of the world, which he seems to have thought would be longer retained in their memory if expressed in metre.’

We pass over the illustrations of the rude, alliterative, and punning imitations of the classics by Alcuin and Aldhelm—the ‘*Ænigmata* of Tatwine,’ who died A.D. 734, the second in point of date of the Anglo-Latin poets—the industrious versification of Bede, and the unknown poems said to have passed as those of his friend Bishop Acca of Hexham—Archbishop Cuthbert’s poor epigrams, most of which have been lost—the superior literary remains of Boniface—Ethelwolf’s ‘*Metrical Account of the Abbots, &c., of his Monastery, Lindasferne*’—Fridegode, the monk of Dovor’s ‘*Life of Saint Wilfred*,’ in heroic verse, so filled with Greek words as to need translation—Bricstan’s ‘*Elegy on the Destruction of Croyland Abbey*,’ of which only a few lines have been preserved—and Wolstan’s ‘*Miracles of St Swithun*,’ about the last and best of these Saxon Latinists. Respecting the second class to whom we have alluded, we shall only quote a few remarks from Mr Wright. Of Cædmon he says—

‘ While men of higher rank and education were labouring to introduce among their countrymen the language and literature of Rome, we find a person rising out of the common orders of the people, under remarkable circumstances, to Christianize and refine the vernacular poetry. No name has of late years excited more interest among scholars than that of Cædmon, yet he is not mentioned by any early writer except Bede.’

The ‘*Cowherd of Streaneshalch*’ (now Whitby) furnishes a romantic history; and he was much imitated in his religious poetry, though so little of the imitations have survived the ravages of time. Of Aldhelm’s Anglo-Saxon compositions we have no remains; and of Cynewulf, who lived at the commencement of the eleventh century, above 300 years after Cædmon, we learn that his identity, as an Anglo-Saxon poet, has only recently been discovered by the name, concealed in a playful Runic device, among the poems in the Exeter and Vercelli manuscripts. But the chief and peculiar interest created by a view of all these writings, and the general statements respecting the men of the Anglo-

Saxon period, whose deeds and productions have reached us in story, is owing to their possessing so much of modern feeling and sentiment, and even, in some degree, of literary character. How extraordinary to contemplate the reflections of the mirror of a thousand years!—to see how many of the features bear a strong resemblance—how much of the family likeness is preserved! To draw out the parallels would be a delightful task; but it would require a large volume, and we are near the close of a limited article.

We may, however, remark, what these biographies show, that the Anglo-Saxons cultivated almost every branch of literature and science, and that they even endeavoured to solve questions which still puzzle the scientific world. What would the patentee of the *Aerial* say to their speculating on the possibility of making a machine to fly? The inventor of the *Æolian* harp was forestalled by St Dunstan. He was accused of magic for making an enchanted harp, which performed tunes, without the agency of fingers, whilst it hung against the wall.

The biography of Bridferth has some curious and interesting references to the educational works of our Saxon ancestors, and those perused in their schools. Bridferth (who flourished A.D. 980) was one of the most eminent teachers of the school of Ramsey, and commentator on the scientific treatises of Bede. He is said to have been a disciple of Abbo of Fleury, and called by some Thorneganus, perhaps from being a monk of Thorney.

‘It has not,’ says Mr Wright, ‘hitherto been observed, that Bridferth had pursued his studies in France; though in his Commentary on Bede, *De Temporum Ratione*, he mentions an observation which he had himself made at Thionville. Bale says that Bridferth flourished about A.D. 980. All the known allusions to him, seem to concur in pointing him out as the most eminent English mathematician of the latter part of the tenth century.

‘Bridferth’s Commentaries on the two treatises of Bede, *De Natura Rerum* and *De Temporum Ratione*, are extremely valuable for the light they throw on the method of teaching in the Anglo-Saxon schools. They are probably nothing more than notes of the lectures delivered in the school at Ramsey. ‘Bede’s Treatises were still the text-books of the Anglo-Saxon scholars. In commenting upon them, Bridferth adduced various kinds of illustrations. Sometimes he supports the statements of Bede by slight numerical calculations. In some instances he explains the meaning of the text, where the words of the original appeared to him not sufficiently clear,’—and sometimes his Commentaries become mere explanations and derivations of words. In his Commentaries, he ‘quotes the authorities of the fathers of the Church, as Clemens, Augustine, Ambrose, Eusebius, Jerome, Isidore, &c.; with those also of Latin writers of a different class, such as Pliny, Macrobius, Marcus Varro, Terentianus, Priscian, Hyginus, and Marcianus Capella; and he

frequently cites the Latin poets Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, and Lucan, as writers well known to his readers.'

In a general point of view, the '*Biographia*' exhibits the greatness and energy of the Anglo-Saxon character. The labours of Wilfred, the first great patron of architecture, as manifested at York and Ripon to bring in the Papal authority, and cause it to be servilely obeyed, may be instanced as a proof of this; and so may the wanderings of Benedict Biscop to seek ornaments and treasures for his church and monastery of Wearmouth. Among other valuables, he imported vast quantities of books for the library; had foreign glaziers to adorn them with glass windows; and introduced, through the archicantor of St Peter's, the Roman choral service into Wearmouth, whence it soon spread over the island. The library was doomed to perish amid the depredations of the Danes; and the loss is the more to be deplored, since, from references and allusions in the writings of his disciple Bede, it is evident that it must have contained, together with works of other kinds, a rare collection of Greek and Latin authors. With the same view, we might appeal to the daring missionary adventures of Wilbrord and Boniface to convert the German tribes; to the travels of Willibald (born 700, died 786) to the Holy Land, combined with King Alfred's sending 'alms' to the Christians of St Thomas and St Bartholomew, in the remote regions of India, whence his messengers, Sighelm and Athelstan, brought back numerous rich gems and other costly commodities; and lastly, to the struggles for the introduction of monachism under Ethelwald, Dunstan, and Oswald. From all their biographies, facts strongly illustrating their perseverance and energy of character might easily be adduced.

We may remark, that notwithstanding the general and comprehensive title of the work, '*Biographia Britannica Literaria*,' the author has (and we think wisely) omitted the numerous class of early but very doubtful writers enumerated by the Welsh and Irish bibliographers; inserting only such Welsh and Irish writers as can be proved to have been known to the Anglo-Saxons, and their productions to have had a wide circulation in that period of our literary history. Such were Columbanus, the geographer Dicuil, and the pseudo Gildas. Welsh and Irish literary history, in its earlier ages, is full of obscurities and difficulties; and as yet, little, we fear, has been done towards separating the false from the true. This is not, however, a task connected with the volume before us. To conclude: We think the work, of which it may be regarded as the first portion, singularly appropriate to the Society from which it has emanated; and that portion is certainly creditable to the care, research,

and scholarship of Mr Wright. We trust that the sequel will contain at least an equally interesting history of the Anglo-Norman period which followed, and which is so full of varied matter, connected with all that has since been done.

Of the other volume mentioned at the head of this article, we must fairly say, that though we have seen nothing from any English institution which could pretend to rival the Continental archeologists on its chosen ground, yet in Greek and Egyptian antiquities, it may compete with the best publications of France, Germany, and Italy; while, as a commencement, it may, on the whole, be allowed to be alike honourable to the Body and to our national literature.

ART. V.—*The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature, addressed to Authors, Actors, and Managers.* 8vo. Second Edition. By F. G. TOMLINS. London: 1840.

THAT the present state of the Drama is matter of regret to all lovers of the art, and ruinous to all managers of theatres, are facts known to every one. Plans of reform, and remedies for the existing evils, are daily promulgated, without any effects resulting. We mean, in this paper, to endeavour to unfold the causes of these evils, and to point out what seems a promising mode of removing them. In doing so, we may be obliged sometimes to use language not very classical, but well known to all lovers of the Drama and frequenters of the Theatre, and very necessary to our purposes.

The monopoly possessed by the patent theatres is certainly one cause of the evils in question. Their enormous size and concomitant expenses is another. To counterbalance this, the managers are forced to call in the aid of spectacle, opera, ballet, melodrame, and farce. They eagerly snatch at any and every species of amusement, from Taglioni to the lions of Mysore, whereby they may hope to fill the treasury: unfortunately, they only make the ruin more complete. They are, in fact, forced to incur the expense of supporting what is equivalent to three or four companies;—one for tragedy, another for comedy and farce, a third for opera, and a fourth for ballet, melodrame, pantomime, and so forth. Whenever any one species of performance, whether legitimate or not, becomes successful, it is almost impossible that it should profit the management; because it has to support

other companies, for the time inactive. The success of any one company, therefore, renders the others superfluous. This is an unpleasant dilemma; to escape from it, managers have taken to magnificence in scenic decoration, hoping, by uniting the attraction of good plays and good acting with that of the 'pencil of Stanfield and others'—dazzling the vulgar eye with tinsel, and flattering the learned with accuracy of costume—to bring an unwilling public to their empty benches. These expedients have failed, as they ever must; and to show this is the principal object of the present article. It may assist the reader to perceive the bearing of our subsequent remarks, if we here briefly premise that a thorough reform can only, in our opinion, be achieved by a correct classification of theatres; under which, each (instead of performing any thing, and every thing) should only be licensed for one, or at most two, species of performance; for in this way, each would be forced to have the best possible company for its purpose, and to play the best pieces. But, begging that all judgment on this point may be suspended till our examination is closed, we now proceed to submit to the reader's attention the remarks which have, after much consideration, occurred to us.

The theatres-royal, as every one is aware, have the monopoly of the legitimate drama; no other theatre can perform in this line but under peril of prosecution. Before the reform we propose could be effected, this monopoly must be abrogated; but the injustice of the patent has been so often, and so ably exposed, that we may waive all further discussion of it here, and assume the fact as demonstrated. All experience proclaims that not only are those theatres, which alone possess the right of performing the legitimate drama, positively *unfitted* for its performance, but that managers rarely avail themselves of the privilege, and are ruined when they do so. These results are abundantly proved by the history of all managements—sufficiently so, one would think, to cause the patent to be voluntarily relinquished; but its being a patent deceives the holders into the idea that it must be profitable. Mr Harris, in his examination before the Court of Chancery, declared that he always lost by the legitimate drama, and his books show that nothing but Spectacle and Pantomime ever paid. The books of all succeeding managers have exhibited the same fact—the successful productions being, without exception, operas, spectacles, and broad farce: the legitimate drama, whether ancient or modern, was a clog to their endeavours, and yet they were forced to go on with it. It is not to be denied that larger audiences attended the recent 'revivals' than had before been accustomed to attend these pieces when unassisted by scenic splendour; but

neither is it to be denied that these audiences were insufficient for the treasury, and that they were attracted by the very *same* qualities which attracted them in spectacle. Forced by their position and the public voice to perform the legitimate drama, managers were right in endeavouring to make it as attractive as they could: that they failed in doing so is notorious, and the reason we shall by and by endeavour to point out. It is enough at present to say, that they were confessedly unable to attract audiences on the simple strength of the legitimate drama—a fact reaching back to the days of Garrick; for even then, when the theatre was in fashion, and no late dinners or absorbing light literature were hindrances to success—even then did Spectacle triumph on the patent boards, whenever *novelty* ceased to stimulate. ‘The spectacle of *Cymon* will ever remain a disgraceful ‘memento,’ says Mr Tomlins, ‘of the commencement of that ‘extravagant and ruinous pandering to the mere organs of seeing ‘and hearing, which has been carried to its height by managers ‘of the present day.’ The large theatres can never be filled by the drama alone; for, as a French author (Chamfort) says, ‘en ‘général, le public ne peut s’élever qu’à des idées basses;’ and the proportion of those who prefer intellectual enjoyment to glare and buffoonery is small indeed. The preference for farce over comedy is not merely owing to the stronger mirthful sensations produced by the former, but also to the absolute deficiency of comprehension in a large portion of the audience. They therefore prefer pun, practical joke, or equivocal, to all the wit in the world. It was not so in Congreve’s days: the pit was then filled with wits and critics; audiences were indeed insensible to poetry, and narrow in their tastes; but they relished wit, for they understood it. No matter how abstract or remote, a sally or a simile was always understood; the pit was filled with men who, in the coffeehouses, on the Mall, or in the drawing-rooms, were ever applauding, and ever aiming at, triumphs of antitheses and analogies. Comedies succeeded by mere force of dialogue. In Shakspeare’s time, the audience were all as capable of being moved by poetry as of relishing a quibble; they were as imaginative as they were humorous; long sonorous descriptions moved them to delight, and the fantastic quibbles of a sportive fancy tickled them to laughter. It is different now. Wit is not understood; poetry is not heard; and the imagination of the audience, instead of being roused, is allowed to perish through inaction: every thing is done *for* it by the aid of the painter and mechanist. The present excessive taste for gorgeous scenery on the stage, and profuse illustration in books, seems to us very like yielding to that prosaic tendency of a feeble mind, which,

unwilling to realize pictures for itself, demands scenic representations to flatter its idle incompetence.

A curious enquiry arises in the consideration of the history of scenery and illustration as destructive of poetical feeling; and, as it bears on the matter in hand, we may here be permitted a slight digression in regard to it. The stage was at first a place chosen solely for the performance of the drama; the drama may now be said to be chosen for the display of the stage. Scenery, which was then explanatory and subordinate, has now become the predominant attraction. Accuracy of costume, and correctness of locality, have been mere excuses. It has throughout been overlooked, that all attempts at accuracy, either local or historical, provoke a criticism they can never satisfy; and that, in the prosaic search after *reality*, they only more strongly exhibit the inherent want of it. 'In art,' it has been remarked, 'the more a subject approaches reality, the more necessary it is to respect the brief space which separates them.' If this love of accuracy, in a province where accuracy was never needed, were carried a little further, and a *real* tree, for example, were placed on the stage, the effect would be revolting, from the contrast of this reality with the fiction connected with it, and the understanding would rebel against so gross an attempt to deceive it. While, on the other hand, the audience having consented to *suppose* a bit of painted canvass to be a tree, the understanding, not being appealed to, does not interfere with the conclusions of the imagination. It must never be forgotten that the aim of art being to move, and not to convince, it should endeavour to establish imaginative truth and not literal fact. We do not say that the understanding has no share in the enjoyment of art, or that it may be outraged with impunity; but we maintain that it must never be appealed to directly, or all art must fall. Art has its truths as well as science; but the two should never be confounded. The first attempt at positive reality is fatal to the pleasurable illusion. Every person in the pit is aware that the stage *is a stage*, 'and all the men and women merely players.' He will consent to view it as an imaginary field of battle; but the first attempt to make him believe that it *is* a field of battle, destroys that artistic belief he was before so willing to grant. He may applaud the *attempt*—admire the ingenuity—think the camp well simulated, and the cannon formidable; but his belief in the drama has vanished, because faculties have been called into play which are foreign to the perception and enjoyment of art. He may be pleased—but his pleasure is not of the kind intended to be produced. As positive illusion can never be perfect, it should never be attempted; all illustration should be subordinate to and in harmony with

the spirit of the thing illustrated. The delight in the drama arises from experiencing the strong movement of the passions, not from belief in localities or costumes. A great mistake was committed at Drury-Lane, when, in order 'to give reality to 'the scene' in *As you Like It*, it was actually attempted to imitate the notes of the birds. Suppose the imitation had been so close as to deceive the audience into the belief that there were birds there singing, would not the contrast with trees of painted canvass have been revolting? These were not the conceptions of Shakspeare, when he made his chorus say—

‘ Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies—
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings—
*Carry them here and there'—**

Advice as necessary at the present day as then; for we may enlarge our stages, increase our supernumeraries, and engage 'real horses,' but we can never make any one believe the stage is other than the stage; and all our labour at positive illusion must be lost. It is not to be supposed, however, that we are advancing the paradox, that all scenic illustration is vicious; but we confess that it is difficult to define the limits within which it should be confined. We are convinced, however, that there are two rules which should never be violated; namely, first, to keep within the limits of art, and never attempt reality—never appeal to the understanding; and secondly, never to allow the illustration an undue prominence: subordinate in nature, it must be subordinate in effect.

In Mr Collier's *History of Dramatic Poetry*, there are some curious contrasts with our modern practices in regard to this point. He cites the case of a direction given in the play of *Selimus, Em-*

peror of the Turks, where the hero is conveying the dead body of his father in a funeral procession to the Temple of Mahomet; and the audience is told with great simplicity to 'suppose the Temple of Mahomet!' So also in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, where Jenkin is struck by the shoemaker in the street, and challenges him to follow to the end of the town and there settle the dispute—he says,

'Come, sir; will you to the town's end?

Jenkin. Ay, sir—come.

Now we are at the town's end.'

Here two or three steps on the stage were supposed to convey them to the end of the town; and the willing audience followed on the wings of imagination without stumbling over 'facts!'

This it is to have a poetical audience: they can realize for themselves. This trusting to the all-sufficiency of imagination is precisely that acted on by children in their daily sports, where, from the boundless wealth of the imagination, the rudest materials supply the place of the costliest. Whoever watches boys 'playing at horses'—making a pocket-handkerchief dangling behind to represent the *tail*, and sees them stamping, snorting, prancing, and champing the imaginary *bit*—witnesses the alchymy of the imagination—an alchymy which, in the poet, remains an active principle through life, and which sometimes irradiates even the most prosaic mind—an alchymy outstripping all the wonders, and outweighing all the treasures, of the prosaic positive chemistry, so longed for by the present generation. The child 'supposes' the handkerchief a tail; and it becomes a tail. He has but to say to his companion—'This shall be a whip, and this shall be the harness,' and the things are there; not as matters of literal fact, but of imaginative truth. He plays for the enjoyment of the game, and the exercise of his imagination; and therefore the handkerchief serves every purpose. This is the procedure of nature. But the modern parent, ever anxious to realize for the child, and to instil a love of accuracy into his mind, gives him a superb horsehair tail, bidding him at the same time be careful not to spoil it. What is the result? The child's attention is called from the game, to the consideration of or delight in the tail, which, originally meant as a collateral aid, now takes the first place. The boy no doubt is delighted with his horsehair tail; but (if it be not altogether superfluous) it will soon destroy his game, so that the exercise, both of frame and imagination, is lost; the end becomes subordinate to the means. This is precisely what takes place with the drama. Observe, also, one important point: the tail is *real*—accuracy is attempted; but though the tail be real, the horse is not—the horse is played by a boy, and only by a boy;

it is in this mimicry that the enjoyment consists. But how absurd to put a real tail on an unreal horse! how revolting is this mixture of imagination and fact! It is equalled only by that ludicrous practice of placing the face of a *real* watch in the place of a church-clock in a landscape—where one may not only see the time of day, but may also hear it *struck*, and that amidst painted trees and houses! This effect, except to the most literal and prosaic minds, is revolting and discordant. But this the modern drama is strenuously endeavouring to produce.

The error we are combating is apparent, when broadly stated; but sophisms and far-sounding criticisms about ‘accuracy’—‘realization of the poet’s meaning’—‘perfection of the whole’—‘artistic embodiment,’ &c., have buried the homely truth beneath a mass of unmeaning words. We repeat, that we have no thought of opposing all scenic illustration; but simply of opposing the double tendency to give illustration the prominence, and to mingle reality with art:—these are two very serious errors, and to them we are anxious to call attention. On the other hand, the taste for scenery has been created, and must now be fed; the eye has been dazzled, and craves more light. What remains, therefore, is not to attempt to crush this luxury of the sense, but to direct it to its least injurious channel.

What Charles Lamb called ‘the luxury of stage improvements, and the importunity of the public eye,’ are matters worthy of as much encouragement as they can get; and that they will always be encouraged, we may be sure. People delight in them as they delight in fireworks and processions. They are glimpses of that splendour which ordinary life can never realize. There will always be a struggle on the part of managers to afford this delight; but one may surely beg that they would not sacrifice the drama to it. When Sir W. Davenant introduced moveable scenery, ‘this and other novelties,’ it is said, ‘at first startled the proprietors of theatres by the expense they occasioned; but when they found that such lively additions to the play drew full houses, they launched fully into the speculation, and rivalled each other in the splendour and richness of stage decorations. As the whole power of mechanical ingenuity was thus brought to bear upon theatrical representations, a love of rich scenery and surprising transformations became predominant with the public, in consequence of which the opera, which had been introduced by Davenant before the Restoration, was revived, and its gorgeous materials at first threw into the shade the more sober productions of the regular drama; so that Shadwell and Settle, who wrote for this operatic taste, were for a short time more popular than Dryden himself. Music and

‘dancing were soon as much in requisition as splendid scene-painting; and the most celebrated foreign singers and dancers were hired by the London theatres at an immense expense.’ *

This passage applies strongly to our own times. Managers would answer all objections by saying, that ‘gorgeous materials’ afford a greater delight to a far greater number than the ‘more sober productions of the regular drama;’ and that, wishing *quantity* more than *quality* in an audience, they therefore prefer that which attracts quantity; for they seek money rather than reputation: with them it is confessedly a mercantile speculation, and no more.

It is admitted on all sides, that the regular drama is an enjoyment to the few, but that ‘gorgeous materials’ attract the many; the legitimate inference, therefore, is, that the two species of entertainment should be afforded in two distinct houses—in a small house for the one, and in a large house for the other; whereas the inference actually drawn, is that the two attractions should be combined.

It seems to us that scenery and ‘illustration,’ applied to opera, ballet, or spectacle, are, and must be, effective, because they form *elements of the piece*, instead of merely being, as in the drama, *accessories*. In the drama, the source of entertainment is intellectual. The physical accompaniments, therefore, should be only used in as far as they are needful to keep up the harmony of effect; and never so as to distract attention from the drama to themselves. As before stated, it is impossible to fix limits to so variable a subject; the manager himself must determine them. They would be, of course, widely different in a drama whose plot is laid in modern times, and in one laid in the middle ages; for a more fantastic departure from the truth would pass unobserved in the latter than in the former. But one thing never must be forgotten, namely, that the world of art must not be invaded by any foreign elements. The imagination alone must be appealed to for illusion.

The next point to be noticed is, that, although scenic display is, in some cases, attractive—and more so than the drama can be—yet it has failed to secure managers from enormous losses, and has nearly ruined the drama it was meant to revive. This constant loss has been ascribed, by dramatists and critics, to the love of scenery and spectacle on the part of managers; and the public has been confidently told, that nothing but the production of the immortal plays which exist, (in manuscript,) can ever rescue the national theatres ‘from their de-

‘graded state.’ Facts do not show this; they show rather that to fill immense houses, and to pay enormous salaries, the drama is insufficient; but they no less conclusively show that scenery and spectacle are insufficient. Will any thing suffice? It would be rash to answer this question *à priori*; but we think that the plan above alluded to, though hitherto untried, promises better than any yet proposed,—namely, a ‘Classification of Theatres.’

Instead of classifying, proprietors have proceeded by what they call combination; and the result has invariably been loss. The drama is an entertainment mostly independent of scenery. On this head we may quote Mr Charles Kemble, no incompetent judge, who says that even melodramas ‘do not depend for success entirely upon splendour. On the contrary, I should say that the most successful melodramas have been those which depended upon strong excitement in the story or incidents of the piece, for without these all the splendour in the world will do nothing, either in a large or small theatre. Splendour alone does nothing, or next to nothing, for the success of a piece.’* The drama therefore, if good, needs no splendour; if bad, no splendour can save it. On the other hand, splendour properly applied will attract large audiences: it is one of the importunities of the public eye. If applied to opera, ballet, or spectacle, it becomes an efficient attraction, because it there forms part of the piece. Great losses may be incurred; yet this is no argument against the attractiveness of spectacle, but against hampering it with an *accessory drama* and expensive companies. We are told by an experienced manager, on reviewing his season, that ‘if the performances had been confined to opera, ballet, and spectacle, the profit would have been enormous; but the treasury having to sustain the burthen of a tragic and comic company into the bargain, all exertion was but labour in vain. For thirteen successive weeks, a body of performers whose united weekly salaries amounted to L.226, never once crossed the stage. Here was a sum of L.3000 literally thrown out of the window!’

The foregoing facts seem to point to a radical error in the constitution of theatres, and make us more sanguine in our expectations of the reform that may be effected by means of classification. In Paris, the Théâtre Français, Opéra Français, Opéra Comique, Porte St Martin, Variétés Odéon, Palais Royal, &c., each perform distinct species of the drama, and perform them well; the same practice should be introduced in England. In

Germany, the principal theatres preserve their original office, and the players are in truth 'their majesties' servants,' supported by the government. In Paris, the Opéra Français receives an annual allowance of 800,000 francs, besides the use of the theatre gratis; and the Opéra Comique, Opéra Italien, and Théâtre Français, also receive great support. They can therefore afford to have large houses and expensive accompaniments; but we cannot imitate them in this, and unless—(most chimerical supposition!)—our Ministers should become enthusiastic about the fine arts, and anxious to disburse public money on them, the drama ought no longer to be performed in large theatres; and this from pecuniary no less than artistic reasons. Unless, indeed, all experience be useless, never did results cry out so loudly as they do against the success of the drama at the theatres-royal. Each successive manager proclaims what the forlorn benches dismally confirm. Except on extraordinary occasions the drama is always a loss; because the expenses of a large house are so great that it must be *filled*, and there is not public enough to fill it.

We believe that the evil is mainly occasioned by the vain endeavour of managers to succeed by commixing every species of entertainment—huddling together tragedy, comedy, farce, melodrama, and spectacle—and striving by alternate exhibitions to draw all the dramatic public to their respective houses. Imperfect—very imperfect companies for each species are engaged; and as, in consequence of the general imperfection, they are forced to rely on individual excellence, individual performers become of inordinate importance, and the most exorbitant salaries are given to procure them. These individuals are thus placed in a false position, and indulge themselves in all sorts of mannerisms and absurdities. The public is not unreasonably dissatisfied with imperfect companies and bad performances; the managers 'wonder' at their ruin; and critics become elegiacal over the mournful decline of the drama! Not in this way can a theatre flourish; since, if one species of performance proves attractive, the others are at a discount, and their companies become useless burdens: if none of them prove attractive, then the loss ends in ruin. It is quite startling to hear theatrical people talk so indifferently of 'off-nights.*' To play to an empty house is so familiar an occurrence, that it is regarded as a necessary one.

Three nights in the week are devoted to the successful piece; the other three are devoted to any worn-out play, because being 'off-nights' no public can be expected. Why not shut up on those nights?

A classification would remedy all this. The theatre which was to play only tragedy and comedy would be forced to get the very strongest company possible, and play only the best pieces. More than one company for tragedy certainly does not at present exist in this country, if all the parts are to be adequately sustained; little more for comedy, and less for opera. Yet in the face of this undeniable fact, tragedy and comedy are simultaneously played at Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and the Haymarket; while opera runs against opera at Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane: the three refuse to limit themselves to any one species, and perform all pieces indiscriminately, with corresponding imperfection. A few years ago, it was not uncommon to see several performers of rival excellence, supported by others of ability, all playing in the same piece. It is now a rare thing for rivals to play together. A single good actor amongst a dozen of bad is deemed sufficient. Are we, then, to wonder that the regular drama does not pay? If one *good* company were selected, which played one species of dramatic entertainment *well*, and had to bear no expenses but its own, there would be profit. This profit would, no doubt, be regulated by the demand for that species. To suppose that the highest drama would draw greater audiences than a popular opera, or amusing spectacle, is like supposing that an epic poem would sell more extensively than a novel. But if the manager found that he could not attract sufficiently every night in the week, he might only play three nights out of the six, as they do on the continent, but play *well*.

We really see no other mode of 'reviving the drama.' The present system is every way injurious to it, especially when we consider the expenses attendant on four companies, rendering it almost impossible for any five-act play to be profitable. An author who has seen his piece received with tears of sympathy and shouts of approbation, fondly imagines success attained and his profit secure. He has afterwards to learn the irritating fact, that although 'very successful, spoken of favourably by the press, always tells on the audience, yet it does not *draw money*'—*i. e.* does not cover the expense of four companies and a monstrous house! A loss is incurred every night, and the manager, unable to continue its performance till it has established itself with the town, is obliged to *shelve* it, with many sage observations on the taste of the age, and the regular drama being 'a drug.' The friends of the mortified author, so anxious for his reputation, pester him with enquiries on the occasion of his piece being withdrawn; and he is shortly set down as an unsuccessful dramatist by the very friends who hailed with jubilant throats his 'immense success.'

It is, as we have said, almost impossible for a five-act play to be profitable. 'The Lady of Lyons,' one of the most successful of modern plays, did not accomplish this theatrical feat for many nights, and the manager was constantly on the point of withdrawing it in despair; but the tears and laughter were nightly so unvarying that he determined to continue; and it now keeps possession of the stage. We believe the 'Love Chase' was not profitable till after the fiftieth night. In selecting these two very successful and profitable pieces, we have illustrated the effect of the system; and the reader may judge how it would operate on inferior plays. Compare this with the well-known fact, in the theatrical world, that the manager of the Haymarket can continue playing pieces to comparatively empty houses—in the hope, eventually, of attracting: this he does, and in spite of many empty houses realizes profit, whilst every other patent manager is incurring heavy loss! But how, it may be asked, does he gain by a proceeding producing ruin to the other managers? Because instead of four companies he has only one, or one and a half. These he must employ; and he may as well employ them in a new piece which may eventually be profitable, as on the old pieces of which the public is wearied. This is a striking evidence of the advantage of classification.

We have still a few further observations to make on the effects of the great size of theatres, both on authors and actors.

The quieter portions of a play are rarely heard, and always imperfectly. In consequence of this, poetry, except in passionate scenes, (where it more rarely occurs,) is so imperfectly heard that the flimsiest balderdash passes current, because nothing but sounding words are caught. Fine writing stands no better chance of appreciation, subject as it is to the same imperfect audition: hence even Shakspeare is powerless. The literary portion of the drama is thus made subordinate, if not sacrificed, to the necessities of the stage: situations, surprises, *tableaux*, and 'striking effects,' are the great considerations with stage-writers, for they all are the materials of success. Hence the constant complaint that our tragedy is melodramatic—our comedy farcical. The charge is as true as it is debasing: our jokes are practical, and our pathos is painted on the same scale as the scenes—coarse, violent, and exaggerated.

The effect of the great size of theatres on actors, is to generate rant and buffoonery: strong lungs and facial contortions are more in demand than the mind and its expressions. These would be lost on a very large stage, except to the side-boxes. But although some *actors* may prefer large theatres, because in so great a space their deficiencies are lost; yet may the *critic*, with

due submission, ask why Juliet's love should be roared *crescendo*, or Desdemona's confidence impair her lungs?—why Hamlet should be forced to shout aloud his metaphysical questionings, or Polonius be made a buffoon for the galleries?

Before the Dramatic Committee of the House of Commons, several actors gave their opinion as to large houses; and although, of course, those interested in them gave a favourable opinion, the feeling of the independent was generally against them. Mr Serle, a man of talents and experience, and both author and actor, said—‘I consider it perfectly impossible, except “with a particular frame of body,” to render acting at all effective ‘in a theatre so large as Covent-Garden.’—(*Report*, p. 116.) Downton, one of the most genuine of comic actors, emphatically said, ‘Give me a theatre of moderate size, where you can be ‘natural; no actor who thought of *personation* could wish otherwise:’ and on being questioned as to whether he complained of the size of Drury-Lane when acting there, he replied—‘Yes; I ‘was going to state what Mrs Siddons said, “I am glad to see ‘you at Drury-Lane, but you are come to act in a wilderness of ‘a place; and, God knows, if I had not made my reputation in ‘a small theatre, I never should have done it here.” All the ‘actors of that day—Mr C. Kemble, who was a young man, as ‘I was at that time—can remember that King never went on ‘the stage without cursing it, and saying it was not like a ‘theatre, and, if Garrick was alive, he would not act in it.’—(*Ib.* p. 91, 92.) Kean, on the other hand, favoured large theatres. ‘I ‘think the intellect,’ he said, ‘becomes confined by the size of ‘the theatre. The larger the stage the better the actor, and the ‘less observable are his faults, which is a material consideration.’ But who can forget how much the success of his own acting was owing to his marvellously expressive countenance? His *pauses*, which those who did not watch his countenance thought tricks—pauses, during which his face underwent a whole series of emotions, and became a vivid commentary on the text—the effect of these was entirely lost to all at some distance; to those at least who were not straining their necks, hurting their eyes with pocket telescopes, shifting now here, now there, to catch a glimpse of the great actor's face. Or consider the acting of the French actor Bouffé—acting divested of all ‘points,’ grimaces, or shafts at the audience, but in which every look has its significance—what would be its effect at Drury-Lane? Had he played *L'Oncle Baptiste* there, who would have seen the convulsive quivering of that lip, on which anguish struggled with smiling pride; who would have read the faltering sullenness and the keen pangs—the drunkenness of sorrow more than wine, when he rushes from the tavern

to confront his brother in his drawing-room? Bouffé would have been absolutely lost in our large theatres; his consummate excellence would have been unappreciated; or else he must have sacrificed both sense and feeling to a few worthless 'points.'

But whatever may be the opinion as to the fitness of immense theatres for the adequate representation of the drama, there is but one as to their unfitness in a commercial point of view. They never have, they never will be profitable; and all the attempts to sustain the drama by other performances, only the more cogently point out the error of the system. Once let a classification be adopted, and it would then be seen whether tragedy, comedy, farce, vaudeville, melodrame, opera, and ballet, could really be efficiently represented; and whether there is a public to support each species. If good plays, well cast and well performed, failed to support a single company and a small house, then would it be obvious that such a performance was not in accordance with the present taste, and therefore ought not to be speculated upon; if, on the contrary, support was afforded, the actual amount of the support—other conditions duly considered—would easily be verified for all other undertakings of the kind.

Under the plan of classification, that pernicious practice, called in the current phraseology of the day the 'star system,' would die of itself: for, if one house were devoted to but one species of performance, nothing short of excellence would enable it to compete with other houses. Then, indeed, excellence might be possible, while at present it is not; now each manager spoils the company of the other, 'which, not enriching him,' makes them both 'poor indeed:' many performers are engaged, not because their services are wanted, but that the 'other house' may not possess them. If all the actors of acknowledged ability were engaged together, and were made to play in the same pieces, filling subordinate parts in their turns, and striving to produce a good performance as a whole, there can be little doubt but that the attraction would be great; and if the exorbitant salaries now demanded were somewhat 'shorn of their unfair proportions,' considerable profit might be realized. A strong cast in tragedy would stimulate comedy and opera into rivalry. The comedians would not be divided among three houses. Opera at one house would not languish for a *tenor*, and at another want a *bass*. The objection is not valid which assumes, that if one theatre were set apart for one species of performance, there would, therefore, be no opening for more talent than what could be employed at that theatre; because, in the first place, it would be the manager's interest to secure *all* the real talent he could get, especially new talent, as not only would

every new actor tend to give variety and strength to the company—(then an important matter)—but a successful *debut* would enable him to play his sterling plays, which are rarely seen, except for the sake of some new actor in an old part, or some peculiar change in the cast; secondly, whenever there was sufficient talent to form a second company, a second theatre could be opened—for there would be no restriction as to competition. The logic employed in objecting to classification, because at some future time there may be more dramatists and actors than can be employed, is the same as that of objecting to colonization, because at some future time there may be a greater population than the earth can support. We have to legislate for the present, and the future must legislate for itself; and at the present moment that man must have singular notions who could fancy that there is a superabundance of dramatists and actors.*

One of the most important consequences of classification would be the stimulus given to dramatic authors. That our dramatic literature is in a low condition, it would be foolish to deny; and the very quantity of sterling talent annually *wasted* on it, only the more illustrates the fact. The great cause of this is the want of demand for good plays, preventing authors of ability from risking their time on so problematical a chance as that of getting their plays produced; and this want of demand further reacts on the art, and impoverishes it, by allowing it no room for experiment. If authors are ignorant, it is because they have no opportunities of practising their art. The insufficiency of the demand impoverishes the quality of the supply; and the insufficiency of remuneration, with the risk of non-production, causes authors to turn their attention to more profitable branches of literature—as in the drama neither money nor fame are attainable, except in rare instances. Now, although the dramatic art is one of long and laborious study, and only excelled in by a few gifted individuals, yet it is obvious that if a market were open for such productions, the great demand would draw all so gifted into it, and the competition, remuneration, and valuable *experience* thus elicited and produced, would place the art in a far more favourable position. Once create such a demand, and there would be a well-founded hope of again seeing a dramatic literature, equalling in abundance and energy, if not in consummate excellence, the great period of our drama from Marlowe to Farguhar. It can hardly be questioned, that the majority of the old writers were dramatists from necessity rather than impulse—from calculation rather than genius. They were men of great poetical powers, energy, and sensibility; but they were thrown into the drama as the only vent for their imaginative creations,

precisely as our poetical talent finds its vent in the novel or romance. Bad plays were written then by men of genius, as bad novels are written now by men of talent—the supply in both cases being produced by the demand. It is shown from Henslowe's note-book, that one hundred and ten pieces were produced by four companies in six years! 'And in the following six years, 'one hundred and sixty, either original, or revived with additions '—a remarkable and unquestionable proof of the prolific talents of 'our dramatists, as Mr Collier justly observes, and a singular 'substantiation of the principle, that free competition will alone 'produce excellence and quantity. There were also thirty popular 'writers in the pay of Henslowe at one time, *not* including the 'more generally known names of Shakspeare, Marlowe, Greene, 'Peele, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and many others. . . 'Even with the imperfect knowledge we gain of this period, it may 'be safely stated, that in these sixty years more plays (certainly of 'five-act plays) were produced, than in the hundred and seventy-'nine years since the Restoration. All these dramas were acted; 'and that they had an opportunity of being so, was the sole cause 'of their production. Had the performance of the intellectual 'drama, as at present, been confined by law to two theatres, it 'would have been utterly impossible they should have been produced.' *

It may be very true, that on the first opening of a theatre or theatres exclusively devoted to the drama, and which must needs produce many new plays, signal failures would occur. But do not signal failures occur at present? And are not the consequences of these aggravated by large expenses and large houses? Failures would be frequent, we have little doubt; but failures would be instructive to both managers and authors in a far higher degree than now; and for this reason—only one species being performed, the attention would be unremittingly directed to its secret mechanism, and experience would be valuable; whereas, at present, the attention is distracted among all conceivable modes of entertainment, and all experience is valueless from the want of classification.† The manager aims at success, and

* *Past and Present State of Dramatic Lit.*, pp. 5, 6, 7.

† We have heard a manager declare (according to the fluctuations of opinion caused by the various fluctuations in the reception of pieces during the season) as final rules: 1.—That story was every thing. 2.—That it was nothing. 3.—That pleasant characters were essential. 4.—That character was quite unimportant. 5.—That situation was every thing. 6.—That dialogue was most important. He took every instance as an universal law!

cares little about means; his attention is therefore called to whatever succeeds, and any thing observed to be effective in one piece, will, it is naturally supposed, be equally so in another. Yet it is not so. Gorgeous scenery, so necessary to a spectacle, is injurious to a tragedy; while the gradual development of interest and states of feeling, so essential to a tragedy, would be heavy in a spectacle. It requires no great philosophy to discern, that the laws which regulate one species of entertainment are inapplicable to another; yet has this simple truth been wholly disregarded. The *divertissement*, so successful in varying a 'grand opera'—or so successful for its own sake—we have not unfrequently seen transplanted to the ball-scene of a tragedy. Here the manager, looking only to what are called 'facts,' and seeing the 'fact' of this success in an opera, concludes it will be equally so any where; not at the same time seeing, that the dancing, so pleasant in relieving the monotony of display, and so perfectly 'in keeping' with the enjoyment aimed at, was injurious to the interest of the tragedy, the progress of which it was suspending, and into the imaginative feeling of which it was introducing impertinent ideas. According to this mode of reasoning, a joke might be introduced into a sermon because effective in a parliamentary harangue. Dancing and music are akin; but dancing and tragedy are discordant. In the opera the *divertissement* was successful, both on its own account and on account of its harmony with the operatic effect; but in the tragedy it was successful on its own account, and injurious to the tragedy in proportion to its success—precisely as the joke would spoil the sermon in proportion to the laughter it elicited.

A more pertinent instance suggests itself with regard to 'Coriolanus,' as it was revived at Covent-Garden. The effect produced by the senate, and the triumphal ovation, was unquestionable; but every one present capable of analysing his impressions, must have felt that this effect was injurious to the tragedy, and especially to the acting. When a strong sensation is produced first, and only a moderate one afterwards, the moderate sensation will, in comparison, appear insignificant. It was no disparagement to the actors, therefore, to say, that they were unable to produce an effect commensurate with the thrilling impression of that scenic illustration: their performance appeared tamer than it should have done, because they could not sufficiently exalt the audience above the effect produced by the scenery. If Rome—majestic Rome—once stands before us, not in the mind's eye, but in scenic illusion, with all its mighty and exhaustless associations crowding on the mind, can actors then fitly fill the scene? Do they not at once become subordinate

to it—and *necessarily* so? No acting could be expected to produce an effect sufficient to predominate over those associations, and keep them subdued.

The many secrets of dramatic effect would be better learned by a constant attention to each species separately:—that they are not to be learned now, is obvious from the perpetual mistakes committed by those having the longest experience. Nevertheless, to bring about this proposed classification, by which all things are to be righted, there would be considerable obstacles and prejudices to overcome; and some evils, as above mentioned, would result from it. But the evils would be far less and fewer than at present. When reforms are proposed, many look only at the difficulties and the inconveniences that must ensue. An opponent lays hold of some evil consequence, and placing it in a ridiculous or odious light, declares the plan wholly ineffectual and dangerous; the question really being—will the new plan correct more and greater evils than it generates?

That all parties would be benefited by a classification of theatres, we have little doubt; and for this reason, that it would necessitate excellence in each department, and excellence alone has the chance of permanent success.

‘From my long experience,’ said Mr Moncrieff in his evidence before the Dramatic Committee—‘and I have had long experience both in management and various departments of the drama—I have ever seen those theatres which confined themselves to the peculiar class of pieces which seemed natural to their house, *have always made money*; for instance, the Adelphi plays a certain class of pieces, and if they were to go out of that class they would lose money;* but, by confining themselves to it, they get a great deal of money; the Olympic and Astley’s the same; and the Coburg would be the same, but it has gone out of its way.’—(*Report*, p. 177.)

This deserves attention. If the Lord Chamberlain were to grant licenses for special and well-defined performances, and not allow any other species to be played than the one *voluntarily* chosen by the applicant, we should then see a number of distinct theatres devoted to distinct performances, where rivalry would stimulate to excellence, and excellence would be attractive. Look at the *Variétés* at Paris: could the company at that theatre act with that inimitable ease and perfection of *ensemble*, if they were not *worked* into it by constant and undivided practice? Why are French actors generally so superior to ours, but because (genius apart) they have regular training, constant models, and stimulus;

A prediction subsequently verified.

and because they have not fallen into the error of supposing a 'foil,' in the shape of bad acting, to be the best 'relief' to talent. A pert wit may need a dull friend to set off by contrast the nature of his flippancy; but acting is a thing of impulse and imagination; and to act with bad actors is to have enthusiasm damped, and imagination hampered, by the presence of imperfection. To act with equals or superiors is to have a constant stimulus to excellence. Hence the excellence of the whole increases that of the individual parts. This was noticeable at the Olympic, when under the management of Madame Vestris; and the theatre was attractive in consequence. We might select the Olympic, Astley's, and the Adelphi, (of former days,) as instances of the efficacy of classification; for they adopted its principles. These theatres were successful, not only because practice and undivided attention produced excellence, but also because that excellence produced a reputation for a distinctive amusement on which the public could rely. Thus every one knew what sort of entertainment he might expect from these theatres every night in the week; but no one knew what it would be at Drury-Lane or Covent-Garden, on any given night; it might be Shakspeare, it might be Fitzball; it might be opera or ballet, comedy or spectacle. To see a favourite actor is the object of nine-tenths of a modern audience. Those who went to the Olympic, Adelphi, or Astley's, did not go solely to see any individual actor, but to enjoy a specific entertainment for which the theatre had chosen a fixed reputation.

Those, then, who so ardently invoke the 'intellectual drama,' would do well to consider attentively the plan of classification; for by it alone, as it seems to us, can that drama have a chance of success. That it has none at present is confessed on all sides. Look at the play-bills of any theatre-royal for successive seasons, and you will see, no less by the emphatic announcements than by the performances, how completely the manager has relied upon spectacle; yet, having failed, has placed the burden of his failure to the account of the drama. It is amusing to watch a manager at the commencement of his career, so full of hope, courage, and enthusiasm. Listen to him, and you would think that he is devoted, heart and hand, to the drama, and that he cannot rest till he has 'elevated it.' Dramatists and critics smile significantly, radiant with the anticipated triumph of their pieces and predictions. Exulting authors have long and frequent interviews with him, and quit him filled with visions of glory. The newspapers 'hail with delight' the prospects of the new manager, and heap their 'three-piled hyperboles' of abuse on the errors of the last. Enthusiasm reaches its height when the theatre opens with a 'revival' of Shakspeare. Bouquets and

crowns, hurrahs and waving handkerchiefs, salute the revival. From this moment, alas ! the excitement wanes. Those exhilarated with the prospect of réform, and anxious for the performance of the legitimate drama, willingly flock to the theatre, but they do so only with *orders* ! Critics, authors, actors, and friends, may applaud, but they do not fill the treasury. The great public, from whence it must be filled, manifests no enthusiasm to see Shakspeare poorly acted ; and the small public which does go, cannot support four companies. The manager, in a paroxysm of speculation, engages a voluptuous opera-dancer, or an astounding elephant ; if these attractions are not to be had, he gets up a spectacle, and thinks no longer of the laurels to be won in the cause of legitimacy. Or should he have the courage to produce one *new* play, he is rarely known to have sufficient courage to produce another : alarmed at his losses, he flies to spectacle, convinced that in it alone can he find an ark of refuge. Strange it is that he will, with unshaken faith, produce spectacle after spectacle at a far greater loss ; while *one* failure of the drama inspires him with a horror of the entire species—a horror which is only to be overcome by success in some species at another house !

We must now conclude. We have attempted to exhibit the causes of the existing evils in the condition of the drama, and the futility of the remedies hitherto applied, or proposed ; with the exception of one which has been sometimes vaguely approved, but never, in this country at least, consistently recommended or illustrated on principle—a classification of theatres, whereby each house shall be licensed to play only one, or at the utmost two species of performance—a plan which has this to say for itself, that it has been *uniformly successful* when put, though even but partially, in execution.

- ART. VI.—1. *Historical Essay on the first Publication of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia.* By STEPHEN PETER RIGAUD, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., Hon. Mem. R.I.A., Savilian Professor of Astronomy. 8vo. Oxford: 1838.
2. *Correspondence of Scientific Men of the Seventeenth Century; including Letters of Barrow, Flamstead, Wallis, and Newton. Printed from the Originals in the collection of the Right Hon. the Earl of Macclesfield.* Two volumes. 8vo. Oxford: 1841.

THE want of a life of Newton, on a scale and of a character commensurate with the dignity and importance of the subject, cannot but be regarded as a reproach to our national literature. For a century after his death there were no other accounts of his life and pursuits than those supplied by the *Eloge* of Fontenelle,* and the few details given by the friend of his later years, Dr Pemberton, in his ‘Account of Sir Isaac Newton’s Discoveries.’ Not to mention similar articles in the ‘*Biographia Britannica*,’ and other collections, in our times, it was left to an eminent foreign philosopher, M. Biot, to give the first detailed life of Newton in the *Biographie Universelle*. This was followed, in 1831, by the small volume of Sir David Brewster in the ‘*Family Library* ;’ which, written professedly for popular perusal, and well adapted as it is to its special purpose, may fairly be said not to be designed as a standard production of scientific biography—especially since the author himself long ago held out a promise of producing a more complete and enlarged work, which, we cannot doubt, will be every way worthy both of the illustrious subject of the narrative, and of the distinguished reputation of the writer.†

* *Hist. de l’Acad. des Sciences*, 1727.

† We have reason to know, that Sir David Brewster’s intention to publish an enlarged, or rather entirely new, history of the life and discoveries of Newton, was owing to his having been furnished, subsequently to the appearance of the above-mentioned volume, with a large stock of additional manuscript materials, of very great interest and importance, both personally and philosophically, and embracing, probably, almost all the existing unpublished documents required for such a purpose, and to the new views thence arising, joined with others resulting from further researches and reflections of various kinds; moreover, that the work has, for some time, been ready for the Press. Why it has not been given to the world, we have some difficulty in conjecturing; for

We cannot, however, help observing as somewhat singular, that in Newton's own university, where his name is, not unjustly, idolized, and his works have long furnished the established studies of the place—where, moreover, there exist valuable materials and a multitude of local traditions and associations—and where there have not been wanting a succession of men, since his death, possessed of the highest qualifications for the task, not one should have been found to pay this tribute to his memory. In Trinity College we are shown the rooms he occupied—the study within whose narrow precincts he was able to weigh the planets in a balance—the chamber which he darkened in order to unravel the texture of light. Its library boasts, besides minor relics, the possession of the whole of his correspondence, never yet published, relative to the second edition of the ‘*Principia*,’ together with much of the original MS. of that most important revision of his great work. In the possession of a Professor of that university is preserved the contemporary journal of A. de la Pryme, which throws light on some of the most interesting points in Newton's personal history; and, in the immediate vicinity, the collection of Lord Braybrooke contains the correspondence of Newton, Pepys, and Millington.

These last two sources of information have, indeed, been made use of by Sir David Brewster; as also the large collection of Newton's papers which passed into the possession of the Portsmouth family, through his niece, Lady Lymington. But there is much still remaining to be elicited from these and other sources, promising a rich return to the diligent and judicious enquirer; and matter of the greatest interest to all who pursue the subject of scientific history.

Meanwhile, it gives us much pleasure to state, that the attention of several eminent persons has been more closely than heretofore directed to the details of our scientific history in general, and more especially of the eventful period of which Newton formed the brightest ornament. Without here adverting particularly to the more extended philosophical histories with which our literature has of late years been enriched, we may allude, as a striking instance—of which our readers will hardly need to be reminded*—to the curious details brought to light by the labours

surely the literary enterprize of Britain has not sunk to so low an ebb that an eminent writer and philosopher, endowed with the requisite attainments, and possessing much new and valuable information, cannot find a publisher for such a work as we have, on good grounds, described.

* See No. CXXVI of this Journal.

of Mr Baily in editing the ‘Memoirs of Flamsteed,’ a few years since;* in which was published his correspondence with Newton, from the MSS. in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and much more of very peculiar interest, not merely in a scientific point of view. It will not, probably, have been forgotten what a singular tale of jealousies and animosities those Memoirs disclosed; of disputes and contentions, from which it might have been imagined, by the dwellers in a grosser atmosphere, the calm regions of the observatory would have been exempt;—the ‘*animis caelestibus iræ*,’ the outbreak of the ‘*odium philosophicum*.’ Nor can it fail to be remembered with what singular warmth the spirit of those disputes was revived among ourselves, and how fiercely the controversy raged anew, as if it had been a personal affair of the present day.

Without pretensions to such racy records, or such exciting attractions, much has been since brought before the public well calculated to draw attention to the scientific history of that period; but, perhaps, nothing more valuable of the kind than those illustrations which have been the fruit of that spirit of indefatigable research, on all points connected with the history of science, which so eminently characterized the late Professor Rigaud. To such enquiries a considerable portion of his life was devoted; and besides a number of detached elucidations of the biography and labours of individuals distinguished in those pursuits, which have appeared in different journals and collections, his more important productions, the ‘Memoir and Miscellaneous Works of the Astronomer Royal, Bradley,’ with a ‘Supplement on the MS. Remains of Harriott,’ were the precursors of the volumes now before us;—namely, the dissertation on the history of the first publication of the *Principia*, which has been hitherto involved in obscurity and inaccuracy; and the collection of the correspondence of the scientific men of that age. In the latter task he had proceeded nearly to the completion of the first volume, when he was unhappily interrupted by a somewhat sudden death. The materials, however, were mostly in a state of preparation, and the duties of editor were continued by his son, whom he had lived to see fulfill his hopes in attaining the highest academical distinctions. All these works have been published at the expense of the University, and at its press, in a very creditable manner. We must, however, notice one great defect—the total want of an index, or even a table of contents.

These volumes furnish an ample and invaluable collection of

* ‘Account of J. Flamsteed, &c. By F. Baily, Esq.’ London, 1835.

materials for illustrating any life of Newton that may be given to the world. In the course of what they have brought forward (as might be expected) much new light is thrown on points hitherto doubtful or obscure, and numerous mistakes and inaccuracies in former accounts have been pointed out.

The sources of information of which Mr Rigaud has availed himself in illustrating the history of the *Principia*, are chiefly the numerous original letters and papers of Newton in the archives of the Royal Society—entries in the minute-books of its Council—and notices in the journals of its proceedings. Besides these, he had access to certain MS. papers of Dr Gregory, one of the earliest students and teachers of the Newtonian system, in the possession of his descendants; and he derived additional documents from the same collection which form the contents of the other work before us.

This large and miscellaneous collection of letters on scientific subjects, extending over the period from 1616 to 1742, was originally formed by John Collins, a mathematician of some note, who himself bore a conspicuous share in the correspondence, and was a very remarkable person. Without any very high or original philosophical pretensions, and apparently in but a subordinate sphere of life, he yet maintained an almost universal communication with men of science, and was generally referred to as a central source of information by all those engaged in scientific pursuits, both at home and abroad. How he obtained so much of the remains of a preceding generation does not distinctly appear; but the letters of his own time, (comprising a great number beyond his own very extensive correspondence,) must have required no small diligence and widely spread connexions to collect.

With a defective education, (as he mentions,*) he appears, after some vicissitudes in early life, to have followed the profession of an accountant. He acted in that capacity to the Excise till the office was abolished in 1670; and, in 1672, he speaks of his being employed in 'the Council of Plantations;' but, as there was a prospect of his not continuing there, he set up a stationer's shop and became a publisher of mathematical books. From some incidental expressions, it would seem likely that he was employed by different individuals and bodies as a sort of agent to procure books and information on science, both domestic and foreign. However this may have been, the extent, variety, and accuracy of his knowledge of every work and

* Letters, vol. ii. p. 481.

investigation, published or carried on throughout Europe, is remarkably evinced in his numerous letters, to most of which is annexed, as a P.S., a *catalogue raisonnée* of new philosophical productions, often accompanied with acute critiques, and not unfrequently including original mathematical investigations of considerable merit. He seems, in a word, to have been one of that valuable species of minds, sometimes met with, gifted with an extraordinary faculty of collecting and retaining the most multifarious information—who seem to know, as if by intuition, every thing which is going on, and are never at a loss for a fact, a name, a date; and who become invaluable sources of reference, under the popular and expressive appellation of ‘walking cyclopedias.’ Such was John Collins, who occupies so conspicuous a place in these memorials, besides being the individual to whom we are mainly indebted for their preservation.

On his death, this valuable collection passed into the possession of his friend and correspondent, William Jones—father to Sir William Jones—who, having been mathematical tutor to the son of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, for this and other services was appointed his secretary, and one of the deputy tellers of the Exchequer. He wrote on several mathematical subjects, became a fellow and V.P. of the Royal Society; and on his death, in 1749, he bequeathed the whole of Collins’s collection and his own, together with an extensive mathematical library, to his former pupil, George second Earl of Macclesfield, P.R.S., himself an active cultivator, as well as patron, of science.

Dr Hutton, with a want of accuracy but too common in his Dictionary, states that the collection was dispersed at Jones’s death; and Nicholls, still more unaccountably, says that it was kept together till 1801, and then sold by auction. The whole, however, is carefully preserved in the library at Shirburn Castle, Oxfordshire, and was by the late Earl (chiefly, it is believed, at the suggestion of Professor Rigaud) placed at the disposal of the delegates of the University Press, for publication, in 1836.

Besides the epistolary correspondence, this collection includes a few other documents, especially certain autograph memoranda of Newton, together with a MS. outline of the chief propositions in the *Principia*, which is, however, only a copy of that which he drew up for the Royal Society, the original of which is in their records.

Some portion of these various remains have formerly been printed, on different occasions. They furnished materials for the *Commercium Epistolicum*, drawn up by a committee of the Royal Society, with a view to settle the dispute about the discovery of Fluxions, in 1712. Much use has also been made of them by Birch in his history of the Royal Society; but he

mostly quotes them merely in an abridged form. Other portions have been inserted in the *Biographia Britannica*, and in the notes to the 'General Dictionary,' by Bernard, Birch, and Lockman, though in many instances in a partial and inaccurate manner. But the larger portion was never before published. The present volumes embrace the whole collection, with some few omissions, the reasons for which are stated and are generally obvious.

The office of chronicler of the achievements of philosophers, and the task of editing their remains, could not have been undertaken by an individual more capable of doing justice to it than the late Savilian Professor—as had, indeed, been evinced in his former labours of the same kind. His discharge of the duty of editor has been by no means confined to the mere exactness in presenting the materials—though this was a matter demanding some attention, from the inaccuracies in many of those extracts already before the public;—but he has throughout been careful to add every requisite illustration of persons, books, and circumstances referred to, which are often necessary for rendering the text intelligible. It is curious and often amusing to observe how, in his hands, circumstances apparently insignificant are brought together from the most remote sources to bear on some question of personal biography, or of the progress of discovery—how from a memorandum-book, a tombstone, a parish register, a post-mark, testimony in point is ingeniously extorted.

Such accurate research is, in fact, by no means superfluous with respect to several points of scientific history of the period under review. Of some slighter incidents, accounts of a very apocryphal character have been currently received; while, on other topics of graver interest, much misapprehension has prevailed. To many, perhaps, the settlement of these questions may appear of little moment. Yet we are disposed to think that, at the present time, a more exact survey of the history of the progress of science, especially in its more striking phases, is likely to be better appreciated than, perhaps, it would have been a few years since; and that there exists an increasing sense of the value of *correct* information, and a close scrutiny of original authorities: in a word, of studying any history accurately which is worth studying at all.

It is not our intention, however, to weary our readers with going into critical minutiae. Our object will be best answered by collecting into a summary narrative the leading particulars now so fully elucidated, referring to one of the main events of the scientific history of the world: and those readers who may be more curious, we refer to Mr Rigaud's volumes, to

judge of the extent of the new information, or correction of the old accounts now introduced, as well as of the elaborate nature of the evidence adduced.

The points to which we refer are by no means always the mere dry details of dates and technicalities ; they involve much which is eminently instructive to those who delight to contemplate the character of genius under all diversities of circumstances and appearances ; and the peculiarities of those gifted minds which, in their varied forms of intelligence, afford in themselves so profoundly interesting a problem in the study of human nature. But whether in this point of view, or whether in respect to the direct influence which the master-minds of science, even in its most remote abstractions, have exercised on the advance, both intellectual and physical, of mankind, few will fail to attach some interest to the familiar details which bring before us more vividly the actual condition of science and its cultivators in other times, in all the characteristic distinctness of outline as they then actually existed. And the period to which our observations refer was, beyond dispute, one of the most remarkable in the intellectual development of the human race. The discovery of the system of universal gravitation, when carefully considered, must, we think, be regarded as it were the turning-point of the great revolution which human knowledge has undergone in modern times. As it directly opened the way for all our insight into the grander features and phenomena of the system of the world, so did it indirectly suggest and encourage the application of that free and unfettered examination of all other classes of physical phenomena, by the aid of the same great maxims of inductive investigation, and those universal analogies and principles of uniformity, the existence of which is the sole security of induction, and the main evidence of order, arrangement, and design, throughout the material creation.

But we must not allow ourselves to be led into any speculations on the consequences of discovery, when we ought rather to be tracing its history and the progressive stages by which it was brought about.

Notwithstanding the early suggestion of physical views, startling to the age from their boldness and novelty, by Roger Bacon, and the knowledge which had begun to spread of the discoveries of the great continental philosophers, but little evidence of scientific research had displayed itself in England till the age of Francis Bacon and his contemporaries—Harriott, who, besides bringing algebra into its modern form, was perhaps the first English follower of Galileo in the cultivation of astro-

onomy; Gilbert, who made advances in magnetism and electricity; Napier, Briggs, and others, who combined to furnish the mathematical means and instruments of physical investigation.

Copernicus had pointed out that the apparently complex motions of the planets could be most simply represented by a system of orbits about the sun. Kepler had gone further to determine the elliptic form of their orbits, which alone would agree with the accurate determination of their motions; and had discovered in those motions these remarkable relations—an uniform description, not of *arcs*, but of *areas*—and the proportionality of the squares of the times to the cubes of the distances. Galileo had divested the laws of mechanics of the mysticism in which the Peripatetic system had involved them, and thus prepared the way for the novel doctrine, that the same laws of motion would apply to the celestial bodies as to those on the earth; while, by the invention of the telescope, he had enabled us to trace with accuracy the actual motions and appearances of the planets.

Such advances had begun to stir up the spirit of investigation, as well as to point out the main directions, at least, in which it was to be pursued; and to astronomical observation on the one hand, and the improvement of mathematical methods on the other, the attention of those who felt the promptings of a taste and a vocation for the pursuits of science, was now more diligently directed, in the hope, more or less present to them all, of at least doing something towards penetrating the great secret of the mechanism of the heavens. But the state of things in England in the beginning of the seventeenth century was by no means favourable to scientific pursuits; and towards the middle of it, the great commotion, which convulsed the frame of civil society, threatened the extinction of science altogether. Yet, under circumstances so unpropitious, it is instructive to contemplate the picture presented to us, of a small band of philosophers struggling against every disadvantage, pursuing their researches in seclusion, obscurity, and neglect: of whose characters and pursuits some striking illustrations are supplied in the collections before us, and who were among the foremost to prepare the way for the advances soon after to be made.

In these inauspicious times, we find, in the remote village of Brancepeth in Durham, one William Milbourne dividing his time between his duties as curate of the parish and the prosecution of astronomical observations; which, even with imperfect means, he carried to such exactness as to detect errors in the best existing tables, and to verify to greater accuracy the laws of Kepler—a matter of no small moment, when as yet no *physical* demonstration of the solar system had been obtained.

A stop, however, was put to his labours by the civil war; and much of the records of them was destroyed by the Scottish army in 1639. The results, however, were not wholly lost, as he had contrived to keep up a correspondence (a difficult matter at best in those times) with others engaged in kindred pursuits; among whom was W. Gascoyne, a young country gentleman of Middleton in Yorkshire, who devoted himself to astronomy, and constructed telescopes with his own hands; but is more especially distinguished as the inventor of the micrometer, a contrivance which has conferred all their accuracy upon modern observations. His original description of it is preserved in one of his letters in the collection before us;* though the rest of his papers were destroyed, and himself killed at the battle of Marston Moor.

Two other individuals, not less unfortunate, distinguished this small fraternity. W. Crabtree was a clothier at Broughton, near Manchester, who entered largely into the scientific pursuits of his friends, and whose correspondence attests his zeal and labours. He suffered much in the disorders of the times, but survived till 1652,† contrary to some accounts, according to which he is said to have been killed in 1641. But by far the most remarkable of the party was the intimate friend of Crabtree, Jeremiah Horrox, whose history has been involved in some doubt and obscurity, but whose name has been deservedly recorded as among the most honoured of those who, under every disadvantage, laboured in the ill-requited task of advancing human knowledge.

Born in the rural hamlet of Toxteth, near a small sea-port town in Lancashire called Liverpool, and brought up in the same neighbourhood, struggling with poverty and want of assistance, his native genius rose superior to all discouragements; and though he pathetically laments his want of aid and books, he yet pursued his academical course at Emanuel College, Cambridge, and returned to prosecute, in his native county, those astronomical labours of which he intuitively saw the future importance, and which, little regarded at the time, came to be afterwards held in deserved honour, as we shall see in the sequel. One of the most striking incidents, perhaps, connected with them, was the observation, for the first time, of that rare phenomenon, a transit of Venus over the sun's disc, which he had calculated would take place contrary to the indications of the received tables, and which was at that time of great importance,

as a verification of the improved views of the planetary system. It was seen only by himself and his friend Crabtree. Of the peculiar circumstances under which this remarkable observation was effected, some elucidation is afforded by the documents now published. The transit was predicted to happen on Sunday, November 24, 1639—and it has been stated by some that Horrox was led to forego the observation from conscientious motives, during at least a considerable part of the day; but that after due attendance on his religious duties, in the afternoon he was rewarded for his conscientiousness with a distinct view of the phenomenon.

We remember to have read this narrative enlarged upon (we believe) by more than one popular religious writer, with much eloquence; and Horrox held up as a sublime example of devoted piety, in thus making secular studies of the greatest moment and pressing interest give way, rather than violate the sanctity which, possibly in accordance with the then prevalent puritanical doctrine of the Sabbath, he ascribed to the day. Without going into such topics, we should be sorry to divest him of the pious character thus assigned to him; but truth obliges us to put the matter in its real light, and, we fear, to deprive it of some of the interest in which it has been thus invested. According to the authentic account, the simple facts of the case were briefly these:—On the day in question Horrox observed the sun during the morning, and twice again in the middle of the day;—ascertaining satisfactorily, in each instance, that the planet was not then to be seen on the sun's disc. He did not again resume his observations till the afternoon, when he distinctly saw the planet as a dark spot just entered upon and traversing the sun's face. But the reason for these interruptions has been somewhat gratuitously assigned. The whole, however, is now explained. Mr Rigaud has discovered an old memorandum,* from which it incidentally appears that Horrox was, at this time, neither more nor less than a hard-working curate, on 'a very poor pittance,' at Hool, near Preston. On the Sunday in question, however urgent and precious the opportunity, he had no help or resource, but was obliged to quit his telescope and attend his usual duty at the church. In the interval, however, he was able to return and assure himself that the event had not yet occurred; and at length, when the services were over, he resumed and completed his observation in the manner above mentioned.

To Horrox's other investigations we shall have occasion to refer in the sequel. They are all stamped with the clear indications of a genius of the highest order : and he doubtless would have achieved far greater discoveries had not his privations and successes, his toils and triumphs, been together cut short by his premature death in 1641 ; soon after which, it has been stated by some writers of high authority, his papers were destroyed by a party of marauding soldiers. Happily we shall find that they escaped such a fate ;—most probably through the care of his friends Townley and Crabtree. The account of the transit was published by Hevelius, along with his own account of one of Mercury.

Even in such distracted times, however, we are not without instances of a less melancholy character, of labourers in the cause of science who were permitted to carry on their pursuits in comparative ease and tranquillity. William Oughtred, Fellow of King's College, became rector of Albury in Surrey in 1603, and remained in that situation through his long life, which did not terminate till just after the Restoration. He here pursued his mathematical researches, and effected considerable improvements—to which the volumes before us bear abundant testimony ; at the same time attending with exemplary diligence to his parochial duties. But this did not exempt him from suspicion and censure, which, in the minds of the ignorant and prejudiced, is too commonly excited against philosophical pursuits. He speaks of such ill-will called forth against him, by some who ' reckon so much wanting unto me in my proper calling, as ' they think I have acquired in other sciences ; by which opinion (not of the vulgar only) I have suffered both disrespect, ' and also hinderance in some small preferments I have aimed ' at.'* We readily trace in such cavils the then dominant spirit of fanatical ignorance and moroseness—and from the same quarter he was even at one time threatened with a sequestration of his living ; but his high reputation brought forward so powerful a body of friends that he escaped without molestation. Besides being tutor in the family of the Earl of Arundel, who had been so liberal a patron of science, he appears to have had numerous other pupils, whose letters display, often in no limited terms, the respect with which they looked up to him—of which we have some amusing instances in the letters of Austin (p. 73) and Shuttleworth, (p. 88.)

Oughtred appears to have been universally resorted to as a

sort of mathematical oracle. We find in this collection a great number of letters addressed to him, for the most part containing problems or questions of various kinds—many referring to difficulties which the writers had encountered in reading his works: and to which it seems to have been his habit to write somewhat laconic answers on the back of the letter—which all bear the impress of a master of his subject completely prepared to answer and solve off-hand, and often in a tone almost contemptuous, the difficulties which to inferior minds appeared so perplexing. To some particular friends, however, he is more explanatory, and concludes some elucidations vouchsafed to his friend Robinson, with this pithy advice respecting the perusal of his celebrated work the *Clavis Mathematica*, ‘which, if any one of a mathematical genius will carefully study, (and indeed it must be carefully studied,) he *will not admire others, but himself do wonders.*’* A characteristic hint, suggestive of the difference between the spirit of the old system of authority, and the new school of induction and independent enquiry.

Considerable advances had been made in the knowledge of the heavens before any accurate determinations had been attempted of the magnitude of the earth. Yet a knowledge of this important element forms the basis of all astronomical computations—it is in fact, by a slight transference of the metaphor, the very *πρὸς στῶ* of Archimedes. The length of a degree of latitude, or the 360th part of the circumference of the globe, is assigned by astronomical observations at its two extremities; and, by consequence, that of the circumference, and thence of the diameter, of the earth. The rough estimate of the old geographers, currently received, gave for the degree about sixty miles. The more accurate measurement of Snell, published in the *Eratosthenes Batavus* (1617,) gave it $69\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

In the correspondence of Oughtred and Robinson the date of the year is wanting; but from collateral circumstances Mr Rigaud fixes it in 1630. It is remarkable as containing discussions of Snell’s, and other measures of the length of the degree: proving therefore that this result was known in England; and also incidentally mentioning that ‘one Mr Milbourne, a minister (before mentioned,) had said it would not contain hardly ‘sixty-three miles.’† On what grounds this assertion was made does not appear; but it shows that even the secluded astronomers of that day had begun to see that the vulgar estimate was erro-

neous. This circumstance, as we shall see, bears upon a point in the history of Newton's discoveries.

Our scientific readers will not require to be informed, that it was during the unhappy period of the civil war, and in some measure arising from the reaction of the violent political feeling then excited, that a few contemplative minds were led to retire from the turmoils which surrounded them, and to devote themselves to experimental pursuits. Wilkins, Boyle, Wallis, Seth Ward, and others, began in 1645 to form themselves into a sort of philosophical society, evidently suggested by a noted proposal of Lord Bacon's, called 'the Invisible College;' which held meetings, where all kinds of physical subjects were discussed, in Gresham College.

But in the troubles of 1648, the College being seized by the military, the society retired to Oxford, where their pursuits could be carried on under more favourable auspices. In fact, it should rather be said, that it had now a local settlement there, since all its leading members were appointed to situations in the university. Wilkins was now warden of Wadham college—Seth Ward, ejected from a fellowship at Cambridge, was made Savilian Professor of Astronomy; while Wallis, also transplanted from Cambridge, filled the chair of Geometry.

Wallis was a man of singularly original powers of mind, and distinguished in many other departments besides that of mathematics. In this science, however, from the mere elementary knowledge which he admits, in one of his letters, was all he could boast at the time of his appointment to the Savilian chair, he soon advanced, unaided, to the highest limits of the science as then known, and largely extended its boundaries. It was his peculiar glory to have made a very near approach to the principle of the fluxional calculus; while about the same time Isaac Barrow, then fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, had also advanced to the suggestion of a principle equivalent to its application in the theory of curves.

Among the rising auxiliaries of the Oxford society, we now find an under-graduate of Wadham College, Christopher Wren, who displayed an extraordinary genius for mathematics; but this was somewhat repressed by a yet stronger passion for anatomy; and, full of the then recent discovery of the circulation of the blood, he devoted himself to the experiments, at that time so full of interest, of transfusion into the living system.

Somewhat later, another junior member of the university, Robert Hooke of Christ Church, evinced a high mechanical genius, and was in consequence employed in prosecuting experi-

ments under the direction and patronage of the leading members of the Philosophical Society.

About the same time, in the town of Derby, there was residing with his parents, interrupted in his school studies, and disqualified from all active pursuits, by a disorder which for years deprived him of the use of his limbs, a youth who devoted this forced leisure to study, as far as his health would allow; and who, without assistance, acquired an extensive knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, and even began to pursue original investigations and calculations in the latter science, with such imperfect means as he could command—but whose name, John Flamsteed, was destined to be known as far over the globe as stars are observed, or ships navigate; and his labours to supply the first materials for the most important parts of the Newtonian theory, and thence again for those practical applications in the nautical art, which are of such inestimable value to a country like Britain.

A vague notion of some kind of attractive force or virtue emanating from the sun, by which it acts upon all the planets, and the earth upon the moon, seems to have been entertained from an early period. Such ideas (chiefly upon a fanciful analogy with magnetism) were broached by Gilbert in his work *De Magnete*, 1600; and were, not obscurely, hinted at by Bacon. A similar view, in a more definite form, was advanced by Borelli in 1666, in a great measure derived from the very just and philosophical contemplation of the system of Jupiter and his Satellites.

The mathematical analysis of central forces, however, had as yet been little attended to. In one instance, indeed, an investigation of this kind had been made by Galileo, and advanced by others—the curvilinear motion of projectiles under the influence of gravity, which, for the trifling differences of distance from the earth's centre within the range of experiment, is sensibly invariable. That such a force should, however, be variable, and diminish as we go to greater distances, was a natural conjecture. And if we consider abstractedly an emanation of any kind spreading uniformly from a centre, it would, on mere geometrical principles, decrease in intensity in proportion to the *square* of the distance. This analogy, though vague in its application, seems to have suggested conjectures as to the law of gravitation. It was from thus viewing the matter, perhaps, that Bulliald, in 1645, asserted that the force by which the sun '*prehendit et harpagat*,' takes hold of and grapples with the planets, must be as the inverse square of the distance. At the same time he held the doctrine of elliptic orbits, though quite unable to connect the two truths with each other.

In any investigation of curvilinear orbits, the main idea is that of a motion compounded of two—one, the natural tendency of the body to move off in a straight line, owing to its original projection—the other, its tendency towards a centre; so that between the two it takes a curvilinear course round that centre. In the earlier stages of science, this idea was by no means at once grasped. The original and inventive genius of Horrox, however, had not only clearly conceived it, but suggested a familiar yet most satisfactory illustration of it; in the motion of a ball suspended by a long string, which is easily made to vibrate, not merely like an ordinary pendulum in one plane, but in an elliptic or circular course, or orbit, which results from the projectile force given it by the hand, combined with the tendency to fall into its original position of rest at the centre. And in describing this, he expressly adds a query, whether the cause of the planetary motions be not similar. But besides this general representation of the case in nature, this experiment is remarkable for exhibiting another effect; viz. that the ellipse itself is continually shifting the position of its long diameter, (whose two ends are termed by astronomers *apsides*.) This was not only noticed by Horrox, but he directly applied it to illustrate a very remarkable conclusion he had been the first to deduce with respect to a peculiarity in the observed motions of the moon.

That the moon does not describe an *exact* orbit *uniformly* about the earth, was known to the ancients. Ptolemy had discovered one of its irregularities. The four principal inequalities (as they are termed) were all which could be detected by observation before the time of Newton. Cycles and epicycles, of course, to an endless extent and complexity, were necessary to give even the semblance of a representation of them.

The first to clear up these difficulties by any simple theory was the poor curate of Hool, who suggested the novel idea that the moon moved in an ellipse, with a varying eccentricity, and whose *apsides* were perpetually changing their position. He expounded this theory in two letters to Crabtree, in September and December 1638;—a view which all subsequent discoveries have combined to verify and extend.

Meanwhile the phalanx of philosophers was strengthening itself, and preparing for greater achievements. Wren became Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College in 1657, and of the same science at Oxford in 1670. In 1658 his mathematical tracts were published, and established his reputation in a science in which he might have risen to far greater eminence, had not his attention been called away to other pursuits. He was, however, an active member of the Royal Society, which had now

been founded on the basis of the small society already spoken of, and was incorporated by Charles II. in 1662—one of the very few redeeming good acts of his profligate life and degrading reign.

Hooke was now rising in celebrity, and was known by the variety of mechanical inventions, as well as astronomical and optical researches, in which he was engaged. He was in many respects a very remarkable man, and at a later period stood in a more prominent relation to the great discoveries of his age. But some of his peculiarities soon began to show themselves. The misfortune of a deformed person was not relieved by amiability of disposition, or moral elevation of character. His high talents were tarnished by arrogance and envy, and an inordinate vanity and love of fame, which led him to boast of vast discoveries and invaluable secrets, which, at least, he never brought to completion; and, at the same time, to decry the inventions of others, or deny their originality, and lay claim to priority for himself—while it suited better his desire of immediate celebrity to pursue minor but striking projects, than to concentrate his powers on higher objects of more distant attainment. His value, however, could not but be felt, even when his character could not be admired; and having settled in London, he was appointed curator of experiments to the Royal Society, at its first establishment, and soon after Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, where the Society then held its meetings.

In 1664 Horrox's researches on the orbits of the planets, and especially on that of the moon, were communicated to the Royal Society by Dr Wallis, and subsequently published by him in 1673, along with the other remains of the author, under the title of *Opera Posthuma*, or in a part of the impression, *Opuscula Astronomica*. Flamstead, on learning the nature of these speculations, was among the first to perceive the value and importance of the suggestions they contained; which he followed out by calculating, on this hypothesis, more enlarged tables of the moon's motion, compared with observation, which formed the basis of his subsequent labours on the lunar theory.

Among those to whose aid the cause of science was, at this period, much indebted, occurs the name of Francis Vernon, who, in 1669, went to Paris as secretary to the British Ambassador, where he exerted all the influence belonging to his position for the advancement of knowledge; and facilitating scientific intercourse between England and the Continent. With this view he kept up a correspondence (which appears in this collection) with several of those engaged in these studies, but particularly with Collins.

In one of his letters to Vernon, Collins reports, among a variety of other matters,* that ‘the Royal Society desire Mr Flamstead of Derby, a young man aged twenty-one years, eminent for his skill and pains in astronomy, should correspond with some good astronomer remote, as M. Mouton of Lyons, and who should be desired to observe the appulses of the moon.’ This notice shows as well the rising reputation of Flamstead, as the interest then beginning to be felt in the exact determination of the moon’s motion; which, it seems to have been instinctively perceived, would become the most critical test of any theory which might be proposed of the system of the world. Indeed, having now communicated to the Royal Society some of his researches, under the patronage of Sir Jonas Moore Flamstead shortly after came to London, (in 1671;) and on the foundation of the National Observatory at Greenwich, he was named first Astronomer in 1675, with a salary of L.100 per annum, always in arrear, and abundant promises of assistance and instruments, never fulfilled; and, as the only substantial remuneration—the living of Burstow, in Surrey, for which he then took orders;—a proceeding of which it can only be said, it would have been well if Church patronage had never been diverted to *worse* objects.

But another character of far greater eminence was now about to appear on the stage. Born on Christmas day 1642, at the small farm, though it boasted the honours of a manor-house, of Woolsthorpe, near Grantham, the hereditary possession of his family,—and in delicate health from his birth—there was now growing up ‘a sober, silent, thinking lad,’ who devoted his time to practical mechanics, making models of machinery, dials, contrivances of all sorts, with surprising ingenuity, without any extraordinary proficiency at school; but who, entering at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1660, astonished his tutor, Dr I. Barrow, by taking in the whole of Euclid as if by intuition, and proceeding at once to the geometry of Des Cartes, the highest then known;—and who, proceeding rather as an inventor than a student, in 1664 made the capital discovery of the principle of fluxions, to which (as we have observed) several of his contemporaries had been making such near but incomplete approaches. During the next year or two his attention was absorbed in optics, and probably the germ of the theory of colours was developed; but in 1666 the plague drove him from Cambridge to the retirement of Wools-

Who does not know that the name of Newton is imperishably associated with—an apple? The story has been often repeated and often rejected. Those who are attached to it, however, will learn to their satisfaction that Professor Rigaud thinks it derived from unquestionable authority; and, moreover, (like Jack Cade's bricks,) the apple-tree (now converted into a chair) is preserved at Woolsthorpe to testify it to this day.

That apples fall from trees is a general fact which it certainly did not need a Newton to discover; on the other hand, the reason why they fall was as certainly not discovered by Newton, nor, perhaps, will it be by any other philosopher. But the great law of nature *according to which* they fall, though partly guessed at by others, and that this law is the same, and the unknown cause (whatever it be) the same, for apples as for planets, it is the exclusive claim of Newton to have disclosed and demonstrated. Yet, somewhat perplexed and mystified statements of the matter are occasionally made. In point of fact, Newton simply reasoned thus:—If gravitation extend from apples to the moon, it is perpetually drawing the moon to the earth by the momentary deflexion of its curvilinear orbit from the direct line of the tangent; and if it decrease as the square of the distance increases, then, at the distance of 60 times the earth's radius, it ought to be the 3600th part of the force of gravity near the earth's surface, where it makes bodies fall 16 feet in one second. But, from the known period of the moon, and dimensions of her orbit, the actual deflexion can be calculated, dependent on the value assigned to the earth's radius. Employing the value derived from the commonly received estimate of 60 miles to the degree, he found the resulting actual deflexion considerably less than that which the theory required. He, consequently, desisted from the enquiry, and turned his attention to other subjects.

But other eminent persons were, about the same time, incessantly attempting the solution of questions closely allied to this. Hooke in the same year read a paper to the Royal Society, in which the combination of a projectile and a central force was clearly explained as producing revolution in an orbit, accompanied by an experimental illustration, the very same in principle as that of Horrox, whose claims he altogether omits to mention. He, indeed, slightly improved the form of the experiment, and enlarged it by attaching a smaller ball, which was made to circulate round the larger so as to represent the earth and moon; but he does not seem to have been at all aware of the whole force of Horrox's illustration as regards the motion of the *apsides*.

A few years later, Hooke exemplified in a more detailed manner

the nature of motion in an orbit, in a paper entitled 'An Attempt to Prove the Motion of the Earth,' &c., which appears in the Philosophical Transactions for 1674. Here, though he lays down very clearly some of the dynamical principles, yet, with respect to the law by which the central force varies with the distance, he distinctly says he has not yet experimentally verified it.

In 1678, in his work *De Cometa*, he, however, states the law to be the inverse square.

In 1679, Hooke wrote to Newton, most probably, we may suspect, with the view of sounding him, requesting him to furnish a demonstration of the motion of the earth, (as he observes in a letter written some years afterwards,) 'not telling him at first 'the proportion of gravity to the distance, nor what was the curved 'line that was thereby made.'

Newton, however, unwilling to be drawn into this discussion, excused himself as being engaged on other studies, and added (as he says) 'in compliment, to sweeten his answer,' the suggestion of a problem—In what line will a body fall from a great height to the earth, taking into account the earth's rotation? This not only referred to a practical proof (then important) of the earth's rotation; but the accurate solution of it would imply a knowledge of the law of gravitation. In December 4, 1679, Hooke read a paper to the Royal Society on this subject, in which he maintained that the path of the falling body would be an 'elliptical curve or eccentric ellipsoid;' terms too vague and indefinite to show that he had any distinct idea of elliptic orbits, while he did not even pretend to give a demonstration.

In 1673, Huyghens had applied the laws of dynamics to the motion of bodies in *circular* orbits. Such an investigation would hold good in the celestial motions if the planetary orbits were circles, and this was clearly seen by several of those engaged in the subject at that time. But this would not be exact. And the difficulty was to apply the same principles to *elliptic* orbits, and connect, by a physical relation, the other laws of Kepler.

In 1673 Edmund Halley, then an under-graduate of Queen's College, Oxford, transmitted some mathematical papers to the Royal Society, which at once established his pre-eminent ability in those sciences. The most important of them was the calculation of the place of a body revolving in an elliptic orbit, according to Kepler's laws;—a problem proposed by Kepler himself, not admitting of exact geometrical solution, and to which Seth Ward* had previously proposed a useful practical approxi-

* Letters, i. 226, &c.

mation. This introduced him to the scientific world, and led to his expedition, in 1676, to St Helena, to observe the southern stars. Returning in the following year, he settled near London, in the rural retirement of Islington, and soon after became assistant-secretary to the Royal Society. At a much later period he was appointed Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

Halley anxiously directed his attention to the great problem of the solar system; and expressly mentions (in a letter to Newton at a later period) that in January 1684, he concluded, 'from the sesquialter proportion of Kepler, that the centripetal force decreased in proportion to the squares of the distances.' But he was unable to proceed further in the application of this law of force to the elliptic orbits of the planets. Full of the subject, and anxious to obtain any help in the solution, he journeyed to London from Islington on a Wednesday, to be ready to attend the Royal Society's meeting on Thursday; and there meeting with Wren and Hooke, an interesting discussion ensued, in the course of which Wren candidly mentioned that he had, some years before, attempted the problem of elliptic orbits, but had failed, while Hooke boasted that he had a solution of it, which he kept a secret; but which he neither then, nor ever afterwards, produced, though urgently pressed to do so, and with the temptation, to him so potent, before him of present distinction, and the security of an indisputable claim to priority for the future.

These various points, settled in detail as to all their particulars, with the utmost care, by our author, we have here collected in the order of the narrative in a brief sketch; because they distinctly determine the precise position in which the investigation of the law of gravity stood before the final step was taken by Newton; and the exact share which each of his predecessors in the attempt could fairly claim—points on which much misapprehension has prevailed.

Newton's first calculation, as we have seen, failed, from not having adopted the common but erroneous estimate of the earth's *radius*. We have already noticed that better determinations had been made long before, and it seems hardly possible that they could have been unknown to him. In particular, the measurement of Snell is fully stated in a work of Varenus on geography; of which, it appears from one of Newton's own letters to Collins,* an edition was published at Cambridge in 1672, to

which he himself contributed, by superintending the drawing of the diagrams.

It is, then, difficult to understand why he should not have at once repeated his calculation with a more correct datum; or rather why he should have calculated, even in the first instance, upon so obviously faulty a basis. It is true that, by an accidental coincidence, the chief numbers concerned were, on that estimate, all multiples of 60, which of course greatly facilitated the computation; but this can hardly afford a sufficient explanation.

The far more precise determination made by Picard (giving the length of the degree $69\frac{1}{10}$ miles) was described in detail in a work published in a splendid form at the press of the Louvre, in 1671, (and not, as stated, in the '*Biographia Britannica*,' 1679.) Few copies, indeed, were printed, and the work was little known; but the results were circulated—a communication of them being made to the Royal Society on January 11, 1672, and discussions of the subject taking place there in 1675, recorded in the '*Philosophical Transactions*' for 1676, and again in 1682, besides being referred to by Flamsteed in 1677.

Nevertheless, Newton, from the time of the failure of his first very rough trial, seems to have discontinued all enquiry on the subject; and the received history of his resumption of it is well known to be briefly this:—Being present at a meeting of the Royal Society in 1682, and hearing the discussion of Picard's measurement, it immediately struck him that the value of the earth's radius was the erroneous element in his first calculation. With a feverish interest in this result little imagined by those present, hastily noting down the value thus assigned, he hurried home, resumed his calculation with the new value, and having proceeded some way in it, was so overpowered by nervous agitation at its anticipated result, that he was unable to go on, and requested a friend to finish it for him—when it came out, exactly establishing the inverse square as the true measure of the moon's gravitation, and thus furnishing the key to the whole system.

Stirring as this incident no doubt is, we fear the dry facts now brought together, must somewhat qualify our acceptance of it. Those of our readers who have visited the Royal Society's apartments, have of course seen a large antique volume bound in velvet with gilt clasps, in whose vellum pages members on their admission sign the obligation—and they have doubtless been shown, in a page belonging to the year 1675, among other signatures, in a clear upright hand, the name of Isaac Newton. He was then personally present on that occasion. But from a variety of circumstances alluded to by our author, it is almost a matter of certainty that he did not attend any meeting of the

society for some years afterwards, especially in the year 1682. On the other hand, it is hardly conceivable that on the day of his admission he did not hear something of Picard's measurement, so much discussed at the time. Though constantly resident at Cambridge after this, it appears that he duly received the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and therefore must have known it in 1676. In every way, therefore, it is almost impossible that he should have first learnt it, as stated, in 1682.

But we have more positive testimony, in his own statements, that he had used *some* more correct value, and obtained a satisfactory conclusion considerably before this period.

After the memorable discussion with Wren and Hooke, in August 1684, Halley visited Newton at Cambridge with the hope of obtaining some help in the great problem. It was then that Newton informed him of his original attempt;—which he again described in a letter, (a few years later,*) by saying that he had (about 1666) made an investigation, on the assumption of the law of the inverse square, of the moon's gravity, which he had calculated, 'though not accurately enough.'

But in his conversation with Halley, he further stated *that he afterwards successfully renewed his calculation*; expressly adding, that it was the enquiry of Hooke with respect to falling bodies, in 1679, which led him to do so, but that he thought no further on the subject, being then engaged in other pursuits, and threw aside the papers.

But further, we must recollect that his first rough calculation with regard to the moon, involved only the consideration of a *circular* orbit, whereas the main difficulty was in the general case of *elliptic* motion. Now, in a subsequent letter to Halley, Newton expressly says that Hooke's letters to him were the occasion of his 'finding the method of determining figures,' (the forms of the orbits of revolving bodies,) '*which, when I had tried in the ellipsis, I threw the calculation by, being upon other studies, and so it rested for about five years, till upon your request I sought for the papers.*'† Being, however, unable to find these precious documents, he soon after supplied the deficiency from his own original resources, by working out the whole anew; that is, both the calculation of the moon's gravity and the whole theory of elliptic motion. 'He composed near a dozen propositions,' says Dr Pemberton, (Essay, app. 51,) containing the outline of these investigations.

* Essay, 51.

† Essay, p. 13.

It was on this occasion, as far as appears, that he for the first time employed Picard's value of the earth's *radius*; and thus established a more perfect coincidence of theory and observation. The result was communicated to Halley in November 1684.

This account of the case displays in a singular degree the peculiarities of Newton's character, in the indifference with which he seemed to regard the most important results of his greatest intellectual efforts;—doubtless from the unconscious ease with which he made them. It is further remarkable, that in a letter to Halley some time after,* Newton expressly says, that he had collected the law of the inverse squares *from Kepler's theorems*, in 1661; which shows that even at a much earlier period he was in possession of at least some general apprehension of the theory of central forces.

When afterwards he had demonstrated it in detail, and had also established its physical application with perfect success—so far from betraying a nervous anxiety on the subject, he thought so little of it as to throw aside the investigation and mislay the papers: though he readily recalled the whole when pressed to do so by Halley.

The origin of the received story is easily traced: Dr Pemberton gives merely a general statement, which, in fact, he derived from his conversations with Newton. He says merely, that in 1684, at Halley's request, Newton resumed his calculations, and obtained a successful result, now using Picard's measure. This was somewhat enlarged upon by Dr Robison, (though it does not appear from what authority,) who describes Newton as learning Picard's value at a meeting of the Royal Society; when, on his return home, follows the calculation scene before given.

To this M. Biot adds *conjecturally*,* that it probably took place in 1682. And lastly, in the translation of M. Biot's Article for the Society of Useful Knowledge, the probability is converted into certainty. On such authority, however, it is not surprising that later writers should have repeated the narrative.

This capital result formed the clue to the whole system; but there was still much to be done in working it out. Later in the same year, (1684,) Halley paid Newton a second visit, and on December 10, he communicated to the Royal Society the result of his application, but without going into any detail of the discoveries.

In February 1685, a short statement of the main propositions,

including the demonstration of elliptic motion, was communicated to the Royal Society by Newton, and entered upon their Register. This valuable record has, for the first time, been printed in the essay before us,* and it is remarkable that its contents exactly accord with the description of ‘about a dozen propositions,’ which he composed on a former occasion.

Now, several writers have assigned 1683 as the date of this communication, most probably on the authority of a passage in the *Commercium Epistolicum*, in which this date is assigned, though from what we have already seen of the progress of the business, it manifestly *cannot* be correct: moreover, Mr Rigaud has carefully ascertained that no such notice occurs in the records of the Royal Society, while there is a distinct minute on December 10, 1684, of Halley’s representation of Newton’s results, in which a *request* is made to him *to send* the full account of them.

But there is a further circumstance connected with this point. There are now, first published, two memoranda, which exist in Newton’s handwriting in the Macclesfield collection—not exactly copies, but to the same purport—in which he speaks generally of his first communication of his discoveries; in one copy, with a date 1683; in the other it was evidently originally the same, but the 3 has been altered to a 4. The document is without a date, but most probably is of a much later period, when Newton may not have accurately remembered the year.† Still the error is remarkable, and we shall see that unwarrantable use (at least) was made of it.

On the 28th of April 1686, the complete Memoir (equivalent to the first book of the *Principia*) was presented, and, in part, read at a meeting of the Royal Society. The second book appears to have been sent in March 1687, though no formal notice of it is found. The third, which completes the whole, was communicated April 6, 1687.

In a letter in the Macclesfield collection,‡ Newton says—
 ‘The book of the Principles was writ in about seventeen or
 ‘eighteen months, whereof about two were taken up with jour-
 ‘neys, and the MS. was sent to the Royal Society in spring
 ‘1686; and the shortness of the time in which I wrote it, makes
 ‘me not ashamed of having committed some faults.’

And when we consider the actual nature and contents of the work, our surprise is excited rather that it should have been produced at all in so marvellously short a time, than that it should have imperfections. The mere composition, arrangement,

transcription, and revision, would have occupied the time, in the case of most writers, supposing the materials collected. In a word, we can only regard the fact of the singularly rapid production of such a work as a palpable proof, that the author must have had at least all its main doctrines fully developed in his mind a long time before, though they very probably may have lain there dormant and neglected; and appearing to himself obvious truths, he was indifferent to drawing them out in form, or putting them on record, until urged by the importunities of his friends.

Anxiously as all philosophers had been seeking for the truths disclosed in the *Principia*, yet the novelty of the whole train of thought by which they were there developed, was startling to their apprehensions. The complete investigation of the elliptic theory involved several material steps of a kind entirely foreign to the conceptions even of the best mathematicians. The demonstration of Kepler's empirical laws as necessary dynamical truths, involved ideas entirely novel. The proof of the equable description of areas, not merely as applying to the planets, but as an universal theorem, astonished the tardy geometers by the rapidity with which it was deduced from the simple composition of forces, and an elementary theorem of Euclid applied to the analysed elements of the motion; and these elements again recombined by the aid of that refined idea, the basis of the fluxional calculus, but which, in its geometrical form, was called by Newton 'prime and ultimate ratios.'

It was by nothing more than a happy adaptation of these elementary combinations, applied to the conic geometry of the ancients, that Newton proved the path of a body moving under the influence of a projectile and a central force (the latter inversely as the square of the distance) to be always one of the conic sections, and under certain conditions an ellipse. Thence immediately resulted the necessary truth of the other law of Kepler, (in the language of the old geometers,) the sesquialter proportion of the times and distances. A vast multitude of mathematical consequences from these principles now crowded upon Newton's mind, which he poured forth in rich profusion on the pages of the *Principia*; applying to a vast number of truths in physico-mathematical science, and more or less referring to cases occurring in the system of the world. But the most material were those relating to the attractions of bodies, and the motions of a system subject to mutual attractions.

In immediate connexion with the last-named views it was, that Horrox's theory of the moon, and his experiment showing the motion of the *apsides*, were now to receive their physical

demonstration, and to be proved real representations of the laws of nature. When Newton began to apply the theory of universal gravitation to the motion of the moon, he soon perceived that the cause of its inequalities was to be found in the same principle which occasioned the general elliptic revolution; in other words, that gravitation which influenced it with respect to the earth, also affected it by the action of the sun. In a word, that as every part of the planetary world attracts every other part, so every portion of the planetary motions is more or less modified by every other portion. In the instance of the moon, more particularly, the motion of the *apsides* was shown to be a direct consequence of the same general principle.

Under all the circumstances, it is more surprising that Newton should have carried the investigation so far as he did, than that he should have failed, from a remarkable oversight, in establishing one portion of the truth in the lunar theory; in which the error afterwards became so manifest, that the fate of the whole theory of gravitation was vibrating in the balance, which was only at length turned in its favour by the happy suggestions of Clairault.

It should also be remarked, as was pointed out by Flamstead, that in one passage in the *Principia*,* Newton has inadvertently ascribed to Halley a great part of what is due to Horrox. It is, however, a manifest mistake to say, (as Martin, the compiler of the 'Biographia Philosophica,' does,) that Newton 'made Horrox's theory the groundwork of all his astronomy.' He is, however, confessedly a writer of no authority, and we should not have noticed this remark, had it not been unaccountably adopted by Dr Hutton in his 'Mathematical Dictionary.'

In our sketch of the preceding history, we have clearly enough pointed out what real approaches towards Newton's discovery had been made by others, and the precise point at which they had failed. The reading of his paper at the Royal Society was followed by high and just encomiums. And from what we have seen of the character of Hooke, we shall not be surprised to find him, after the meeting, loudly disparaging its merits; setting up a claim to priority on his own part; and in no measured terms demanding justice, and even insinuating a charge of plagiarism. After what we have stated, it will not be necessary to go into those claims, or Newton's reply to them. Nor need we remark the candid manner in which, in the *Principia*, he acknowledges the claims of Wren, Hooke, and Halley, in regard to *circular*

orbits; unless it be to point out the extraordinary version of the passage given by Dr Thomson, in his History of the Royal Society, where he observes, ‘Newton, in his “Principia,” informs us, that ‘the doctrine of gravitation had occurred to Hooke and Halley ‘about the same time that it did to himself.’—(P. 340.)

Hooke, however, was not to be satisfied. Some years later we meet with a curious instance of the pertinacity of his mortified vanity in still urging his already refuted pretensions.

In 1813 there was printed a collection of letters from originals in the Bodleian Library, together with some other documents from the MSS. of Aubrey in the Ashmolean Museum. Among these is a letter from Aubrey to Anthony Wood, relative to Hooke’s pretensions, which, as there printed, is nearly unintelligible. But Mr Rigaud has elicited the whole state of the case, at once explaining the obscurity of the letter, and putting in an amusing light both Hooke’s egregious vanity and insatiable desire of celebrity at the expense of others, and his friend Aubrey’s simplicity. The fact was simply this—Hooke hearing that Wood was engaged on the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, was in a fever of anxiety to be immortalized in that chronicle. He accordingly persuaded Aubrey to write to Wood, suggesting, as if from himself, the propriety of blazoning Hooke’s achievements. Aubrey, however, being unacquainted with science, Hooke inserted a detailed statement of his claims, and also made some other alterations in the letter which Aubrey had drawn up. The original having been examined, the different handwritings fully explain the mode of its composition. As an amusing specimen we will give it—the words in *brackets* marking Hooke’s *erasures*, and the *italics* his *additions*:—

‘September 15, 1689.

‘Mr Wood!—Mr R. Hooke, R.S.S., did, in Ano 1670, write a discourse, called an attempt to prove the motion of the earth, which he then read to the Royal Society, but printed it in the beginning of the year 1674* to Sir John Cutler, to whom it is dedicated, wherein he has delivered the theory of explaining the celestial motions mechanically. His words are these, pages 27, 28, viz :—

{Here a space is left.)

‘About nine or ten years ago Mr Hooke wrote to Mr Isaac Newton of Trinity College, Cambridge, to make a demonstration of [it] *this theory*, not telling him *at first* the proportion of the gravity to the distance, [and] *nor what was* the curved line that was thereby made.

‘Mr Newton, [did express,] in his answer to the letter, *did express*

* The words are here illegible.

that he had not thought of it; and, in his first attempt about it, he calculated the curve by supposing the attraction to be the same at all distances: upon which Mr Hooke told him in his next letter the whole of his hypothesis; said that the gravitation was reciprocal to the square of the distance, *which would make the motion in an ellipsis, in one of whose foci the sun being placed, the aphelion and perihelion of the planet would be opposite to each other in the same line, which is the whole celestial theory concerning which Mr Newton had made a demonstration*, not at all owning that he received the first intimation of it from Mr Hooke. Likewise, Mr Newton has, in the same book, printed some other theories and experiments of Mr Hooke's, *as that about the oval figure of the earth and sea, without acknowledging from whom he had [it] them, though he had not sent it up with the other parts of his book till near a month after this theory was read to the Society by R. H., [Mr Hooke,] when it served to help to answer Dr Wallis his arguments produced in the R. S. against it.*

'In the attempt to prove the motion of the earth, &c., printed 1674; but read to the Royal Society 1671, page 27, line 31.

(Here follows a long quotation from the paper.)

'Mr Wood!—This is the greatest discovery in nature that ever was since the world's creation. It never was so much as hinted by any man before. I know you will do him right. I hope you may read his hand. I wish he had writ plainer, and afforded a little more paper.—Yours,

'J. AUBREY.

'Before I leave this town I will get of him a catalogue of what he hath wrote, and as much of his inventions as I can; but they are many hundreds: he believes not fewer than a thousand. 'Tis such a hard matter to get people to do themselves right.'

Grievous to tell, however, this powerful application produced no effect. Two other more moving appeals were therefore dispatched as follows:—

'London, September 15, 1691.

'Mr Hooke told me (who has looked over your book) that you have left out some eminent men. You have not either mentioned him, which I desired. England has hardly produced a greater wit, viz. for mechanics.'

'Gresham College, March 2, 1691-2.

'Mr Wood,—I acquainted you some weeks since that Mr Hooke (now Dr Hooke) desired you to do him the favour to send him a transcript of what you are to print concerning him. I have not yet heard from you about it; and Dr Hooke doth again this day earnestly desire you would be pleased to write as aforesaid as soon as you possibly can: for it doth (he says) exceedingly concern him. He will repay you for the transcription, which I shall deliver to you when I come to you.'

This does seem at length to have moved the impenetrable old

antiquary ; for it seems that he did at length *write*: to what purport, however, does not appear, since the letter was lost, as is further set forth in the following :—

‘ *London, March 3, 1691-2.*

‘ Mr Wood,—I sent you a letter some weeks since, that Dr Hooke remembers him very kindly to you, and does earnestly request you to do him the favour to send him a transcript of what you intend to write of him, with all possible speed ; and he will repay you for the transcribing. To this purpose I yesterday left a letter with Mr Bennet. But to-day, speaking with Mr Bennet, he tells me that he sent a letter from you to me, by the penny-post, on Saturday last : my landlady affirms she received it not. Now, your book drawing on to an end, I, not knowing what the consequence of that letter may be, thought it a sure way to trouble (you) with this letter by the post.’

‘ *April 13, 1692. Gresham College.*

‘ Dr Hooke does again desire, that, if you do make any mention concerning him, you would furnish him with a copy of it before it goes to the press, and he will gratify you in any thing that is equivalent. He remembers him kindly to you, and will be ready to serve you in any thing that may lie in his way.’

This last rejoinder explains what must have been the cruel tenor of the lost epistle. Wood was inexorable, and Hooke was left to digest, as he best might, the bitter mortification of not seeing his name adorn the memorials of the Oxford worthies.

But there is one point in this history to which we must not omit to refer, as disclosing for the first time the actual obligations under which we, at the present day, lie to an individual most eminently instrumental in bringing Newton’s discoveries before the world ; and for this disclosure, and for clearing up the whole circumstances of the case, previously involved in obscurity and mistake, we are indebted once more entirely to the searching investigations of Mr Rigaud.

On the reading of Newton’s paper, the Society, as a body, not only voted a letter of thanks to the author, but passed a resolution, recommending to the Council the printing of the work. At a subsequent meeting, on May 19th, the Society more precisely ordered that the book ‘ be forthwith printed in quarto, of a fair ‘ letter,’ &c.

All the historians mention these facts generally, and are thence led to state that the work was printed at the expense of the Royal Society.

But there are some further circumstances to be considered. No such vote of the Society would be valid without the sanction of the Council ; and it appears that some time elapsed before a Council was held. On May 22, Halley writes to Newton, men-

tioning, that the Society had determined to print his work 'at their own charge,' but explaining the delay of the sanction of the council, assigning as a reason the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents. Our author, however, examines the minutes, and finds that, in the interval, two meetings of the Society were held, at each of which a Vice-President filled the chair. The real cause, therefore, was not exactly what was professed.

. Now, the Society was, at that time, in the habit both of printing works of science at their expense as a body—of giving sums towards such publications—and often, individually, the members contributed towards such objects. Upon a close examination of the records, no notice of any such assistance towards the publication of the *Principia* appears. But there is a circumstance which throws light upon this: they had very recently expended a large sum on a very expensive work of natural history,* by which their finances were greatly impaired, and for some years they were thus prevented from engaging in any similar undertakings.

At length, on the 2d of June, a Council was held, which exhibited a great falling-off from the ardour of the first resolution of the Society; it was dryly resolved, 'That Mr Newton's book be printed, and that E. Halley shall undertake the business of looking after it, and printing it at his own charge; which he engaged to do.' The wording of this minute has been thought ambiguous; but the true sense seems to be the literal fact, that the whole was undertaken by Halley; and the title-page of the *Principia* attests that it was published *jussu* (but not *sumptibus*) *Societatis Regiæ*.

Halley was not at that time in affluent circumstances; it appears that he was then married, and had a family—that his father had lately died, leaving only a very impoverished fortune—and the sale of such a work would not be likely to remunerate him. The Edition was probably not large, and the price was only ten or twelve shillings. It was a small quarto volume. He was therefore encountering a pecuniary risk far from trifling in comparison with his means of meeting it.

Besides any difficulties of this kind, he had to contend with Newton's extreme reluctance to commit himself to the public, his frequent delays, and lastly, when disgusted with Hooke's envious claims, his determination to discontinue the work, and suppress the third book altogether: against this, however, Halley successfully remonstrated. Thus, we cannot but concur

in the justice of our author's remarks*—‘Under these circumstances, it is hardly possible to form a sufficient estimate of the immense obligation which the world owes in this respect to Halley, without whose great zeal, able management, unwearied perseverance, scientific attainments, and disinterested generosity, the *Principia* might never have been published. Every one of these qualities was required for the success of the undertaking. Newton printed nothing of any importance for himself, and, if not urged to it, would probably never have drawn up this great work; or after it had been drawn up, he would, if left to himself, have suppressed a considerable portion of it. It likewise was not a treatise which, if it had failed of immediately finding an editor, might after a time have come out under other auspices: . * * * the pecuniary risk in the present case must have been considerable: but Halley nobly met it, though he had to provide for the disbursement precisely at that period of his life when he could least afford it.’

Passing over some details of minor delays, into all which our author most minutely examines, the printing proceeded with due diligence after February 1687. The book appears to have been published about midsummer in that year. About 1709 we learn that copies had become very scarce, two guineas having been given for one. This occasioned a demand for the second edition, which, under the able superintendence of Cotes, appeared in 1713, having given rise to that copious discussion of all points in which improvements could be introduced, which forms the mass of MS. correspondence of Newton and Cotes, to the number of 300 letters, preserved in Trinity College Library.

With respect to the subsequent history of the *Principia*, there is little to be said. Still, however, our author never loses sight of his object to collect whatever information is to be found, or at least to guide others to the sources of it. The third edition appeared under the editorship of Dr Pemberton in 1726, the year before Newton's death. Notwithstanding his great age, (eighty-four,) he took a lively interest in it, and since the publication of the second edition, had continued to note down improvements to be introduced. Bishop Horsey speaks of copies containing such notes, but without mentioning where they are deposited. Pemberton also says, that a great number of letters passed between himself and Newton on the subject. These have not been discovered. But Mr Rigaud still does not give up the scent:—he finds that Pemberton had a niece, that to her his

papers descended on his death in 1771 :—that she married a Mr Miles, a timber-merchant in Rotherhithe :—that he was alive in 1788, and had sons :—if they or their descendants could be traced, something might perhaps be learnt of these valuable relics.

Mr Rigaud likewise examines one more of the many erroneous statements which have gone forth respecting the *Principia*,* to the effect that the celebrated David Gregory was entrusted with a manuscript copy, for the purpose of making observations on it; of which Newton availed himself in the second edition, they having come too late for the first publication. To say nothing of the probability of the story, the facts are easily susceptible of being ascertained; since the manuscripts belonging to Gregory have been carefully preserved by his descendants, and one of them is in the Library of the University of Edinburgh. Among the papers in the possession of Gregory's family, there is an autograph manuscript of Newton, containing a number of remarks on certain parts of the third book, and a large collection of the opinions of the ancient philosophers as to the system of the world; but this is clearly not what is referred to, nor does it contain any thing of material value.

The manuscript in the Edinburgh University Library consists, indeed, of a long series of notes on the 'Principia,' but manifestly not of a kind designed for editorial purposes, being simply Gregory's own remarks and illustrations while regularly studying the work: they are marked with dates, as he successively went through the different parts of it—the earliest being September 1687, the last January 1694. He thus did not begin till the first edition was published, (p. 98;) and Flamstead expressly mentions that a copy was presented to Gregory, and that he diligently studied and commented upon it.—(P. 80.)

Among the most marked peculiarities of Newton's character, were that extreme love of retirement and repose—that shrinking from publicity, and morbid anxiety to avoid whatever might involve him in controversy—which, throughout his life, appear to have been his ruling feelings; and, by a singular fatality, the indulgence in them in several instances mainly contributed to precipitate him into those very evils he so earnestly sought to shun.

In no instance was this more remarkably verified than in regard to the discovery of Fluxions. We are not going to enter upon the history of that memorable dispute further than just to notice, that, among the records before us, there is printed for the first time † an original paper, in Newton's handwriting, from

* Essay, p. 79.

† Essay, Appendix, p. 20.

the Macclesfield Collection, containing his abstract of the first principle of that great invention, dated November 13, 1665. The editor also describes three other original versions of the same, in slightly different forms, with dates in that year and the following, the latest being October 1666. Had Newton but summoned up resolution enough to publish this short paper at an early period, how completely would that step have prevented all the subsequent controversy, so annoying to himself, and so lamentable in its consequences! His first *published* statement of the method, and that under a different and peculiar form, was in the lemmas to the *Principia* in 1687. Now, Leibnitz, it is well known, published the principles of his original invention, substantially the same, though under a different notation and name, in 1684. In the *Commercium Epistolicum*, drawn up as the evidence of Newton's claims of priority, (in 1712,) there is a passage acknowledging the above date of Leibnitz's paper, and immediately adding, that in 1683 Newton had communicated to the Royal Society the chief propositions of the *Principia*; which must be construed to include the lemmas—thus giving 'the Prime and ultimate Ratios' a year of priority in publication over Leibnitz's 'Differential Calculus.'

We before referred to memoranda of Newton's, in which that singular error in the date is committed. From similarity, and even identity of expression, there can be no doubt that this passage in the *Commercium Epistolicum* was drawn up from those memoranda. A cloud hangs over this false date which we have no means of penetrating or clearing away. Those who thus applied it, however, overshot their mark; for, even were the *date* admissible, the first communication referred to, as it stands in the register of the Royal Society, *does not contain the lemmas*, nor any precise reference to prime and ultimate ratios; those parts of the demonstrations in which they occur in the '*Principia*,' being *here* very briefly expressed in the language of *infinitesimals*; and consequently implying no positive introduction of the peculiarities of the *fluxional* principle.

In the later portion of this series of correspondence there is one character brought to our notice, of whom we believe little has before been heard. John Logan, of a quaker family in Ireland, went out to America in 1669, as secretary to William Penn, and was actively engaged in the subsequent affairs of his colony. He carried out with him, to the New World, a large stock of general literature, together with great skill in botany, for which he found an ample field in those as yet untrodden regions; and in the cultivation of which he kept up a correspondence with

Linnæus. To this he added a powerful talent for mathematics, attested by several of his letters to Jones.*

We will allude briefly to the contents of one of these, as referring to a question of some interest, which was much discussed several years ago, and was finally cleared up by the enquiries of Mr Rigaud in another publication, (*Nautical Magazine*, No. 21.) viz. the claim to the first invention of that instrument so invaluable to our nautical operations,—Hadley's quadrant; an instrument created as it were for use at sea, and literally out of its element when employed on shore. This incomparable invention, it is well known, was at one time claimed for America, in the person of one Thomas Godfrey, a working glazier of Philadelphia, but a man of very original mathematical powers. Logan writes on his behalf to Jones, communicating for the Royal Society, a description of his invention, in 1732. In a subsequent letter he is much disappointed at finding it unnoticed. But this is explained by the circumstance, that two years before Hadley had communicated his invention to the same quarter, and it had been published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1731. They were, in fact, both original and independent inventors of the same instrument, but Hadley enjoyed the priority in time. They were, however, both found afterwards to have been anticipated in the idea (though it was not published) by Newton, who communicated it to Halley in 1700; but the paper being mislaid, it was not found till after his death in 1742, when it was for the first time published.

The story told in proof of the originality of Godfrey's idea is, like some others of the kind, a little dubious, but to this effect:—He was engaged in his calling in mending a window, when, just opposite, a girl was filling her pail at a pump. Though a philosopher, he could not help looking round—but only to see the rays of the sun glancing from the water in the pail to a pane of glass which he held in his hand, and in which he saw its image again reflected. Others say that the girl and the pail are apocryphal, and that their place was supplied by a second pane of glass in his other hand. Either way, however, he thus conceived the idea that an image of an object, after two reflexions, might be made to coincide with another seen directly, and their angular separation measured by the inclination of the reflectors.

* In what has preceded, (at too great a length we fear for some of our readers,) we have brought together some of the

multifarious details so critically established and industriously collected in the volumes before us. We have confined ourselves chiefly to those points which refer to Newton himself, and those of his fellow-labourers whose researches bear directly upon his; and the elucidation of whose history and pursuits is the illustration of the scientific history of their day, in the direct line of enquiry leading to its highest disclosures. We could easily go on to a far greater extent, among the materials so abundantly supplied, to trace the further progress of those discoveries whose first establishment we have now reviewed, and to exhibit in the lives and pursuits of the succeeding race of those engaged in the promotion of science, the fruits of an increasing taste and more extended encouragement of these studies.

In this imperfect outline there are, of course, many parts of the Newtonian system, not to mention other branches, to which we have not so much as alluded, but which equally entered into the discussions of that period, as they have furnished matter of continued research in their further development to the philosophers of subsequent times down to the present day. But we have already reached our prescribed limits, and must draw to a close.

Science is of no country;—but nevertheless we cannot help feeling some national pride in the circumstance that physical astronomy was the creation of British genius. And though for an age after Newton, it migrated to the Continental schools, and received its great extensions from the talents and researches of Bernouilli and Euler—of Lagrange and Laplace—of Gauss and Plana;—yet at the present day distinct evidence of its return to its native land has been afforded, in the higher developments and improvements of Ivory and Airey in the intricacies of the planetary perturbations, of Whewell and Lubbock on the tides, and of the last-named philosopher on the lunar theory. Besides the wonderful extension of gravitation to the systems of double stars elicited by Herschel, the science has been graced by the aid of a female mathematician, and promoted by other recent investigations of high promise—especially those of Mr Hargreave; while in half a century hence, within which time the philosophers of Europe may have read and understood them, the most transcendental views of the whole mathematical theory will be inseparably associated with the name of the Astronomer-Royal of Ireland.

But looking at physical science as to its general reception at the present day, and its relation to higher objects, in the spirit with which such pursuits are commonly regarded, we perceive

two opposite extreme manifestations, each equally pernicious in its tendency. On the one hand, a prevalent affectation of plausible but shallow pretensions to a philosophic spirit, too often associated with the flippant dogmatism of unbelief, which, to all competently informed persons, sufficiently refute themselves; though, working upon the mass of ignorance, their specious sophistry may often produce fatal effects: but, with ignorance alone they are powerful—increasing knowledge is their sure preventive and cure. On the other hand, we hear the yet more preposterous assumption of a tone of indiscriminate condemnation of all scientific pursuits, on professedly religious grounds, as pernicious, immoral, and sinful. These notions, honestly adopted, often merely betray, on the part of those who advance them, an equal absence of the slightest knowledge of the subjects which they thus presume to censure, and of the spirit of Christianity which they are so zealous to uphold. But unfortunately we also find these views too often maintained by those whose attainments and abilities place them above the suspicion of ignorance, and who therefore stand amenable to a heavier charge;—men who perfectly well know the real tendency of their solemn disparagements of human reason—whose deductions, as they affirm, are wholly insufficient to prove the existence of a God—and who aggravate unbelief by the gratuitous mockery of high religious professions.

The evidences of natural theology are taunted on the one hand as futile and childish; on the other, decried as irreverent and profane, by those who in either case equally regard them as unable to bear examination. We are openly told that it is the legitimate result of true philosophy to discard all notions of final causes,—on the one hand by a French philosopher, who is in consequence set down as an atheist; and on the other by a clergyman of the Established Church, who in consequence is applauded as transcendently orthodox. Thus, the selfsame language from one party is called infidelity; from another, Catholic truth.

The remedy for such evils, we are persuaded, is to be found in the banishment of all mystified and irrational notions of the grounds and evidences of religion; and in the systematic enforcement of a deeply laid and solid basis of physical science, as an integrant part of education;—leading to a just apprehension of the real nature of final causes, not merely in the limited sense of *means* and *end*, but in the extended meaning of the evidences of design and mind, in the *order*, arrangement, and harmony, of the laws of the material universe.

ART. VII.—1. *Incidents of Travel in Yucatan.* By John L. Stephens. Two volumes. 8vo. London: 1843.

2. *Rambles in Yucatan; or, Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a Visit to the remarkable Ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zayi, and Uxmal.* By B. NORMAN. 8vo. New York.

IN his preceding work, entitled ‘Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan,’* Mr Stephens, who had been obliged, owing to the illness of his travelling companion, abruptly to leave the last-mentioned region, though particularly rich in antiquities, intimated his intention again to visit it, for the purpose of exploring them. This intention was speedily carried into effect; and the present publication contains the results of his observations and researches. He speaks of it with considerable elation. ‘It narrates,’ says he, ‘the most extensive journey ever made by a stranger in that peninsula; and contains accounts of visits to forty-four ruined cities, or places, in which remains, or vestiges of ancient population, were found. The existence of most of these ruins was entirely unknown to the residents of the capital; but few had ever been visited by white inhabitants: they were desolate, and overgrown with trees. For a brief space the stillness that reigned around them was broken, and they were again left to solitude and silence.’ In this new journey he was accompanied by his former associate, Mr Catherwood, who has illustrated the work both by various productions of his own pencil, and by a multitude ‘of Daguerreotype views and drawings, taken on the spot.’

The Peninsula of Yucatan, from about the nineteenth degree of latitude north, projects into the Gulf of Mexico, forming a kind of lozenge or slanting square, whose northern line, nearly horizontal, strikes the latitude of twenty-one and a half. Of this square a diagonal line, drawn from Cape Catoche south-westwards to the Laguna de Terminos, includes the whole of the civilized territory, and the ruins formerly visited by Mr Stephens; with the exception of Tuloom and the Island of Cozumel, both about the centre of the eastern coast. From Tuloom to the Lake of Terminos the country is thinly inhabited; and this is said to be the case east and south to above the eighteenth de-

gree, and the parallel of the Bay of Honduras. All this portion, peopled by Indians, appears to be wholly unexplored.

Mr Stephens and Mr Catherwood, accompanied by Dr Cabot of Boston, embarked, on the 9th of October, for Yucatan, on board 'the Tennessee, a down-easter;' which, as if to go off with the greater safety, carried 200 barrels of turpentine, some cotton, and 600 kegs of gunpowder a-top, within reach of the hatches. This judicious arrangement was speedily jeopardized by a tropical storm, in which the lightning seemed not a little disposed to strike the gunpowder, so judiciously placed for the occasion. They had, however, Mr Stephens says, 'the consolation of reflecting that 600 kegs were no worse than 60, and that even six would do their business;' and, soothed with this thought, they wore through the night, and narrowly escaped destruction on the 17th, from that combination, termed 'the sailors' dread'—a furious gale and terrific sea, with a dark night and **rocky** shore to leeward. They reached Sisal on the 27th, and shortly thereafter proceeded to Merida, where Mr Stephens received a flattering testimonial as to the accuracy of his former volumes: for Dona Micaela assured him, 'that the dates of arrival and departure, as therein mentioned, corresponded exactly with the entries in her book.'

The festival of San Cristoval afforded our author an opportunity of remarking, that gambling in Yucatan, though universal, is there exhibited in its mildest form, as a mere accompaniment to conversation. The waltz, also, is here an epidemic of a gentler character than elsewhere. The following description of the dancing and the music will perhaps captivate some of our readers—

'It was not the furious whirl of the French waltz, stirring up the blood, making men perspire, and young ladies look red, but a slow, gentle, and graceful movement, apparently inducing a languid, dreaming, and delightful state of being. The music, too, instead of bursting with a deafening crash, stole on the ear so gently, that, though every note was heard clearly and distinctly, it made no noise; and, as the feet of the dancers fell to the gentle cadence, it seemed as if the imagination was only touched by the sound. Every face wore an expression of pure and refined enjoyment—an enjoyment derived rather from sentiment than from excited animal spirits. There were not the show and glitter of the ball-room in Europe or at home, but there were beauty of personal appearance, taste in dress, and propriety and simplicity of manners.'—(Vol. i. p. 44.)

Some of the eatables were not quite of so elegant a description. At an entertainment called the 'Feast of Candles,' there is always presented a dish called the 'mukbipoyo.' This inviting epithet designates a truly formidable pie, baked in the earth, and

made of a paste of Indian corn, stuffed with pork and fowls, and seasoned with *chili*. The natives eat nothing else during the day, and place a portion under a tree, or in some retired place, for their deceased friends, which is always eaten.

‘ We have reason to remember this fête, from one untoward circumstance. A friendly neighbour, who, besides visiting us frequently with his wife and daughter, was in the habit of sending us fruit and dulces more than we could eat, this day, on the top of a large, undisposed of present, sent us a huge piece of mukbipoyo. It was as hard as an oak-plank, and as thick as six of them; and having already overtakened ourselves to reduce the pile on the table, when this came, in a fit of desperation we took it out into the courtyard and buried it. There it would have remained till this day, but for a malicious dog; he passed into the courtyard, rooted it up, and while we were pointing to the empty platters as our acknowledgment of their kindness, this villanous dog sneaked through the sala and out of the front door, with the pie in his mouth, apparently grown bigger since it was buried.’—(Vol. i. p. 45–6.)

For any account of the conquest of Yucatan we have no space, further than to notice the extreme difference between the races who inhabited the two great divisions of America on its discovery. Widely opposed, indeed, was the conduct of the Peruvians towards Pizarro, and of the Bogotans towards Federmann, from the fierce and uncompromising resistance that met their coadjutors of the north; and that opposed, in Yucatan, every effort of its first explorers, and which had the somewhat doubtful merit of bringing forth from obscurity the dreaded name of Hernando Cortez.

The streets are designated in a manner peculiar to Yucatan, by the name of some wooden figure placed at the corner; such as a bull, a flamingo, an elephant, &c. The Indians cannot read, but can thus distinguish the streets. It would not square with our present purposes to enquire how the figure of the elephant comes to be found here.

Merida retains, in the corridor of her Franciscan convent, an arch so totally unlike the known rules of Spanish architecture, that Mr Stephens assigns its origin to the Indians preceeding the Spanish conquest, though at an indefinite period. Mr Norman notices this dilapidated convent; but neither bushes nor trees appear to have yet forced their way through the stone-work.

We must pass the first aguada, or artificial reservoir, on the route to Mayapan, which seems to have been once well supplied with water—and hence, possibly, the origin of the name—to notice a cave discovered by the pursuers of some Yucatese *Cacus*, who had carried off a bull. ‘ No robber’s cave in romantic story could equal it in wildness. The major-domo said he had

‘entered it with ten men, and had passed four hours in exploration without finding any end. The cave, its roof, base, and passages, were an immense fossil formation; marine shells were conglomerated together in solid masses, many of them perfect, showing a geological structure which indicated that the whole country, or at least that portion of it, had been once, and probably at no very remote period, overflowed by the sea.’—(Vol. i. p. 129.)

The great plain containing the ruins of Mayapan was overgrown with rank tropical vegetation so thickly, as to make it difficult to force a way. A lofty mound, visible at three leagues’ distance from a church top, and which was sixty feet high, and one hundred square at the base, appeared a wooded hill, and was scarcely to be seen unless when standing at the foot. Four staircases, each twenty-five feet wide, ascended to an esplanade, six feet in breadth and six feet from the top, to which four smaller flights conducted: but the steps are in ruins; and the ascent was made by Mr Stephens’ party, with the aid of trees growing out of the sides, to the summit. This summit was a plain stone platform, fifteen feet square, without any vestige of a structure upon it; whence Mr Stephens concludes it was the great mound of sacrifice, where the priests cut out the hearts of human victims, the body being thrown down in sight of the multitude below, as Mr Norman in a similar case describes. Carved stones strew the base of the mound, many having a tenon or stem to fix into the wall; and others bearing rude and time-worn sculptures ‘of idols and demons,’ and possibly symbolical figures. We observe among them too, the double cross, the chevron, and the arabesque comari, together with the form of an ape, (Alouate?) and another figure of formidable ugliness, decked with frill and tippet, and a two-piled nondescript coiffure, bearing a shield in the left hand. A huge subterraneous cavern, or senote, is near the spot; and here was found an idol, but little else, to reward the explorer’s toil.

Hard by stood a mound of thirty feet in height, bearing a stone building of twenty-four, with walls five feet thick, a door to the west, and a circular passage, three feet wide, within: this surrounds a solid cylindrical mass of stone, nine feet thick, and without any opening. The walls were stuccoed over, and had held paintings, as traces of red, yellow, blue, and white, were still distinctly visible. On a terrace to the south-west were the remains of a double row of columns, eight feet apart, and two and a half in diameter. They were formed of five stones, each eight or ten inches thick, laid one upon another, and had no ca

pitals; nor was their use apparent. M. de Waldeck has observed that the columns of Mitla, the only place of all Mexico where columns are found, have neither base nor capital. Yucatan, however, has all the varieties, as is shown in Mr Stephens's volumes. Long ranges of mounds, that had once been buildings, whose roofs had fallen in, complete the details of the scene. But Mayapan deserves further notice as containing a singular index or register of its antiquity, in the shape of square stones carved with hieroglyphics of past cycles, and built into a wall; the latest of course uppermost, and the top in ruins. This register would seem to claim an enormous series of years for the building of the city, if M. de Waldeck's opinion is correct. Differing too from the Aztek calculations, the Mayapanèques count fourteen ages, instead of four, and of unknown duration. Their ancient language is now preserved, according to the last-named and very learned traveller, only near Merida.

The name of Yucatan is attributed by some to the Spaniards, as a mistake of native sounds expressing ignorance of a question; by others to the plant Yuca, and the tal, or earth on which it grows. M. de Waldeck reports it as derived from Yektan, the son of Hebert, the father of Ofir. The first of these etymologies recalls to us that of Java, from barley in the Sanscrit; the second resembles one etymon of Peru; and the third, like all derivations from the names of individuals, is more than questionable, however freely received. The word Yucatan is, however, unknown to the natives, who insist that the country was called Maya in every age;—a statement which we doubt no less than the three preceding, for though the name of Maya may be contemporary with that language, it cannot surely have preceded it; and there is ample evidence before us that the Mayas were not aborigines of the soil. M. de Waldeck, who erroneously makes the Mayas older than either Toltecs or Aztecs, and while confining the two latter to the Christian era, states the Mayas to have been highly civilized 587 B.C.;—himself admitting that the pontifical name of Patzin Can is not Maya, but Aztek; a singular derivation for the priestly appellative, and into a language that, according to him, does not contain a single Aztek word.

The Maya also, as he observes, follows a grammatical form not originally its own; and he further intimates that it is not the same language as of old. We ourselves should pronounce its grammar a combination of at least two foreign forms, and by these materially altered from the original type. This would account for its present state resembling the category of the Aztek; which tongue, 'rich' (as Humboldt remarks) 'in words and grammatical forms,' is a peculiarity 'in nations whose

‘actual mass of ideas does not correspond to the multiplicity of signs for expressing them.’—(*Cordill.* v. i.) If the Maya be really ‘barren of expression’ now, and we cannot doubt M. de Waldeck, this is not the fault of its grammar, which admits the utmost complications, but of the men.

The submissive character of the Indians, even under the lash—and more strongly evidenced by that scenic display, where the natives are represented as rousing themselves to die in defence of their country against the Spaniards, but falling prostrate to the first who comes armed with a musket—is one of the most striking traits ever submitted to reflection, and from a race so fierce and warlike only three centuries since. It recalls the Peruvians of the Conquest. Religion has probably much to do in the matter, but kindness more; for, like the Incas, the Spaniards are the best of masters in America; the Portuguese the worst.

Uxmal, first visited by De Waldeck, then in a hurried journey by Stephens, detailed in his former work; thirdly, by Norman, and now again by Stephens, is the next point of attraction. The splendid volume of De Waldeck, devoted to this city, would itself require an elaborate notice; and we can only here afford a passing glance at some of the facts and opinions which this learned and indefatigable traveller has brought before the world. Nor might it be altogether fair towards either party, to contrast the elaborate decorations of his magnificent volume with the more rapid, though more general, labours of Mr Stephens. Mr Norman, with less pretensions than his rivals, always creates in us a strong interest in whatever he describes, his agreeable book being replete with taste and feeling. Nor is the pleasure of its perusal diminished by the frequent references and acknowledgments to De Waldeck, whom he duly and cordially appreciates; and who is, perhaps, somewhat underrated by Mr Stephens, from a want, not of candour, we are persuaded, but of time and careful consideration. Uxmal, on which the three travellers we have mentioned bestow so much time and attention, presents so many features of vivid interest in its actual and antiquarian phases, legends, and traditions, as would require a very full description, in order to communicate any adequate ideas of its wonders, and for this we have not, at present, any thing like space. We can only, therefore, give a few desultory sketches, and some illustrative extracts.

At the hacienda of Sijoh, after examining one mound with a single flight of steps in good preservation, and a fallen building resembling the other interiors of Uxmal, and having the same distinctive arch, Mr Stephens and his companions returned through the woods to another mound which they had previously seen.

‘ This was perhaps sixty feet high, and was a mere mass of fallen stone. Whatever it might have been, its features were entirely lost ; and but for the structure I had just seen, and the waste of ruins in other parts of the country, it might have seemed doubtful whether it had ever been formed according to any plan or rules of art. The mass of stone was so solid that no vegetation could take root upon it ; its sides were bare and bleached, and the pieces, on being disturbed, slid down with a metallic sound like the ringing of iron. In climbing up I received a blow from a sliding stone, which nearly carried me back to the bottom, for the moment completely disabled me, and from which I did not entirely recover until some time afterwards.

‘ From the top of this mound I saw two others of nearly the same height, and, taking their direction with the compass, I descended and directed my steps towards them. The whole ground was covered with trees and a thick undergrowth of brush and thorn-bushes. My Indian had gone to lead the horses round to another road. I had no machete, and though the mounds were not far distant, I was excessively scratched and torn in getting to them. They were all ruined, so that they barely preserved their forms. Passing between these, I saw beyond three others, forming three angles of a patio or square ; and in this patio, rising above the thorn-bushes and briers, were huge stones, which, on being first discovered suddenly and unexpectedly, actually startled me. At a distance they reminded me of the monuments of Copan, but they were even more extraordinary and incomprehensible. They were uncouth in shape, and rough as they came from the quarry. Four of them were flat ; the largest was fourteen feet high, and measured toward the top four feet in width, and one and a half in thickness. The top was broader than the bottom, and it stood in a leaning posture, as if its foundation had been loosened. The others were still more irregular in shape, and it seemed as if the people who erected them had just looked out for the largest stones they could lay their hands on, tall or short, thick or thin, square or round, without regard to any thing except bulk. They had no beauty or fitness of design or proportion, and there were no characters upon them. But in that desolation and solitude they were strange and striking, and, like unlettered headstones in a churchyard, seemed to mark the graves of unknown dead.

‘ On one of the mounds, looking down upon this patio, was a long building, with its front wall fallen, and leaving the whole interior exposed to view. I climbed up to it, but saw only the remains of the same narrow corridor and arch, and on the wall were prints of the red hand. The whole country was so overgrown that it was impossible to form any idea of what its extent had been ; but one thing was certain, a large city had once stood here, and what its name was no man knew.’—(Vol. i. pp. 200-2.)

Another mound, at some distance, exhibited in the interior the remains of an arch only, which, however, was covered with some curious and bright-coloured paintings.

‘ But this, instead of being of smooth stones, like all the others we had seen in Yucatan, was plastered and covered with paintings, the

colours of which were still bright and fresh. The principal colours were red, green, yellow, and blue, and at first the lines and figures seemed so distinct, that I thought I could make out the subjects. The apartment being filled up with dirt, I stood above the objects, and it was only by sitting, or rather lying down, that I could examine them. One subject at first sight struck me as being a representation of the mask found at Palenque. I was extremely desirous to get this off entire, but found, by experiments upon other parts of the plaster with the machete, that it would be impossible to do so, and left it untouched.'—(Vol. i. 204, 5.)

It is matter of regret that Mr Stephens did not make any attempt to copy these relics and others, Mr Catherwood being unfortunately absent on various occasions, whereby we lose much that might, for aught we know, be invaluable in the shape of illustration and explanation of what is already, or may be hereafter, discovered—especially in the case of monuments hurrying so fast to decay. The remarkable cave of Maxcanú has, in these regions, a sort of mystical reputation. Mr Stephens speaks of it as follows :—

‘ I had before heard so much of caves, and had been so often disappointed, that I did not expect much from this ; but the first view satisfied me in regard to the main point, viz., that it was not a natural cave, and that, as had been represented to me, it was *hecha à mano*, or made by hand. Notwithstanding its wonderful reputation, and a name which alone, in any other country, would induce a thorough exploration, it is a singular fact, and exhibits more strikingly than any thing I can mention, the indifference of the people of all classes to the antiquities of the country, that up to the time of my arrival this *Laberinto* had never been examined. Under these circumstances, I certainly felt some degree of excitement as I stood in the doorway. The very name called up those stupendous works in Crete and on the shores of the Mœritic Lake, which are now almost discredited as fabulous. . . . I entered with a candle in one hand and a pistol in the other. The mouth was filled up with rubbish, scrambling over which, I stood in a narrow passage or gallery, constructed, like all the apartments above ground, with smooth walls and triangular arched ceiling. This passage was about four feet wide, and seven feet high to the top of the arch. It ran due east, and at the distance of six or eight yards opened into another, or rather was stopped by another crossing it, and running north and south. I took first that on the right hand, running south. At the distance of a few yards, on the right side of the wall, I found a door filled up, and at the distance of thirty-five feet the passage ended, and a door opened at right angles on the left into another gallery running due east. Following this, at the distance of thirteen feet I found another gallery on the left, running north ; and beyond it, at the end, still another, also on the left, and running north, four yards long, and then wall-ed up, with only an opening in it about a foot square.

‘ Turning back, I entered the gallery which I had passed, and which

ran north eight or ten yards; at the end was a doorway on the right, opening into a gallery that ran east. At the end of this were six steps, each one foot high and two wide, leading to another gallery, which ran north twelve yards. At the end there came another gallery on the left, which ran west ten yards, and, at the end of this, another on the right, running north about sixty feet. This passage was walled up at the north end, and, at the distance of five yards from this end, another doorway led into a passage running to the east. At the distance of four yards a gallery crossed this at right angles, running north and south, forty-five feet long, and walled up at both ends; and three or four yards further on another gallery crossed it, also running north and south. This last was walled up at the south, and, on the north, led to still another gallery, which ran east, three yards long. This was stopped by another gallery crossing it, running to the south three yards, when it was walled up, and to the north eight yards, when it turned to the west. . . . I was not entirely free from the apprehension of starting some wild animal, and moved slowly and very cautiously. . . . I got a glimpse of the torches of my Indians behind me, just as I was turning into a new passage, and at the moment I was startled by a noise which sent me back rather quickly, and completely routed them. It proceeded from a rushing of bats; and, having a sort of horror of these beastly birds, this was an ugly place to meet them in, for the passage was so low, and there was so little room for a flight over head, that in walking upright there was great danger of their striking the face. It was necessary to move with the head bent down, and protecting the lights from the flapping of their wings. Nevertheless, every step was exciting, and called up recollections of the Pyramids and tombs of Egypt, and I could not but believe that these dark and intricate passages would introduce me to some large saloon, or perhaps some royal sepulchre. Belzoni, and the tomb of Cephrenes and its alabaster sarcophagus, were floating through my brain, when all at once I found the passage choked up and effectually stopped. The ceiling had fallen in, crushed by a great mass of superincumbent earth, and further progress was utterly impossible. . . . In the multiplicity of other occupations in distant regions of the country, I never had an opportunity of returning to this mound. It remains, with all its mystery around it, worthy the enterprize of some future explorer, and I cannot but indulge the hope that the time is not far distant when its mystery will be removed, and all that is hidden brought to light.

The deplorable want of surgical aid in this region is instanced by two cases in which Dr Cabot operated—first on an Indian, who, but for him, would soon have had his leg a mass of corruption—and afterwards on another, who had had his wounded arm so tightly tied up by his wife, as to be nearly in the same condition. Fevers, however, seem the prevailing evil of Yucatan, and of Uxmal in particular; arising in this, and most other cases, from the neglect of the aguadas, or ponds, that supplied the cities with water, and which, in this particular neighbour-

hood, are very numerous. They are said to be artificial, and probably are so in general, though Mr Stephens appears sceptical on this head—why, we know not.

The unhealthiness of the locality, and over-exertion, united, brought the traveller and his two companions to their beds; but the Cura of Ticul effected a cure by a simple decoction of the rind of sour oranges, flavoured with cinnamon and citron juice, a tumbler of which was taken warm every two hours, and at the second draught the fever vanished, and perspiration and sleep were induced; copious draughts of tamarind-water followed on waking, and the decoction was repeated at the return of the fever, which speedily disappeared under this treatment.

In the suburbs of Ticul is another ruined city, for the invaders selected such sites as furnishing materials for building their own. A bell-shaped vase, or cup, discovered here, possesses great beauty of exterior, exhibiting a head and head-dress resembling those of Palenque. It is of earthenware, four and a half inches high, and five in diameter, confirming the remark of Herrera as to the excellence of this manufacture in Tlascala of old. An ancient sepulchre, square and of stone, was found here; the inner side of the wall, and whole interior, were of loose earth and stones, with layers of large flat stones, all rudely done. After six hours' labour they came to the skeleton, which had no covering or envelope, and fell, of course, to pieces so soon as the earth was removed from it. It was sitting, and with the face to the west, the knees bent against the stomach, the arms doubled, and the hands supporting the head. A needle of deer's-horn, and a water jar, covered, and with a hole in it, and which had contained some small hard flakes, that were lost in taking out—possibly the heart of the deceased—were found by it. There was nothing of the splendour of Egyptian burial in this sepulchre. Dr Morton of Philadelphia has decided that the bones are a woman's, of adult age; the occiput was extremely flat and vertical, while the parietal diameter measured $5\frac{8}{16}$ inches. The hands and feet are small, and the whole structure that peculiar to the American race from north to south.

Circular holes, leading, it would seem, to dome-shaped chambers, are found here as at Uxmal, and called by the Indians *chultones*, or wells. These seem to puzzle Mr Stephens; but we would suggest that they may be, indifferently and variously, cisterns or wells, granaries or prisons; for as all such they were used in the east, and in Tartary especially.

A well-cave, almost as famous as that of Giamshid in Segestan, and with almost as little reason, is supposed to have supplied the city with water, both from traditionary accounts of the Indians

in the vicinity, and from the deep track worn in the rock, requiring centuries and thousands of feet for its formation. We doubt the conclusion, nevertheless; but can now only remark that a passage in this cave, confidently affirmed to lead to the town of Mani, twenty-seven miles distant, is, at a short distance, stopped by the natural rock; precisely as similar caverns in the East that bear a similar reputation—one being a pretended tunnel under the Ganges.

At Nohpat, in this realm of ruined mounds, was one 150 feet high on the slope, and 250 along the base; so near Uxmal, that the gazers from the summit 'seemed almost to look into its open 'doors.' At the base of the steps was a fallen stone, bearing a colossal figure in bas-relief, with a rude turban and aigrette, projecting ears, a broad nose, and small eyes wide apart; a flower in its shapeless right hand, and a snake, by way of boa, round its neck. It was said to be the portrait of an ancient King, who apparently had no great reason to feel flattered by the likeness.

Ruined buildings and mounds, platforms and terraces, intersected with gigantic trees, present here a varied monotony of detail. We pass on, therefore, to Kabah, a place of far wider interest than Mr Stephens or Mr Norman suspected. What follows is part of the description of its remarkable ruins:—

'Leaving this mound, again taking the milpa path, and following it to the distance of three or four hundred yards, we reach the foot of a terrace twenty feet high, the edge of which is overgrown with trees; ascending this, we stand on a platform two hundred feet in width by one hundred and forty-two feet deep, and facing us is the building represented in the plate opposite. On the right of the platform, as we approach this building, is a high range of structures, ruined, and overgrown with trees, with an immense back wall built on the outer line of the platform, perpendicular to the bottom of the terrace. On the left is another range of ruined buildings, not so grand as those on the right; and in the centre of the platform is a stone enclosure, twenty-seven feet square and seven feet high, like that surrounding the picote at Uxmal, but the layer of stones around the base was sculptured, and, on examination, we found a continuous line of hieroglyphics. Mr Catherwood made drawings of these as they lay scattered about; but, as I cannot present them in the order in which they stood, they are omitted altogether.

'In the centre of the platform is a range of stone steps forty feet wide, and twenty in number, leading to an upper terrace, on which stands the building. This building is one hundred and fifty-one feet in front, and the moment we saw it we were struck with the extraordinary richness and ornament of its façade. In all the buildings of Uxmal, without a single exception, up to the cornice which runs over the doorway, the façades are of plain stone; but this was ornamented from the very foundation, two layers under the lower cornice, to the top.

‘ The reader will observe that a great part of this façade has fallen : toward the north end, however, a portion of about twenty-five feet remains, which, though not itself entire, shows the gorgeousness of decoration with which this façade was once adorned.

‘ The ornaments are of the same character with those at Uxmal, alike complicated and incomprehensible ; and from the fact that every part of the façade was ornamented with sculpture, even to the portion now buried under the lower cornice, the whole must have presented a greater appearance of richness than any building at Uxmal. The cornice running over the doorways, tried by the severest rules of art recognized among us, would embellish the architecture of any known era ; and, amid a mass of barbarism, in rude and uncouth conceptions, it stands as an offering by American builders worthy of the acceptance of a polished people.

‘ The lintels of the doorways were of wood ; these are all fallen, and of all the ornaments which decorated them, not one now remains. No doubt they corresponded in beauty of sculpture with the rest of the façade. The whole now lies a mass of rubbish and ruin at the foot of the wall.

‘ On the top is a structure which, at a distance, as seen indistinctly through the trees, had the appearance of a second story ; and as we approached, it reminded us of the towering structures on the top of some of the ruined buildings at Palenque.

‘ The access to this structure was by no means easy. There was no staircase, or other visible means of communication, either within or without the building ; but in the rear the wall and roof had fallen, and made, in some places, high mounds reaching nearly to the top. Climbing up these tottering fabrics was not free from danger. Parts which appeared substantial had not the security of buildings constructed according to true principles of art ; at times it was impossible to discover the supporting power, and the disorderly masses seemed held up by an invisible hand. While we were clearing off the trees upon the roof, a shower came up suddenly ; and as we were hurrying to descend, and take refuge in one of the apartments below, a stone on the edge of the cornice gave way, and carried me down with it. By great good fortune, underneath was a mound of ruins which reached nearly to the roof, and saved me from a fall that would have been most serious, if not fatal, in its consequences. The expression on the face of an Indian attendant, as he saw me going, was probably a faint reflection of my own.

‘ The structure on the top of this building is about fifteen feet high and four feet thick, and extends over the back wall of the front range of apartments, the whole length of the edifice. In many places it has fallen ; but we were now more struck, than when at a distance, with its general resemblance to the ruined structures on the top of some of the buildings at Palenque. The latter were stuccoed ; this was of cut stone, and more chaste and simple. It could not have been intended for any use as part of the edifice ; the only purpose we could ascribe to it was that of *ornament*, as it improved the appearance of the building seen from a distance, and set it off with great effect on near approach.

‘I have said that we were somewhat excited by the first view of the façade of this building. Ascending the steps, and standing in the doorway of the centre apartment, we broke out into an exclamation of surprise and admiration. At Uxmal there was no variety, the interiors of all the apartments were the same. Here we were presented with a scene entirely new. It consists of two parallel chambers; the one in front being twenty-seven feet long and ten feet six inches wide, and the other of the same length, but a few inches narrower, communicating by a door in the centre. The inner room is raised two feet eight inches higher than the front, and the ascent is by two stone steps carved out of a single block of stone, the lower one being in the form of a scroll. The sides of the steps are ornamented with sculpture, as is also the wall under the doorway. The whole design is graceful and pretty, and, as a mere matter of taste, the effect is extremely good.’—(Vol. i. p. 387-90.)

A majestic pile on the right, once, perhaps, the most imposing structure at Kabah, is one hundred and forty-seven feet in length at the base, and of two stories, gradually diminishing, above it; the basement floor, consisting of continuous apartments and pillared doorways, contains a gigantic staircase leading to the second range, and supported by the half of a triangular arch resting against the wall. This novel feature is repeated in another part of the same building, where the eternal picote, a cylindrical stone, also appears in front—a pure hieroglyphic sign, rather than phallic, we suspect.

A third building, called by the Indians the *Casa de la Justicia*, one hundred and thirteen feet long, and with five apartments, each twenty feet in length, and nine wide, exhibits a plain front; excepting triple-banded pillars at half distances between the doorways, and a vertical cornice of four successive lines of small columns, producing a pleasing effect. A lonely arch, in desolate grandeur, on a ruined mound, completes this portion of the scene.

To the west are two buildings, of 142 and 217 feet in length, the latter with seven doors in front, whose wooden lintels had nearly all fallen in; a courtyard, and a range of buildings in the rear terminating in a mound. The first-mentioned edifice had double corridors communicating, and a huge staircase to the roof, where lie the remains of another range. The ‘red hand,’ bright and distinctly printed, as if newly made, and from the living hand, covers the walls of one apartment here; but the lintel, taken by Mr Stephens from a doorway, is of extraordinary interest, as shown in the plate. It is a human figure, standing like the Hindu Krishna on a snake, the face, if such it had, worn and obliterated; a large and lofty plume of feathers descending in a curve from the head; and opposite, an animal, apparently either a dog or a fish. The detail is, as usual, a confused mass; and

the general character resembles, according to Mr Stephens, those of Palenque figures. Strangely enough, there was no other sculptured lintel in all the ruins of Kabah, and the one found at Uxmal was faded and torn. Possibly it was inserted, like our burial of coins, to preserve the memory of the founder of this city.

Passing a stone carving of the remains of apparently two eagles facing each other, which recalls to us something similar at Petra, and found in another dilapidated structure, sculptured equal to any thing yet seen there—and where the print of the ‘red hand,’ with its seams and creases, seemed perfectly fresh, though firmly stamped on the plaster—we come to two jambs of a door in an unpretending building that had no other entrance, and which were carved, though of stone, in a style somewhat like the lintel, but with less profusion of lines; the subject in each jamb being an upright and a kneeling figure above a row of hieroglyphics. The face of this chief figure seems hidden in the first plate, and perhaps by a visor, which is raised in the second; his dress in the two differs throughout, though he wears buskins in both; and, in both, the kneeling figure appears making an offering, which in the second plate represents the wooden sword, bearing sharp flints, fixed in with bitumen and thread, as Herrera describes. This last figure has a semicircle of radii—is it not to mark the Mexican?—on his head; his compeer’s head-dress is surmounted with short feathers; the nose of the superior is horizontal and unnatural; and a profusion of the long, heavy plume fills up all the rest in both tablets.

Our interpretation and description differ from Mr Norman’s, who saw the pillars, as he calls them, while waiting for removal from the ruins, and who describes them as a Cacique or dignitary in full dress, and with arms uplifted, holding a whip, while a kneeling boy is supplicating before him. The whip is certainly an error.

Mr Stephens doubts whether the lintel was carved with any other material than copper, perhaps mixed with tin, and says, with an eye on Herrera, it is against all evidence to suppose iron and steel known to the original inhabitants; but Wirt affirms, that iron implements were found, and silver swords also, amongst the relics of the primitive race near Louisville; nor is this more difficult to believe than that the Egyptian pyramids were cut with Indian steel, as has been shown by satisfactory and almost conclusive evidence.

Kabah seems to have rivalled Uxmal of old; and there exists a tradition of a great paved way, of pure white stone, called in Maya Sacbé, between the two places; which recalls a passage in Herodotus’ description of Egypt as to a causeway near the Py-

ramids. The white inhabitants of the vicinage had never visited these ruins since their discovery, with the exception of the Cura Carillo, who first apprised our travellers of the existence of the city.

About two leagues and a half south-east of Kabah, the travellers reached Zayi or Salli, situated amidst a succession of beautiful hills. Here was an edifice, which Mr Stephens' companions considered the grandest they had yet seen in the country. It has three stories or ranges, and in the centre a grand staircase, 32 feet wide, rising to the highest terrace, and hopelessly ruined. The lowest range is 265 feet in front, 120 in depth, and 20 in height, with some few pillars, and 16 doorways, opening each into a double chamber; the front is fallen, the interiors are filled with fragments and rubbish, and the foreground was so encumbered with trees, that, even when cut down, chopped into pieces, and beaten with poles, but a small portion of the interior could be seen at the distance necessary for taking a drawing. Six doorways at each end of the ranges, and ten behind, all open into ruined apartments.

The principal range is 220 feet in length and 60 in depth, and has four doorways on each side the grand staircase. Those on the left alone remain, and have in each doorway two columns, roughly made, with square capitals like the Doric, without its grandeur, and six feet six inches high. Between the corridors stand single groups of four slender and conjoined columns, curiously ornamented and sunk in the wall; and between each two doorways is a stair, leading to the third terrace.

This last building is 150 feet long by 18 deep, and has seven doorways, with stone lintels, leading into as many chambers; its exterior is plain, that of the two others ornamented. On the cornice of the principal range a curious figure, of a man on his hands with his legs expanded, is noticed; and we observe in the plate in one place a bull, and almost the heraldic dolphin of Europe. In the angle, what Mr Norman calls a hook, and M de Waldeck an elephant's trunk, appears amongst the details, with groups of small round pillars. The ornaments, says the former, bear analogy to those of Kabah, but not of Chi-Chen. The platforms are wider in front than rear; the chambers vary from 10 to 23 feet, and the north side of the second range is called the Casa Cerrada, or Closed House, from its ten doorways blocked up inside with stone and mortar—a curious feature, but not peculiar, we would observe, to this building. Forcing their way within, though in this the Indians had been beforehand with them in search of reputed hidden treasures, they found the walls and ceilings finished as elsewhere, but the apartments filled up

with solid masonry. This must have been done, says Mr Stephens, at the time of erection; for the masses rose above the doorways, which could never have been entered, and the ceiling closed above them.

A building opposite the Casa Grande presents a terrace with an archway running quite through it; and on its middle roof rises a stone wall, thirty feet high and two thick, with openings like small windows; stuccoed figures had covered it, but the fragments lay scattered about. The whole structure seemed inexplicable.

Another building, with banded columns between the doors, and also others surmounting some portions of the cornice, was 117 feet long and 84 deep, with sixteen apartments. That in the centre has three doorways, and is 27 feet long by only $7\frac{1}{2}$ wide, whence a single opening leads to a back room, raised $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and but 18 feet long by $5\frac{1}{2}$ wide. Thirty-eight small columns, reaching only to the sill of the door, are attached to the bottom wall of the front room. Various other ruins at Zayi are still unexplored.

More ruins at Chack induce a doubt in Mr Stephens' mind whether separate cities could have been so close, or one city so extensive, as four miles from building to building. But Asia presents far larger extensions; and, like the Spaniards, the natives of old might have founded cities near, but not upon, the sites of their predecessors.

We must pass the well of Chack, with its passages and descents, one of 200 feet perpendicular; the whole distance to traverse measuring nearly 1500 feet. No woman enters this well, which is thus an exception to the general practice of Yucatan. We must, however, express our doubts that this was the only watering-place of the ancient city, though it is the sole resource of the living population. Some ranchos are supplied from a distance of six miles.

Another building of tasteful, and even elegant design, has a cornice over a single doorway, leading into a chamber 25 feet by 10. Above this, at some height, is a second cornice, supporting six double pilasters, and a diamond ornament in the intervals. A more massive cornice next sustains a similar arrangement, and a fourth surmounts the whole. Beyond, at some distance, a low edifice, called *new* by the Indians, because newly discovered, exhibits some carvings of singular character, and the prints of the 'red hand' larger than usually seen elsewhere.

The next morning Mr Stephens reached the ruins of Labna, in a finely picturesque landscape.

' Since our arrival in the country we had not met with any thing

that excited us more strongly, and now we had mingled feelings of pain and pleasure; of pain, that they had not been discovered before the sentence of irretrievable ruin had gone forth against them; at the same time it was matter of deep congratulation that, before the doom was accomplished, we were permitted to see these decaying, but still proud memorials of a mysterious people. In a few years, even these will be gone; and as it has been denied that such things ever were, doubts may again arise whether they have indeed existed. So strong was this impression, that we determined to fortify in every possible way our proofs. If any thing could have added to the interest of discovering such a new field of research, it was the satisfaction of having at our command such an effective force of Indians. No time was lost, and they began work with a spirit corresponding to their numbers. Many of them had hachas, or small axes, and the crash of falling trees was like the stirring noise of felling in one of our own forests.

‘The plate opposite represents a pyramidal mound, holding aloft the most curious and extraordinary structure we had seen in the country. It put us on the alert the moment we saw it. We passed an entire day before it, and, in looking back upon our journey among ruined cities, no subject of greater interest presents itself to my mind. The mound is forty-five feet high. The steps had fallen; trees were growing out of the place where they stood, and we reached the top by clinging to the branches; when these were cleared away, it was extremely difficult to ascend and descend. A narrow platform forms the top of the mound. The building faces the south, and when entire measured forty-three feet in front and twenty feet in depth. It had three doorways, of which one, with eight feet of the whole structure, has fallen, and is now in ruins. The centre doorway opens into two chambers, each twenty feet long and six feet wide. Above the cornice of the building rises a gigantic perpendicular wall to the height of thirty feet, once ornamented from top to bottom, and from one side to the other, with colossal figures and other designs in stucco, now broken and in fragments, but still presenting a curious and extraordinary appearance, such as the art of no other people ever produced. Along the top, standing out on the wall, was a row of death’s heads; underneath were two lines of human figures in alto relievo, (of which scattered arms and legs alone remain,) the grouping of which, so far as it could be made out, showed considerable proficiency in that most difficult department of the art of design. Over the centre doorway, constituting the principal ornament of the wall, was a colossal figure seated, of which only a large tippet and girdle, and some other detached portions, have been preserved. Conspicuous over the head of this principal figure is a large ball, with a human figure standing up beside it, touching it with his hands, and another below it with one knee on the ground, and one hand thrown up as if in the effort to support the ball, or in the apprehension of its falling upon him. In all our labours in that country we never studied so diligently to make out from the fragments the combinations and significance of these figures and ornaments. Standing in the same position, and looking at them altogether, we could not agree.’

* * * * *

‘At the distance of a few hundred feet from this structure, in sight at the same time as we approached it, is an arched gateway, remarkable for its beauty of proportions and grace of ornaments. On the right, running off at an angle of thirty degrees, is a long building much fallen, which could not be comprehended in the view. On the left it forms an angle with another building, and on the return of the wall there is a doorway, not shown in the engraving, of good proportions, and more richly ornamented than any other portion of the structure. The effect of the whole combination was curious and striking, and, familiar as we were with ruins, the first view, with the great wall towering in front, created an impression that is not easily described.

‘The gateway is ten feet wide, passing through which we entered a thick forest, growing so close upon the building that we were unable to make out even its shape; but, on clearing away the trees, we discovered that this had been the principal front, and that these trees were growing in what had once been the area, or courtyard. The doors of the apartments on both sides of the gateway, each twelve feet by eight, opened upon this area. Over each doorway was a square recess, in which were the remains of a rich ornament in stucco, with marks of paint still visible, apparently intended to represent the face of the sun surrounded by its rays, probably once objects of adoration and worship, but now wilfully destroyed.’—(Vol. ii. pp. 50–55.)

Whether this ball be or be not the solar disc, we should incline to consider it a hieroglyphic symbol of the race represented; and, however the original type may have become corrupted, we would advise the utmost caution in receiving the prevailing tradition of an original Solar worship. The rays described in the latter part of the quotation recall a somewhat similar ornament over a gate at Delhi—no object of adoration, that we are aware of, since it was placed there. But it is unfortunate that a scaffold, however rude, was not constructed to procure copies, perfectly accurate to a line, of this perishing monument, which none can hope to save from its fast approaching fate.

North-east stands a building of extraordinary size and beauty, even for this land of wonders, and on a terrace of 400 feet by 150. The edifice itself is 282 feet long, and of three distinct parts, differing in style, and perhaps in age also. The whole façade is of sculptured stone, on which an arabesque occupies a distinguished position; some hieroglyphics, and a beautiful triple plume appear; and the extremity presents a supposed alligator’s jaws expanded to hold a human head. We suspect this monster to be a snake, and in this case could understand the symbol, which certainly occurs at Uxmal. A small radiated figure, with a smaller globe before it, may perhaps represent an eclipse of the sun.

At Kewick is a façade of tasteful and elegant simplicity, where three pillars, with base and capital, connected by four perpendi-

cular lines of lozenges with the two walls, and with each other, stand on either side of the doorway of an architectural remnant; the rest of which lies as if shattered by an earthquake. The proportions were grand; but, even more interesting than this building, was a painting in bright colours, the red and green predominating, and the lines clear and distinct. It bears, to our eye, a strong, yet fantastic affinity to some Indian representations of Krishna dancing; but the woodcut is not so satisfactory as we could wish. A border of hieroglyphics surrounds this picture, which is 30 inches by 18, and red is the prevailing colour. The stone was removed from the wall with great difficulty, but Mr Stephens was unable to carry it away after all.

At some ruins in this neighbourhood was found once more the remains of an arch, plastered and covered with painted figures in profile, much mutilated; but in one place a row of legs seemed to have belonged to a procession, and at first glance recalled to Mr Stephens the funeral processions of the tombs at Thebes. In three compartments of the room were figures, some with plumes, some with steeple-caps, and others a sort of basket, on their heads. They were a foot high, painted red, spirited, and life-like; being well drawn, and the most interesting they had seen in the country. Two, like the figure at Zayi, were standing on their hands, with their feet in the air.*

The proximate identity of the Yucatese and Mexican calendars leads Mr Stephens to the conclusion, that both nations had a common origin. We do not doubt the fact, but the illustration; for adoption by the more ignorant race would suffice for this; and, whatever be the case with the Mayas, there is room to presume that the Azteks or Mexicans have, like the later Brahmins, Egyptians, and Greeks, to say nothing of modern Europe, misunderstood and perverted much of the traditions of their predecessors; as is proved by the different forms of the same tradition in other places, which preserve the languages that first enshrined them.

Xampon, Zekilna, and Chunhuhu generally, we pass over, to remark, at Schoolhoke, its pillared cornice, supported by grotesque and zebra-striped Caryatides. These are mentioned by Norman as at Uxmal also. Next comes Bolonchen, with its nine

* Mr Catherwood being ill and absent, unfortunately no attempt was made to copy the procession, so as to compare it with its Egyptian parallel. It is truly mortifying, that in no one case of the resemblances to Egyptian antiquity, mentioned by Stephens, Norman, or Del Rio, are we furnished with means of determining the accuracy of their statements: those of Del Rio we entirely doubt, and have been unwilling, therefore, at all to refer to his book.

wells, whence its name; and it is singular that a similar appellation marks that spot near the Caspian—remarkable for countless mounds with ruined structures, an indefinite antiquity, and relics of things and words that bear some affinity to the Mexican. Bolonchen may boast its cavern of fearful descents, and scarcely less fearful ladder, of rough saplings lashed together by dry and cracking withes, mended but once a-year; when the whole village keeps festival at its foot, 70 feet below the surface of the earth. It is necessary to pass down six more before reaching the water, which, at 450 feet of perpendicular depth, supplies the vicinity when no other is attainable from the drought. The last long ladder broke in Mr Stephens' descent, and the party were hoisted up by ropes from above. Another bed of water, still lower, in the same cavern, is said to ebb and flow like the sea, during south and north-west winds.

Of the wonders of Chichen, which seems to have been an immense city, we can give but a few notices; for the details are very extensive in both Stephens' and Norman's volumes. The strong and melancholy impressions they produced upon the latter, he thus describes:—

‘ For five days did I wander up and down these crumbling monuments of a city, which, I hazard little in saying, must have been one of the largest the world has ever seen. I beheld before me, for a circuit of many miles in diameter, the walls of palaces, and temples, and pyramids, more or less dilapidated. The earth was strewed as far as the eye could distinguish, with columns, some broken and some nearly perfect, which seemed to have been planted there by that genius of desolation which presided over this awful solitude. Amid these solemn memorials of departed generations, who have died and left no marks but these, there were no indications of animated existence save the bats, the lizards, and the reptiles, which now and then emerged from the crevices and tottering walls and crumbling stones that were strewed upon the ground at their base. No marks of human footsteps, no signs of previous visitors, were discernible; nor is there good reason to believe that any person, whose testimony of the fact has been given to the world, had ever before broken the silence which reigns over these sacred tombs of a departed civilization. As I looked about me and indulged in these reflections, I felt awed into perfect silence. To speak then had been profane. A revelation from Heaven could not have impressed me more profoundly with the solemnity of its communication, than I was now impressed on finding myself the first, probably, of the present generation of civilized men, walking the streets of this once mighty city, and amid

“ Temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.”

For a long time I was so distracted with the multitude of objects which crowded upon my mind, that I could take no note of them in detail.—
(*Norman*, pp. 108–9.)

Mr Stephens' plan of the city embraces only two miles in circumference, though ruined buildings appear beyond these limits; but we can little hesitate to assign the most ample sites to regions where decay and ruin mark their every aspect. A house, unlike all others, as constructed without an artificial foundation, though appearing elevated from the ground in front, having been excavated for some extent, faces the east, and measures 149 feet by 48; the exterior is rude and unornamented; its interior contains eighteen rooms, in double rows, with high angular ceilings, each lighted by a single doorway, of which the west front has seven: the largest of these rooms is 24 feet by 8. To the south, 'the inner doorways have each' an unusually large stone lintel, sculptured with the figure of a seated Indian, according to Mr Norman; but Mr Stephens speaks of but one such chamber, raised a foot higher than the ante-room. The figure is full dressed and seated, one leg doubled under it, the other towards the floor: a vase of flowers is placed before the figure, and he points to some hieroglyphics. Mr Stephens considers him engaged in incantation, or some idolatrous rite, and says the hieroglyphics are similar to those at Copan and Palenque: so, we think, is the attitude. But it is curious, that neither here, nor in any part of these volumes, do we meet with the carved monolithes seen in the former journey. A grand but ruined staircase, forty-five feet wide, rises from the centre of the exterior to the roof; a similar one is at the Casa de Monjas, leading to a superior structure, and one much of the same kind is found at Tuloom. We cannot but observe that this feature, with the two wings depressed, altogether strongly recalls the front of a mosque at Delhi.

Of the Casa de Monjas, or House of Ruins, the façade at one end is of singular beauty, and is more exquisitely given by Stephens than by Norman. No description will do it justice, and we must pass the doomed building, resembling one at Mayapan, it seems, and with a caracol or winding staircase; the balustrade formed of two gigantic serpents entwined, like the caduceus of Mercury, and the tradition of Tiresias. A sort of tennis-court, as described by Herrera at Mexico, contains amongst its ornaments a procession of tigers and lynxes; also a series of figures, splendidly dressed and armed, evidently two parties, or probably nations, judging from the display. A different set of figures seem to us grotesque, and remind us generally of those in Brand's popular antiquities; and here red, yellow, and blue colours prevail, but the flesh is brown.

Kantunile, near the coast, exhibits several mounds, one of which had been opened; and three skeletons, two terra-cotta vases and covers, ornaments, various beads, stones, and two carved shells,

had rewarded the toil. The carving is of the same type as the Ticul vase, and the sculptured wall at Chichen. Obsidian arrow-heads in abundance, prove intercourse with Mexican volcanic regions; and a penknife with a horn handle, marks these relics as subsequent to the conquest.

We have not room for any notice of Peten Lake, or the island of Cozumel, from which some idols, recently imported to England, have been pronounced as resembling the Egyptian; and must refer the reader to the work for a description of Tuloom, which is of the less consequence to extract as the Daguerreotype was broken. But we shall add one other short extract; as expressive of Mr Stephens' firm belief of the existence of remains in other regions which he had no opportunity of exploring.

‘The whole triangular region from Valladolid to the Bay of Ascension on one side, and the port of Yalahoa on the other, is not traversed by a single road; and the rancho of Molas is the only settlement along the coast. It is a region entirely unknown; no white man ever enters it. Ruined cities no doubt exist, and young Molas told us of a large building, many leagues in the interior, known to an old Indian, covered with paintings in bright and vivid colours, and the subjects of which were still perfect. With difficulty we contrived to see the Indian, but he was extremely uncommunicative; said it was many years since he saw the building; that he had come upon it in the dry season while hunting, and should not be able to find it again. It is my belief that within this region cities, like those we have seen in ruins, were kept up and occupied for a long time, perhaps one or two centuries after the conquest, and down to a comparatively late period Indians were living in them, the same as before the discovery of America. In fact, I conceive it to be not impossible, that within this secluded region may exist at this day, unknown to white men, a living aboriginal city occupied by relics of the ancient race, and who still worship in the temples of their fathers.’—(Vol. ii. p. 408.)

We here close our account of the latest works on the subject of the central American cities, a subject which—whether viewed simply as a matter of curiosity, or as the source of enquiries concerning the existence of a hitherto unknown race of mankind; or better still, as furnishing bases that have long been wanting to complete the structure of a general history of our species—must be acknowledged to rank among the most important of its kind ever brought before the learned world. We shall hereafter, perhaps, resume this subject, with the view to an attempt to trace the origin of these remarkable cities and structures, and the history of the mysterious people whose early civilization they so singularly attest.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Jeremy Bentham. Including Autobiographical Conversations and Correspondence.* By JOHN BOWRING. (Forming Parts 19, 20, and 21 of his edition of Bentham's Works.) 8vo. Edinburgh: 1842-3.

WE noticed the most considerable of Bentham's writings as they appeared; so that now there is little left for us to do with this ponderous collection, except to sum up upon its general merits. But for this we are not yet prepared: and, from the aspect of the banquet, we rather think that our readers will neither sit down without us, nor lose a great deal by the delay. But the Life of Bentham, which is annexed to the collection, is a pleasant novelty. Those who have cared about his writings, will be interested in the intellectual history of their philosopher; while those who know him only by name, may nevertheless be amused by a character which Ben Jonson might have studied as a 'humour,' and perhaps immortalized in a play.

All biography which has a touch of nature in it must be popular. In our ignorance of most of what is passing in each other's minds, we press forward, full of sympathy and curiosity, wherever an opening is made at which we can look in. To create this attraction, it is not necessary that the persons should be important, or the events dramatic. Our interest, however, naturally grows with the consequence or notoriety of the parties. We like to see the great player off the stage, in his plain clothes. We follow the public man into private life, in the hope that we shall understand him better, and perhaps find in him something of a higher nature. These causes combine with others, to make it a frequent subject of regret that little or nothing of the lives and characters of the most eminent men has been preserved to us. Bentham, we are happy to say, has taken care that, in his case, no regret of this kind should exist. The principal materials for his biography are supplied by himself. He, moreover, charged his estate with the expense of publication; and appointed Dr Bowring his biographer. Dr Bowring was made literary executor with the fullest powers. What he opened, was to be open: what he shut, was to be shut. It is a distinction to be proud of. The party which gloried in the name of Bentham, contained within its following many men of greater political and literary celebrity. Dr Bowring was, nevertheless, selected from among them by their common master, as the person on whose judgment and attainments, character and affection, he had most reliance. Bentham certainly did not undervalue the importance of the

post, when he placed Dr Bowring at the head of the Utilitarian party, as his personal representative. Under these circumstances we do not presume to question the Doctor's qualifications, positive or comparative; but take the point as settled by the authority best entitled to determine it.

Notwithstanding this, we are afraid the present Memoir is not likely to be very successful as a piece of biography. The fault is probably partly in the subject, partly in the execution. Dr Bowring had the drawing of a great picture left to him. But he had too many irons in the fire to put into his work a sufficient amount of thought and labour. On the other hand, there were difficulties about the work itself which no thought and labour could remove. The portrait of a vain man must be ridiculous in its attitudes and smiles; and Bentham's vanity was so excessive as to stop short, but by a very little, of that which sometimes leads to, and almost always indicates, a disordered mind. Bentham says of himself, in one of his latest Memoranda—'I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence.' The saying would have been truer if he had selected the particular form of selfishness which is comprised in vanity, and had announced the converse proposition. 'I am a benevolent man; but in me, somehow or other, benevolence has taken the shape of vanity.' Men will not re-make their natures and alter their sentiments and judgments, in order to put them in conformity with the selfish system of morals. It is true, considerable selfishness may be combined with genius and public spirit, and not impair their nature and effects. But whenever selfishness exceeds a certain point, whether it take the more amiable form which it put on in Bentham's case, or that more unamiable form which, Bentham says, it put on in Mr Mill's,* mankind, upon discovering it, will cease to pay, even to genius and public spirit, the unqualified homage which we are otherwise delighted to render to them. It is our earnest wish to get at the truth—and, between two truths, to adopt the most favourable one—in regard to the present Memoir. But Bentham's vanity is considerably in our way. He insisted on the grossest

* Bentham said of Mill, that 'his willingness to do good to others, depended too much on his power of making the good done to them subservient to good done to himself. His creed of politics results less from love for the many than from hatred of the few. It is too much under the influence of social and dissocial affection.'—*Memoirs of Bentham*, 450.

flattery from others, only because he had fallen into the evil habit of grossly flattering himself. The value of his anecdotes about himself depends, of course, entirely on the credit with which they can be received. Nothing is further from our mind than the thought of casting the slightest imputation upon his personal veracity. On the other hand, it is our duty to state that we are far from feeling as sure as we could wish, that his vanity and presumption did not occasionally lead him to deceive himself, in reminiscences tending to his own glory. To take a single instance. Among the many which the book presents, we find one which, singularly enough, offers us a choice between two contradictory statements made by himself, concerning his own veracity!

Dr Bowring informs us that Bentham, towards the close of his life, once said to him—‘ I never told a lie. I never, in my remembrance, did what I knew to be a dishonest thing.’ It would be difficult to reconcile this anecdote with one or two most questionable, though most forgivable, pieces of morality in Bentham’s childhood, related only a page or two before. But the contradiction does not stop here. Many years ago, in his ‘ *Rationale of Punishment*,’ (p. 315,) we have a very different story, also on his own authority. ‘ If there be any man now living that can lay his hand upon his heart, and solemnly declare, that in no instance, trivial or important, has he ever departed from the rigid line of truth upon the prospect of advantage, he has either more hypocrisy than I would wish to impute to any man, or more virtue than I can persuade myself to exist in any man. The only person about whom I can be sure, and who yet would not willingly yield the palm of integrity to any one that lives, nor barter any atom of it for any other honour the world has to bestow, is far, I know, from the thoughts of making any such pretensions.’ Which of these statements are we to believe? The statement which Bentham made to Dr Bowring, or the statement which he had previously published to the world? Inaccuracies of this kind have nothing to do with integrity, when we are otherwise convinced of the honour of the party; but they have a great deal to do with credit, when we are hesitating over the credibility of a narrative. Dr Bowring observes, that he scruples the less in relating Bentham’s anecdotes of his childhood, ‘ because the accuracy of his recollection was wonderful, and his sagacity enabled him to trace the influence of passing, however remote, circumstances upon the whole fabric of his thoughts and feelings.’ We believe this to be true to a great extent. Yet it would have been more satisfactory if even Bentham’s memory had not affected to retain, and his sagacity to

apply, the most minute particulars, at a distance almost of eighty years.

We have thought it only right to make these remarks at the commencement, that our readers may be aware on what ground we stand. But foibles so serious as the extremes of vanity and of dogmatism, may yet be united with excellences of the highest order. And before proceeding further, we are desirous that our readers should clearly understand that this was eminently the case with Bentham. The testimony of Romilly and Dumont is sufficient to remove whatever undue prejudice our observations, taken by themselves, might raise. There cannot be better witnesses. Both knew Bentham intimately; and if he latterly allowed himself, in some degree, to be estranged from them, through the provocation of vanity or politics, their testimony is only the more conclusive on that account. The evidence of Romilly is from his Diary. He is describing a visit which he paid to Bentham, in 1817, at Ford Abbey. ‘We found my old and valuable friend ‘passing his time, as he has always been passing it since I have ‘known him, which is now more than thirty years, closely applying himself, for six or eight hours a-day, in writing upon laws ‘and legislation, and in composing his civil and criminal codes; ‘and spending the remaining hours of every day in reading, or ‘taking exercise by way of fitting himself for his labours, or to ‘use his own strangely-invented phraseology, “taking his antejentacular and post-prandial walks,” to prepare himself for his ‘task of codification. There is something burlesque enough in ‘this language; but it is impossible to know Bentham, and to ‘have witnessed his benevolence, his disinterestedness, and the ‘zeal with which he has devoted his whole life to the service of ‘his fellow-creatures, without admiring and revering him.’

In the controversies which have been carried on so bitterly on the principle of morals, it has sometimes been objected, that what is called the selfish theory of morals, must necessarily make the believers in it selfish, in the vulgar acceptation of the word. Dumont, in a memorandum made only a few days before his death, answers the objection by an appeal to the character of Bentham; and affirms that his moral life was ‘as beautiful as ‘his intellectual.’ In considering the foibles of such a man, it ought also to be always remembered—and this not as an act of indulgence, but of simple justice—that they were greatly aggravated, if not entirely contracted, in the public service. He might be born (and apparently was so) a singular compound of strength and weakness. This disproportion might be increased (as it usually is, and as certainly was the case with him) by imprudent training and imprudent friends. But the exclusiveness with

which he devoted himself to one object—the reform of legislation—and the seclusion in which he lived apart from other men, that he might have time to accomplish it—as they made him stronger in his strength, so, beyond all question, they made him weaker in his weaknesses, than he would otherwise have been.

Jeremy Bentham was born in 1748, and died in 1832. The space between makes a life of upwards of eighty years. Of these, the first thirty were passed in forming his opinions; and the last fifty in expounding them. His history resembles that of other scholars, in being principally the history of his literary labours. It differs mostly in the nature of the task he set himself—that of legislating for mankind—and in his astounding confidence in his genius and success. He appears to have regarded himself at last, as a kind of prophet, with a mission and revelation of his own. So that what he tells us of his childhood, boyhood, and early manhood—of their incidents and coincidences—is often tinged with an air of the wonderful, approaching to superstition. The child will be always more or less the father of the man. But Bentham's commentary on his childhood has reminded us more than once of Owen Glendower's commentary on the ordinary phenomena of nature. The spirit, at least, of both prognostications is very much alike.

His family had nothing in its descent or habits any way ominous of his future calling. Both were as commonplace as possible. There were Count Bentheims in Westphalia; and there had once been a Bishop Bentham in England. But in Bentham's scorn of saying any thing of the dead, except what is true, he was not at the trouble of going any higher among his ancestors than the last three generations: And their pedigree is made up of a city pawnbroker and two attorneys. A very unlikely genealogy (with those who believe in races) for a philosophical reformer of the law. The household, at the time of his birth, consisted of some female relations—(all female Benthams, he says, were kind and generous)—and of a mother, whom he lost when he was twelve years old; and of whom he never spoke, but as all people speak of mothers who deserve to have them. This family, such as it was, would have got on very well together; but there was also, unluckily, a father in it. The elder Bentham was authoritative, restless, aspiring, and shabby; lucky in his purchases, but remarkably unlucky, even among fathers, in misunderstanding and mismanaging his sons—a talent he had the cruelty to live to exercise for upwards of forty years. It was most unfortunate for all parties, that two sons, such as Jeremy and his brother Samuel, should have been born in such a house. With geniuses of the highest order—the one in legislation, the other

in mechanics—they do not appear to have had a pennyworth of common sense, for common life, between them. They might have made the happiness of the home of a Plato and an Archimedes; but what could they do with an ambitious attorney, or he with them? The instinct of genius took them away betimes from gainful arts to ingenious speculations. On which the poor father ran clucking about, bewildered and alarmed, just as a hen, who has been set upon duck's eggs, runs around the pond when her half-fledged brood first rush into the element for which nature has designed them.

Bentham was born with a precocious mind, and a feeble, dwarfish body. The mind and body were so singularly ill sorted, that he was for a long time pointed at as a curiosity. To make matters worse than they had been made by nature, his foolish father gratified himself, by hawking him about as an infant prodigy; and crowded his very nursery with masters in French and music, drawing and dancing. From the persecutions of the nursery the unlucky child was taken away to be ostentatiously hurried through the several stages of public education. He was sent to Westminster between seven and eight; to Oxford at about twelve; and to Lincoln's Inn at about sixteen.

In after life, in distinguishing the residences of his youth into his earth and paradise, his heaven and hell, he gave Westminster the credit of the last of these denominations, and always spoke of Oxford and its system with unmixed aversion. Nothing is mentioned as having been learned at either of these places that was worth learning, except the logical diagram of the Porphyrian tree! Under the circumstances in which Bentham went there, Westminster and Oxford were not alone to blame. Meanwhile, our young philosopher (for he was called so even at school) was teaching himself a lesson, which all are the worse for, but particularly the young. He was falling into the habit of living to himself, and looking little for sympathy with others. 'Among unequals what society?' And no inequality could have been greater than that between Bentham and the young contemporaries among whom his father's precipitation threw him. He grew up without any natural companionship either for his head or heart. The world had become, in the most important sense, as much a solitude to him, when he was yet a schoolboy, as he made it in after years, when he loved to be described as the hermit of Queen Square Place. The natural consequences followed. He learned at the same time, as Dr Bowring tells us, scorn and contempt for other boys. We can easily believe this; for scorn and contempt are the evil geniuses of solitudes and coteries. Bentham was naturally so gentle and

benevolent, that scorn and contempt might have been for ever strangers to him, had he but enjoyed the blessing of a wiser father, and a more judicious bringing up. The painful inconsistencies in his character—at least their extremes—might in this case have been prevented. We should not have seen the contradiction of a really affectionate disposition, and a great indifference to the affection of others. We should not have seen almost all intercourse with such friends as * Trail, Wilson, Romilly, Dumont, Mill, &c.,

* George Wilson was Bentham's earliest, and perhaps, on the whole, his most valuable friend. Once when Bentham was drowning, he plunged in and saved him; and he shrank as little from giving him advice as long as there was any hope of his listening to it. In this point of view, his letters to him are excellent, both in their matter and in their manner. They had found each other out when they were both friendless; and Bentham speaks of him in his autobiography as having been his bosom friend. Yet this bosom friend was given up on account of a pitiful misunderstanding about some chambers, which, on quitting the bar, Bentham had let to an insolvent tenant, from whom he could recover neither the chambers nor the rent. 'I could not eject him but through the benchers; but the benchers denied me relief. Wilson was a bencher, but he refused me all assistance. This shocked me so much, that I could not afterwards see him with pleasure. *I thought the rascality was characteristic. The lawyer!—the Scotch friend!*' Bentham adds—'In his study of the laws of property, he got hold of some of my phraseology, which was of great use to him.' This amusing supposition was probably understood to balance their obligations.

Bentham owes his European fame and usefulness to Dumont. Years ago, while his original writings in English were waste paper, Bossange, the Paris publisher, had sold upwards of 50,000 copies of the French editions. It was impossible to have a more devoted friend, admirer, and ally. How could such a friendship fall away? The only explanation which Dr Bowring offers of Bentham's alienation, is a story about some slight which he conceived Dumont to have put upon his dinners, by contrasting them with the dinners at Lansdowne House! 'In 1827 Dumont called on Bentham, who would not see him. I (Dr Bowring) took the message. "How he is changed!" said Dumont; "he won't listen to a word from me." Bentham refused to come down. He loudly called out, "it was hard that Dumont's intrusion should prevent his taking a walk in his own library. "He does not understand a word of my meaning," he repeated more than once.—(*Memoirs of Bentham.*) Bentham was a little hard upon himself when he represented Dumont as not understanding his meaning. If Dumont did not understand him, who could hope to do so? And certainly, up to the present time, it is on Dumont's (supposed) translations that the influence and reputation of Bentham principally rest. Vanity is full of contradictions, in its turns and self-delusions. We have here an employer turning away and disowning a

gradually dropped, one after another, not only with more than philosophical facility, but in almost every instance with a sneer. In this case, too, his controversial writings would have corresponded with the sweet commandments of universal charity which we read among his maxims. We should not then have seen his gravest didactic expositions puffed up with a personal arrogance, such as is hardly to be found out of the pages of Warburton, and loaded with a more sweeping torrent of imputation

popular and long-authorized agent, on the ground of utter incapacity. Nevertheless, when he comes to count up his followers, we find him always swelling the array by reckoning among them the thousands who have put on his cockade upon the word of the agent only. However, Bentham's foreign readers need not be afraid that they have been studying a supposititious work. Before his vanity was irritated, he had made no complaint to Romilly of the translation, except that 'he thought what he read very insipid, principally because there was nothing new or striking in the expressions;' while he told the translator himself that he was so satisfied with the additions, that, except in one or two instances, he could not distinguish them from his own composition. This was said of the *Principes*, where the additions are the most numerous and most perilous. Some years before the occurrence of the scene which Dr Bowring has described, Dumont had discovered, that, notwithstanding all that he had done for Bentham, Bentham would do nothing in return for him. On being employed by his fellow-citizens of Geneva to make a code for them, he had a natural wish, and a not very unnatural expectation, that his old friend and master, the codifier-general for mankind, and who was at that very time advertising on every side for employment, would assist him. Bentham refused. And to make his refusal as painful as possible to a Genevese disciple, grounded it on the narrowness of the sphere—the insignificance of the Athens of the Alps.

People generally like those whom they have served, and are tender of their feelings; and nobody ever served another more to the purpose than Bentham, Mill. His services to Dr Bowring were of the same description, but not greater. He found Mill in great distress—about to emigrate to Caen. He put him into a house, and took him and his family to live with him for the half of every year, for ten years together. Yet, while Mill was under his roof at Ford Abbey, Bentham behaved to him so offensively, that Mill was obliged to propose that they should separate for a time, giving as little publicity as might be to their quarrel, for both their sakes, and more especially for the sake of their common cause. Many, he says, were watching for their halting. He addressed Bentham a very curious letter on this occasion. He touches in it with great skill upon Bentham's interest in doing nothing which may retard the propagation of his principles. He describes himself as his most faithful disciple and most likely successor—and protests that he can see no ground for the umbrage taken, except their long and uninterrupted intimacy, or

and abuse of others, than we remember to have met with in any other author, lay or divine. Bentham said of himself,—‘ I am ‘ so much an animal *mei generis*; that people must bear from ‘ me what they would not bear from others.’ And so it was. He dealt with others, and others dealt with him, on the footing of a privileged person. But a privilege of this kind, so far from being an exception to be boasted of, is, on mere utilitarian principles, a false indulgence greatly to be deplored. Not to bear to be contradicted, is not to hear the truth. To begin every discussion by calling your opponent a d—d fool, (a habit with which Lord Sydenham reproaches his friends the Benthamites, and which they got from their master,) is taking the surest way to prevent any hearing which truth may get, from being a fair and favourable one. We think they are perceiving already that seeming victories, so achieved, are little to be valued, and not long to be relied upon.

While Bentham’s intellect was left untouched by his regular teachers, it was moving onward all the time in a curve of its own

the fact of his having ridden out a few times in the morning with Mr Joseph Hume, to see a little of the country. This is, no doubt, a poor cause for quarrel. But what is worse is, to have lived with a man for years, and yet speak of him as Bentham speaks of Mill, on more than one occasion, in the present Memoir. In a common case we should call this base and treacherous. We do not call it so in the case of Bentham. But if such conduct is in accordance with the philosophical system, which Mill regarded as their common cause, it will not tend to make that cause a much more popular one than it is at present. As far as the feeling, or want of feeling, which it evinces was part of Bentham’s nature, (and as such a purely personal defect,) the blemish will be considered a great one or a small one, according to the view which people take of the rights of friendship.

Men live mostly in their understandings; women in their affections. Among men, in proportion as a man becomes more of a philosopher or a philanthropist, and dwells among abstract generalizations and boundless views of the human race, individuals become of less and less importance. If they do not disappear out of sight, they gradually drop almost out of the account. It is difficult for much warmth to be at once concentrated and diffused. We have known more than one instance of ardent zeal for the happiness of the species, and of very little love for any single member of it. Whatever there is of truth in this apology, Bentham is entitled to the benefit of it. A large residue, however, will remain of indifference and scepticism concerning friends—a wearying and a jealousy of them—a readiness to get rid of them, and a power of doing so at little or no cost—beyond what philosophy or philanthropy can explain.

devising. Our several qualities and faculties ordinarily observe something like a common law, as regards the period and gradation of their first appearance; but Bentham's course, according to the retrospect he took of it, was, in some particulars, above all ordinances. He brought a strongly nervous temperament into the world with him. Morbid fancies disturbed the slumbers of his cradle. The heroes of a puppet-show, the prints in an old volume, ghost-stories vouched for by servant-maids, the Devil—with all the accompaniments with which the Devil figures in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and in a hundred other legends—haunted his childish imagination by night and by day. All this has happened to many children, ordinary and extraordinary, as well as to Bentham. But there are marvels in his mental chronology; the most striking among which is the very early date assigned by him, not only to the exercise of his moral sentiments and his reasoning powers, but to the formation of his most peculiar and permanent opinions.

When he was not yet two years old, he burst into tears at seeing his mother's disappointment, because he could not eat a cake which she held out to him. At the age of three, he was found seated at a table with a huge folio before him on a reading-desk, and a lighted candle on each side of him, absorbed in his studies. The folio was Rapin's 'History of England;' and this was not the first day he had been so employed. At the age of six or seven, his moral nature awoke, on the reading of Telemachus. If he took it up as a novel, he had become a philosopher before he laid it down. 'That romance,' he says, 'may be regarded as the foundation stone of my whole character; the starting-post from whence my career of life commenced. The first dawning in my mind of the principle of *utility* may, I think, be traced to it.' In the description given in it of the contest for the crown of Crete, the vague generalities of Telemachus prevail over the more rational principles of the utilitarian candidate. To his dying day he recollected the disappointment which he had felt on reading this, though Telemachus was, in other respects, his favourite hero. At the age of eight, he fell in with a living Fenelon. The masters at Westminster taught him nothing but what was worthless. But a boy slept in the same chamber with him there, who had the gift of inventing stories, the heroes and heroines of which were patterns of beneficence. This happy talent is supposed to have been buried with its possessor in a Cheshire benefice. All that is now known of it is the effect produced by these boyish stories on the character of Bentham, and the honourable place which the quality of effective benevolence afterwards obtained

in his moral scale. Thus, at eight years old the ground was well prepared. The direction which these general tendencies might take, was still a question. The uncertainty, however, did not last long. Every thing was brought to a point by the time he was eleven. The human means, through which this delicate question was decided, were the ‘Memoirs of a Courtesan!’ In the hope of breathing into him betimes a little legal ambition, his father had already given him the ‘Life of Lord Chancellor Clarendon,’ just published. The comparative indulgence with which Clarendon the statesman is ordinarily treated by him, may perhaps have been unconsciously derived from this early association. But Clarendon the lawyer was discomfited by an unexpected competition. About the same time chance threw into Bentham’s hands another autobiography, for which he reserves the name of *precious*. It was that of Constantia Philips. There is an account in it of some scandalous proceedings at Doctors’ Commons, by which her husband set aside their marriage. ‘Ding, dong,’ says Bentham, ‘went the tocsin of the law. Tossed from pillar to post ‘was the fair penitent—from Courts Spiritual to Courts Temporal, ‘from Courts Temporal to Courts Spiritual, by Blackstone called ‘Courts Christian; and be it as it may with Christianity in its ‘original form, in this griping, in this screwing, in this eviscerating form—that *Christianity* (as the saying is) *is part and parcel ‘of the law of the land, is but too true*. Lengthy, of course, was ‘the vibration. Particulars of it are not remembered: nor matters it that they should be. What is remembered is—that while reading and musing, the Demon of Chicane appeared to me in all his hideousness. What followed? I abjured his empire. I vowed war against him. My vow has been accomplished: With what effect, will be acknowledged when I ‘am no more.’ From some silly rivalry with a friend, who had purchased Cowley’s house at Chertsey, Bentham’s father bought the house in which Milton resided when he was Cromwell’s secretary. It was the same house in which poor Constantia had written these precious memoirs, and delivered them through a wicket in the door. Bentham afterwards became its owner. The fact that these memoirs—in his opinion ‘the first and not the ‘least effective, in the train of causes in which the works by ‘which his name was most known had their origin’—should have been dated from ‘the hermitage in which he was to be so ‘long hidden,’ was a singular coincidence. And he was at least sufficiently impressed by it.

Bentham put a large construction on his vow against chicane. In the discharge of it, his most violent attack would, of course, be made upon that branch of artificial learning which is profess-

ed by the learned gentlemen of the Courts at Westminster, and which has been properly described as being learning nowhere but in England. But he brought under its denunciation barren and fallacious learning, of every form and fashion. For this his rapid education gave him some advantages. He had little to unlearn. Mr Burton* assumes him to have been a scholar—‘a ripe and good one.’ But he was so far from being a scholar at all, (at least in the English acceptation of the term,) that it is evident his scholarship never went beyond the formal drudgeries of a forward schoolboy. By his own account, his study of the classics at school and college was about as intelligent and complete, as his study afterwards of the laws of England at Lincoln’s Inn. How could it have been otherwise? Since, nonsense for nonsense, there was less inducement to him to stuff his head with ancient nonsense than with modern. He had early satisfied himself that the instructors provided for him ought rather to have been his pupils. A copy of college verses, which he had written on the taking of the Havannah, were submitted to Dr Johnson, who made some criticisms on them. But Bentham was not to be dictated to on matters of taste by a Johnson or an Addison. He thought the criticisms unfounded. Speaking of the principles of ethics, he says, that at thirteen he was ‘already too old to be taken in’ by Aristotle. With the same audacity, referring to his attendance on Blackstone’s lectures at Oxford,† he boasts that, at sixteen, he listened to the popular commentator’s principles of law ‘with rebel ears.’ The idols of false science were, however, in possession; and, before he could hope to lay them low, the stripling must furnish himself with more imposing weapons than his pebble and his sling.

Bentham’s philosophical preparations for entering on the offensive would (taken at the scantiest) require a little time. While they were making, he had a wearisome and painful battle to fight at home. His father had been no party to his vow against the Demon of Chicane. On the contrary, he was one of the Demon’s most faithful, though humble servants. The menial office of dili-

* Introduction to the study of Bentham’s Works, p. 72.

† “Blackstone was a formal, precise, and affected lecturer, just what you would expect from the character of his writings, cold, reserved, and wary—exhibiting a frigid pride. But his lectures were popular, though the subject did not then excite a wide-spread interest, and his attendants were not more than from thirty to fifty. Blackstone was succeeded by Dr Beavor, who read lectures on Roman law, which were laughed at, and failed in drawing such audiences as Blackstone drew.”—*Memoirs of Bentham*, p. 45.

gently and obsequiously sweeping the steps which lead to the high altar, had been cheered by the beatific day-dream that his son might one day minister at it, in robes pontifical. In his impolitic eagerness to realize this dream as quickly as possible, he had deprived him of the pleasures of childhood; sought to force him into notice by a hundred annoying artifices; and kept him year after year in a succession of false positions. First, making him a little man and a severe student before he left the nursery; and then running over his education post haste, that he might appear on the stage, ready for business, a term or two sooner than his contemporaries. With this view, he now proceeded to transfer him, in his sixteenth year, (the year of his attendance upon Blackstone,) from the lecture-rooms of the university to the more practical atmosphere of Westminster; and the sum of seven shillings was duly paid to the crier of the Court of King's Bench, to secure a student's seat under Lord Mansfield for the term. Fathers are above entering into consultation with their son's natures; or the elder Jeremy would have found out by this time, that time and money spent in the attempt of making a practising lawyer out of the younger one, must be time and money thrown away. People are not to be made Lord Chancellors against their will—at least not in cases where the will is so positive as Bentham's. It is a contest in which passive resistance is certain of success.

The obvious thing to begin with (as all nominal law-students are well aware) was to refuse to read the books which were recommended to him.

‘I went to the bar, as the bear to the stake; I went astray this way and that way. The region of chemistry, amongst other foreign fields, was one in which I wandered. . . . I was, indeed, grossly ignorant. Instead of pursuing any sound studies, or reading any modern books of law, I was sent to read old trash of the seventeenth century; and looked *up* to the huge mountain of law in despair. I can now look *down* upon it, from the heights of utility.’

The following anecdote may help to explain Bentham's horror of ‘the opinion trade,’ and his preference of codes. It is difficult to guess whereabouts in English law the volumes are to be found, which he has condescended to honour with that sacred title. But, considering the nature of his legal studies, a manuscript case need not have been a very recondite one to have escaped his researches. ‘A case was brought to me for my opinion. I ransacked all the codes. My opinion was right, according to the codes; but it was wrong according to a manuscript unseen by me, and inaccessible to me; a manuscript containing the report of I know not what opinion, said to have been delivered before I was born, and locked up as usual for the pur-

‘pose of being kept back, or produced, according as occasion served. This incident, the forerunner of so many others, added its fuel to the flame which Constantia had lighted up.’ Even our unlearned readers will not be astonished at hearing that his practice was no greater than his knowledge. ‘I never pleaded in public. I have just opened a bill two or three times, saying a few words of form.’ Our attorney readers will understand this state of things still better, when they hear of another trick to which our young utilitarian had recourse with his first brief. The brief had been given him by one Chamberlain Clarke, a lawyer of the old school, who, out of friendship for the family, took a most thankless interest in his studies and success. The trick was a piece of wilfulness; by which his father and his few other clients must have been more puzzled and provoked than by his ignorance of a hundred cases. ‘On my being called to the bar, I found a cause or two at nurse for me; my first thought was how to put them to death! and the endeavours were not, I believe, altogether without success.’ A little practice was nevertheless forced into his hands by friendly attorneys. Little as it was, it was enough to bring him into contact with one or two of the miscellaneous rogueries of the profession. His moral nature took fire at the appearance of being made a party to them. A prospective indignation had been smouldering and gathering within him for many years. It now burst into a blaze. The impurities of the Masters’ Office, at which so many less scrupulous practitioners have been shocked, had the unenviable distinction of bringing matters to a crisis, and driving him from the bar. In his ‘*Indications of Lord Eldon*,’ published in 1825, he relates the particulars which offended him on his first attendance before a Master. ‘These things, and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and as soon as I could obtain my father’s permission I did so. I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them.’ After this, what could he think of the morality of those who stayed behind?* He may have made, for a time, some distinction (we are afraid not much) in favour of his friends Wilson and Romilly. Wilson, however, he soon discovered, did not want any amendment to be made in the ideas of Coke or Lyttelton, but only to learn how he could make money out of them; while Romilly, he

* ‘In Homer, Menelaus is asked whether he was a pirate or robber! To suppose that a man had advanced himself by *force* was not taken amiss. In these days it is no reproach to ask, “Are you a lawyer?”—which is to say, “Have you advanced yourself by *fraud*?”’

says, adhered to the aristocrats of the Court of Chancery, and trusted to his influence over the Chancellor for the adoption of some of his little miniature reforms. The difference between them and other lawyers would not be sufficient to prevent them from sinking in his opinion, along with the profession of which they continued to be members. We have no doubt that this identification of them with their craft and mystery, is partly responsible for the personal lukewarmness concerning them, into which he at last subsided. At the election of 1818, Bentham drew up a handbill against Sir Samuel Romilly in favour of Sir Francis Burdett. (!) He denounced in it his old friend as a most unfit member for Westminster, upon the charge that he was not only a *moderate* Reformer and a Whig—but also a Lawyer.

The precise date of Bentham's emancipation from his bodily apprenticeship to the Demon of Chicanery, is not set down. Whatever he suffered under the wear and tear of it, he had tried the strength of his character in the struggle; and he withdrew with the proud reflection that, as far as he himself was concerned, he had walked erect in regions where other men bowed with prostrate understandings and corrupted wills. He was now at liberty to proceed uninterruptedly with his preparations for the performance of his vow. His thoughts were falling into order, their object was becoming more positively fixed, and his whole intellectual existence was settling down to its true vocation. We can well understand his calling 1769 a most interesting year. He was then twenty-two; could choose his own books; and the growing maturity of his mind enabled him to find in them more than some of their authors had been aware of. 'I was beginning to get gleams of practical philosophy. Montesquieu, Barrington, Beccaria, and Helvetius, but most of all Helvetius, set me on the principle of *utility*. When I had sketched a few vague notions on the subject, I looked delighted at my work. I remember asking myself—Would I take L.500 for that sheet of paper? Poor as I was, I answered myself—No; that I would not!' He elsewhere fathers the principle of utility—at least his knowledge of it—upon Hume. A passion for the improvement of mankind had been originally kindled in him by the reading of *Telemachus*. This year he met for the first time, in a pamphlet of Priestley's, with the phrase, *The greatest happiness of the greatest number*. An expression, which he for a long time regarded almost as a charm, did not come to him recommended by the author, in whose works he found it. 'Dr Priestley was no favourite of mine. I thought him cold and assuming.' Nevertheless, 'by it,' he conceived, 'light was added to warmth; and the plain and true standard of what was right or wrong in human conduct stood before him.' He

wrote down a rough outline of the map which is now standing in his *Chrestomathia*—and felt the sensation of Archimedes.

Nature will make its way ; and perhaps never so well as under difficulties. When the time arrives for the principle of vegetation to come forth, it seems only to gather strength from having an English spring to fight against. And wherever hearts and understandings happen to exist, they will be always found, at the great crises of their development, to be the masters, and not the creatures, of the circumstances in which they are placed. In these cases, circumstances are little more than the occasions which fire a train already laid. It is singular that Bentham—in general the most scornful among the sons of men, and also one of the most original—should have taken the view he takes of his obligations to so second-rate a writer as Helvetius. Notwithstanding his acknowledgments, we cannot think of rating hints from Helvetius a great deal higher than impulses from Constantia Philips. Bentham had been haunted many years with the question, ‘What is *genius*?’ While reading Helvetius, the etymology of the word suggested to him that it must mean *invention*. Helvetius had by this time also taught him that legislation was the most important of all subjects. Then came the further question, ‘Have I a genius for legislation?’ After a short course of self-examination, he fearfully and tremblingly answered, ‘Yes.’ Dr Bowring says that he has noted down this circumstance almost in Bentham’s words, as illustrating the fact, that the pursuits of a life may be influenced by a word dropped carelessly from another person. We certainly should not have expected that it would have been reserved to Helvetius, to make Bentham acquainted with the importance of legislation. But he has gone further. When he set to work upon his codes, he noted down the acknowledgment that ‘a digest of the laws is a work which could not have been executed with advantage before Locke and Helvetius had written ; the first establishing a test of the perspicuity of ideas, the latter a standard for the rectitude of actions. The matter of the law is to be governed by Helvetius ! For the form and expression of it, we must resort to Locke.’ Now, admitting it to be true that the rectitude of an action depends on its tendency to augment the happiness of the community, there can be no more conclusive proof of the shallowness of Bentham’s studies, than his supposing that this was a truth which Helvetius had first established. To the merit of the discovery, in substance or in words, he has precisely the same claim as Bentham himself—and that is, none at all.

Bentham proceeded to investigate what it is that constitutes happiness. In due time, he ascertained that happiness is an

aggregate composed of pleasures, and of exemption from corresponding pains. Afterwards, on tracing the pedigree of his opinions, he thought it due to Helvetius and Hartley, to commemorate *the probability* that they might have been the first to bring this truth, or truism, to his view. The next step—one of much greater nicety—was to ascertain a mode of calculating the elements or dimensions of value in pains and pleasures, so as to fix the place which they would occupy respectively in a centigrade scale of happiness. This he accomplished by comparing their intensity and duration—after a hint which he is *certain* he took from Beccaria. The scrupulousness of these acknowledgments can only be accounted for on a most exaggerated estimate of the value of the supposed discoveries. And assuredly no exaggeration can well be greater than the declaration of Bentham and of Bolivar, that, by means of them, morals became as clear as mathematics. This also is, we suppose, the meaning of Mr Burton's statement, that it is only as a *demonstrator* that Bentham can be fairly appreciated. If this had been a correct representation—if, by means of the hand-books of Bentham and his followers, the field of human conduct, in morals, politics, and laws, had become the province of mathematical demonstration—they are indeed discoverers. In that case, all who persevere in standing out against their arguments and conclusions must certainly be either the fools or knaves which they have accordingly been supposed to be.

Bentham's philosophical education was now substantially completed. It consisted in a firm possession of the principle of utility, and in the conviction that, properly used, it must be the master-key to all the shut-up places in moral and legislative science. Upon this basis, accordingly, he commenced author. He found the principle of utility, according to his view of it, faintly recognised and partially acted upon. On the possibility, that the failure of former philosophers to convert the world to an adequate sense of its truth and importance might have arisen from a deficiency in their mode of proving it, he went through the proof anew, in his own fashion. But the failure of his predecessors had not, in point of fact, so much arisen from any uncertainty in their establishment of the principle of utility, as from an uncertainty in the use of it. The chief novelty of his system, therefore, was in his undertaking to remove this last uncertainty; a feat which he proposed accordingly to accomplish, by proving, in the first place, that the principle ought to be applied universally, and to the exclusion of all other principles; and, in the next place, that it could actually be applied in such a manner as to give to its application the cer-

tainty of mathematics. If neither of these propositions were absolutely original, there was great originality in his way of treating them. With regard to the extent to which they were carried out by him, in his detailed application of them to several of the most arduous branches of jurisprudence, his originality was undoubtedly complete. Mr Burton justly discriminates between the discovery of a principle, and the discovery of a successful method of applying it. Consequently, he properly limits Bentham's merits as a discoverer; and confines them to that of having discovered the necessity of a rigid adherence to the greatest happiness principle in all his expositions. But Bentham occasionally indulges in more vaunting language. He could reproach Priestley with having assumed, that he had made discoveries which were no discoveries—with finding what had been found two hundred years ago. Yet he has described himself, even in his last Will and Testament, as 'the founder of the greatest happiness system in morals and legislation!' If he seriously intended to lay claim to any other originality than that which we have placed to his credit, he was not only more ignorant than even we imagine him to have been of what had been done before him, but was also forgetful of the account which he himself has given us of his own studies.

When we come to review Bentham's collected writings, we shall have occasion to treat of the merits of his method, and to examine how far it has enabled him to open any of the closed places in morals and legislation. At present we have no concern with his theories, or his applications of them, further than pointing out with precision what were the objects to which our enthusiastic student set himself apart, from his youth upwards. The special vocation, to which he considered himself to have been called and chosen, was that of rescuing from the powers of darkness the philosophy of law; first, by examining and establishing its natural elements—afterwards, by setting forth what appeared to him to be the natural arrangement and the rational details of its principal divisions. Here was occupation for a dozen lives of ordinary length and labour. But these magnificent projects were too calm and distant not to be put aside, from time to time, by temporary discussions of more immediate urgency and excitement. Our first introduction to Bentham as an author on his own account, is an example of the manner in which his studies continued, almost to the last, to be distributed and interrupted. We find him, in the year 1776, busy on what he called his capital work, *the Critical Elements of Jurisprudence*. He was now twenty-six years old; and he describes himself as seeking and picking his way; getting the better of prejudice and nonsense;

making a little bit of discovery here, another there, and endeavouring to put the little bits together. In the same year, 1776, he published his *Fragment on Government*. This is a masterly piece of hypercriticism on a few passages in 'Blackstone's Commentaries'; the first fruits of the rebel spirit in which he had listened to them when at Oxford, and of his vow against the Demon of Chicane. In 1777 he was beginning his *Policy of Punishment*; and was in correspondence with D'Alembert, Morellet, (one of the few persons whom he called master,) and other distinguished men in France. He entered upon practical politics the next year; and in 1778 published his *View* of the Hard-Labour Bill*,—a bill which had been prepared by Blackstone and Mr Eden. These various interruptions did not call him away from his capital work. Speaking of it a little later, he describes himself as still being in a miz-maze—the vast field of law lying around him, with all its labyrinths. But, little by little, great principles threw their light upon it, and the path became clear. The publication of his *Critical Elements of Jurisprudence*, under the name of an *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation*, was put off until 1789. But the work was in such a state of forwardness that he took it with him, (part of it in print,) as his philosophical credentials, in 1781—the fortunate year in which he first went to Bowood. On the treadmill at which Bentham worked, incidental diversions to other subjects counted for nothing. These were principally translations. A translation of Bergman was undertaken from love of chemistry. That of a volume of Marmontel's novels, and one of

* They were the first patrons of the Penitentiary system. George Wilson, in consequence, one day remonstrated with Bentham:—'Don't you feel, now and then, some compunction at the thought of the treatment your *Fragment* gives to Blackstone? Of all the men that ever sat on a Westminster Hall bench, he is perhaps the only one that ever attempted any thing that had the good of the people, or the improvement of the law, for its object, independently of professional interest and party politics. Think of the treatment he has received from you.' Bentham says he did think of it, but with no more compunction for having stirred up a supporter of '*matchless constitution*' to measures with a tinge of good in them, than Bell and Lancaster ought to feel for having shamed or alarmed '*excellent Church*' and her associates into doing something towards the instruction of the people. In both cases, he supposes the parties concerned to have been influenced by no higher feelings than those with which ancient Pistol ate his leek, and the hope of defeating or obstructing something better. These are hard words. But, if Bentham's early introduction to Penitentiaries was the cause of his connecting himself afterwards with Panopticians, Blackstone had his revenge.

Voltaire's *Taureau Blanc*, were made, partly for money, partly for amusement, and partly to cultivate his style. Unfortunately, on our comparison of the different periods of his authorship with each other, all supposition of a resemblance between them will have to stop, before we come to style. The style of his old age was as unlike that of his youth, as it was unlike the style of Marmontel and Voltaire, or that of Hobbes and Berkeley.

We have placed before our readers a rapid sketch of the first stage of Bentham's intellectual history—the formation of his opinions—how he came to be a Benthamite. The next stage—that of the enunciation of his opinions—will be found in the table of contents of the collected edition of his works, or in the list set forth in Mr Burton's '*Benthamiana*.' Meanwhile, no man's existence is purely intellectual—not even Bentham's. Up to this time, whatever portion of his life was not intellectual, had been, we fear, unhappy. Fortunately, childhood, however crossed, cannot easily be made so. It is full of unseen resources, out of which even infant phenomena cannot be altogether cheated. But as time creeps on, the mischievous consequences of infant hero-worship become more visible. The mischief which is first felt (and which is felt as painfully, if not as lastingly, as any other) is in the reaction. The phenomenon soon ceases to be a phenomenon; or at least ceases to be thought one. Friends get disappointed; and after having spoiled the child, they resent their disappointment upon the man. On the other hand, the man, who has been accustomed to be bragged of as a wonder while a child, feels it to be not only a bitter mortification, but also a grievance and an injury, when, on coming into the world, he is quietly permitted to drop into the crowd. In these instances, unreasonable presumption is seldom succeeded by humility and self-knowledge: it oftener takes the humiliating form of a more unreasonable despair. This was the case with Bentham, and to an extent quite inconceivable.

Eighteen years intervened between the going up of the boy-student to Lincoln's Inn, and Lord Shelburne's calling on the author of the '*Fragment on Government*' in his garret chambers. At no time during the interval can he have felt that his father's house was indeed his home. It became so less than ever, when, in the person of Mrs Abbott, mother of the late Lord Colchester, a stepmother was set over him. The '*dear papa*,' to whom he wrote from Oxford, is turned into '*honoured sir*,' whenever he is personally addressed; or is ludicrously abbreviated into Q. S. P., (the initials of their residence in Queen Square Place,) in letters to other people. Almost every entry in the diary of the elder Bentham awoke a painful recollection in the son, on looking it over in his latter years. There was either the fatal tyranny of

the purse; or a meddling superintendence; or a belief, on the part of the father, that all things in this world were possible by pushing, met by an incapacity in the son for pushing or being pushed. These entries, at one time, recalled some wretched sixpence which had been lent him to pay for a loss at cards, and had been formally recorded against him. His father never gave him money but to play with. ‘Most true,’ (he said,) ‘and that sixpence which I owed my father has never been paid: the statute of limitation saves me in part; my being his executor, wholly.’ At another time, they reminded him of some impatient visit of enquiry after the progress he was making with his philosophy. ‘Poor *Fils-Jeremy!*’ (one of his father’s cant names for him,) how I was tormented! ‘I went on very slowly in my father’s conception; but it was the result of dejection of spirits.’ The truth appears to be, that upon his throwing off his bar-gown, and treading it under foot, he was regarded as a lost child, and left to penury and solitude. With his habits, he ought to have been able to bear the solitude; but he gave way under the abandonment it implied. He had left the beaten track, and taken his own course deliberately. Yet, on finding himself alone, he felt as if he had been deserted, or had lost his way. At the chemical lectures of Dr Fordyce, the only chemical lecturer at that time in London—‘the coldest of the cold Scotch,’ but a believer of every atom of the *Morals and Legislation*—he had picked up George Wilson, not long from Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and as friendless in London as himself. But he had no general acquaintance; and his destitution and his sense of it were so great, that when he lost, through some accidental breach of manners, the privilege of visiting at the country house of a Mr Mackreth, by whom his society had been a good deal courted, he mourned over the rupture as a real misfortune. Yet the rural *Amphitryon* he so much regretted, was a retired waiter from Arthur’s Club! ‘Mine,’ he exclaims, ‘was truly a miserable life. I had been taken notice of by the great, when a little boy at Westminster School, for I was an object of praise from the earliest time of which I have any recollection. *That* filled me with ambition. But I met with all sorts of rebukes and disappointments till I was asked to Bowood.’

Bentham’s antipathy to law and lawyers had not enabled him to withstand the fascination* of Lord Mansfield. But Lord Mans-

Bentham was perfectly bewitched by the grace and dignity and *grim-gibber* of Lord Mansfield. He frequently walked to Caen Wood,

field was content with lauding the *Fragment on Government* out of spite to Blackstone, while he took no notice of its author. Not so Lord Shelburne. Although 'Lord Shelburne had introduced Blackstone to the king: (it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances: his book was then "the truth!") yet when the *Fragment* appeared, Lord Shelburne patronized the *Fragment*, which seemed better "truth.'" In the state of moral despondency into which Bentham had drooped, merely to have patronised the book would have done him comparatively little good. What he was in want of was a patron for himself; that somebody or other should take him up, of sufficient consequence in society for their countenance to restore him to himself and to the world, with both of which he had fallen out. Neither the malady nor the cure belong to heroic natures. Samuel Johnson, 'vamper up (as Bentham calls him) 'of the commonplaces of morality,' had a spirit raised above these weaknesses—even when walking the streets of London, not only without fame, but also without food! If it is painful to think that such infirmities should have been introduced into Bentham's vigorous character by evil training; on the other hand it is a comfort, since the want existed, that a patron of the right sort should have been found by accident, in Lord Shelburne. Bentham was invited to Bowood, and was domesticated there for considerable periods, almost as a member of the family. It was a critical experiment. The continental fashion of great people having tame philosophers, and house poets, as a part of their establishment, has not been naturalized in England. We never got beyond tutors and chaplains. The Miltonic truth, couched under the interrogatory—'Among unequals what society?' is found as true, in the main, of inequality in rank as of other inequalities. What has been called the aristocracy of talent has high places of its own, as well as the aristocracy of birth and fortune. But—instead of the two heights meeting and terminating in one point—the peaks of each stand out only the more separate and the more distinct,—each shining with its own lights, and darkened with its own shadows. Lord Shelburne has the greater merit, in the degree to which he now succeeded in bringing the heights together. The severe Miltonic truth was so far modified or suspended in their favour, that Bentham appears to have been soon living upon more easy terms with his new patron, than he had ever lived with his father.

in the hope of falling in by chance with a word or look from him: and, on one occasion, he even joined a friend in deploring the loss of his MSS. by the mob. There is an allusion to this weakness of his youth in a penitent memorandum:—'I should now think such a loss a gain.'

Bentham came to Bowood terribly unmanned: in his own words — ‘cowed by his past humiliations; feeling like an ‘outcast in the world.’ Among his numerous obligations to Lord Shelburne (and he had a pleasure in expatiating on them) the first and greatest was — the making him a man again. ‘He raised me from the bottomless pit of humiliation. He made me feel I was something.’ This required not only some time and much kindness, but, with Bentham’s suspicious and wayward temper, a good deal of discretion and contrivance. As soon as Lord Shelburne had flattered him into the belief that he was of importance to him, the cure may be considered to have been performed. His recovery would be assisted by the mere animation of the scene. The crowds of company which pass through a great house in the country during its periods of reception, made a brilliant parenthesis in his monotonous existence. It must have been the more exhilarating to him, from its dropping down upon him so unexpectedly between his two solitudes—the solitude of necessity out of which he came, and the solitude of choice to which he was to return. Many people, less strange to the world than Bentham—the common gossips of society—will probably be of opinion that the recollections of Bowood, with their historical sketches and indoor groups, are the pleasantest chapters in the Memoir. But Bentham has commemorated (and in words of unusual tenderness) another obligation still more honourable to Bowood and its master. ‘Though not its existence, my attachment to the ‘great cause of mankind received its first encouragement and its ‘first development in the affections I found in that heart, and ‘the company I found in that house! Amongst the friendships ‘it gave me was Dumont’s; one that it helped to form was ‘Romilly’s.’ The friendship of the good—a spirit of philanthropy which had been deadening under neglect, but which was revived and invigorated by the social warmth of congenial natures—are things to thank God and man for—blessings well worth tracing through their channel and to their source.

Lord Shelburne had sufficient originality of mind to recognise it and admire it in others, and to make the necessary allowances for the simplicity and flights—or flightiness—which so frequently accompany it. He professed himself ‘awe-struck’ with Bentham’s *Morals and Legislation*; and if his authority upon such subjects had had the influence he wished with his legal friends, Lord Ashburton and Lord Camden, they would not have turned coldly from it, on account of their difficulty in understanding it. He read also, ‘with the highest glee,’ the work on *Judicial Establishments*, which Bentham afterwards addressed to the Con-

stituent Assembly of France; and entered warmly into the cosmopolitan sympathies of the author. He sought to communicate his zeal even to the ladies of the family, by reading to them in the evening what Bentham calls the driest of his dry metaphysics. His ladies probably took as little interest in the metaphysics of jurisprudence as his lawyers had done. But they were desirous, one and all, to co-operate in making Bowood agreeable to their guest. Every thing went on for a while delightfully; until at last they discovered, when it was too late, that, among them, they had overdone their kindness. He mistook the nature of the encouragement he was receiving. In an evil hour for all parties, love first, and afterwards ambition sprang up, and got the better of philosophy and friendship.

The waters which ambition ruffled were soon smooth again, at least to the outward eye. Unfortunately, love is not so easily turned back. It is one of the mysteries of the softer passion, that a man absorbed in severe studies, and wonderfully easy in his friendships, should have preserved, through the drudgery of forty years, an ardour and a constancy seldom found except in the sonnets of Petrarch or the pages of a novel. Some of the correspondence which grew out of it has found its way into these volumes. If our female readers should care to turn to it, they will find a letter from the lady so full of sense and goodness, that as many of them as may ever have occasion to reject a man of genius, cannot do better than take it as a model. We have room only for two or three sentences from one of his love-letters. The date of it is April 1827. It was his last, as well it might be: and there is a kindly mixture of tenderness and pride in his octogenarian farewell.

‘ I am alive: more than two months advanced in my eightieth year—more lively than when you presented me, in ceremony, with the flower in the green lawn. Since that day not a single one has passed (not to speak of nights) in which you have not engrossed more of my thoughts than I could have wished. Yet take me all in all, I am more lively now than then. . . . You will not, I hope, be ashamed of me. The last letter I received from Spanish America (it was in the present year) I was styled *Legislador del Mundo*, and petitioned for a code of laws. Every minute of my life has been long counted; and now I am plagued with remorse at the minutes which I have suffered you to steal from me. In proportion as I am a friend to mankind, (if such I am, as I endeavour to be,) you, if within my reach, would be an enemy.’

This disappointment must have aggravated the native peculiarities of his character. Several notes and circumstances scat-

tered over the Memoir show the irritation it kept up. It had probably a good deal to do towards turning him again into a recluse. But the double fountains of pain and pleasure lie near each other in the human heart. We wish, therefore, to believe that this tender passage in the life of Bentham may not have made it, on the whole, a much less happy one; while the writings which he left behind him are, of themselves, conclusive evidence that he could not have led a much more busy one, even if the science of jurisprudence had been his only mistress. Of course, with this arrow at his heart, his visits at Bowood were at an end, and a painful embarrassment must have been introduced by it into his familiar intercourse with Lord Shelburne. Nevertheless, to the day of his death, he loved to dwell upon his happy days at Bowood, as the happiest of his life.

There are times and circumstances in which the most unlikely men are smitten with the ambition of being in Parliament. The House of Commons occupies a large space in the English Constitution, and in the columns of a newspaper. The controversies which are carried on in it, and the reputations which are made in it, attract the greatest share of public attention. They come at last to be the only objects clearly visible in that political atmosphere, in which ex-ministers like to live almost as much as ministers. But it does not follow that on that account a philosopher should desire to be a member of it. If, as a matter of course, philosophers fail in Parliament, what was to become there of the most intractable of the tribe? Yet parliamentary ambition was a fallacy against which Bentham was not proof. Several sketches of imaginary addresses to electors are among his papers. Except for this most unwise ambition, no misconception of any conversation, which he might have had at any time with Lord Shelburne, about putting him into Parliament,*

* Bentham had been jealous of the favour with which Romilly was received at Bowood. It is evident he feared in him, at the first, a rival in his love. After this apprehension was removed, it does not appear whether he afterwards suspected him of being a rival in his ambition. It will not have put him in better humour with his friend, if he ever knew that Romilly was so far from being so, that, upon Lord Shelburne pressing upon him the representation of Calne, the very year after Bentham had in vain attempted to extort it by a threatening letter of ridicule and invective, he declined it. Romilly's reasons for declining it, and his self-congratulation ever afterwards on his having had 'the good sense and the honesty' to do so, would have been still more mortifying to the superiority which Bentham fancied that he possessed over other men in political purity and independence.

can account for a pamphlet which, in 1790, he transmitted to him in the form of a letter. It is well worth reading as a popular specimen of his talents and temper, of the powers of composition which he once possessed, and of the powers of misunderstanding and misrepresenting, which he never lost. But there is only one other morbid imagination from which the like could have ever issued—and that is the imagination of Rousseau. A man must have been mad after a seat in Parliament, (and mad or worse in other ways,) to have sought it by the help of such a letter, even if Lord Shelburne had admitted the offer of the seat as explicitly as he denied it. To attempt to terrify your greatest benefactor out of one of his borough nominations on pain of breaking with him, as a breaker of his word, if he does not give it to you—and to seize on the opportunity for enclosing him sixty pages of panegyric upon your own abilities and virtues, and of bitter personalities on himself and his dearest friends—are indignities of which no man, who was both good and sane, could possibly have been guilty. It is plain from Lord Shelburne's answer, conciliatory, affectionate, and firm, that he understood the nature of the trials which all, who patronize men of genius, may, one day or other, be called upon to bear. On the other hand, the man of genius appears by his reply to have been in this instance, even at the time, fully sensible that his patron had truth and justice, as well as kindness, on his side. We quote the greater part of the reply, as a specimen of Bentham's lively letters. Though verging, in some places, rather too much to buffoonery, it gives a pleasant insight into his habits and humour. Lord Shelburne was now Lord Lansdowne.

‘ My dear, dear Lord—Since you will neither be subdued nor terrified, will you be embraced? Those same seeds you were speaking of have taken such root the ground is overrun with them, and there would be no getting them out were a man to tug and tug his heart out. So Parliament may go to the devil, and I will take your Birmingham half-pence, and make a low bow, and put them gravely into my pocket, though they are worse than I threw away before: there can be no condition necessary for that, so you need not be at the expense of making any. . . . Offer? Why, no; to be sure it was not. Why, didn't I tell you I only called it so for shortness? More shame for you that you never made me any. My model was a Scotchman I know; whom I set up in the world; and who, while he was pocketing what I had got for him by hard labour, was threatening to bring an action against me for not having made him the offers that somebody had made to somebody else. Now, could I, after having been counsel for J. B., and made nothing of it, be counsel for Lord L., and show how much blacker than one's hat was the behaviour of the wretch you had to deal with? and then, in the

character of my Lord Judge, how easy it was to the parties to see the matter in the different lights, and yet be both of them good sort of men in their way. But this would take sixty-one pages more, and sixty-one to that; and you seem to think the first sixty-one enough; and I am sure I do. It was using me very ill, that it was, to get upon stilts as you did, and resolve not to be angry with me, after all the pains I had taken to make you so. You have been angry, let me tell you, with people as little worth it before now; and your being so niggardly of it in my instance may be added to the account of your injustice. I see you go upon the old Christian principle of heaping coals of fire upon people's heads, which is the highest refinement upon vengeance. I see, moreover, that, according to your system of cosmogony, the difference is but accidental between the race of kings and that of the first baron of Lixmore; that ex-lawyers come, like other men, from Adam, and ex-ministers from somebody who started up out of the ground before him in some more elevated part of the country. To lower these pretensions, it would be serving you right if I were to tell you that I was not half so angry as I appeared to be; that therefore, according to the countryman's rule, you have not so much the advantage over me as you may think you have; that the real object of what anger I really felt, was rather the situation in which I found myself than you or any body; but that, as none but a madman would go to quarrel with a nonentity called a situation, it was necessary for me to look out for somebody who, somehow or other, was connected with it.

‘ You a philosopher by trade? Alack-a-day! Well, I'll set up against you, and learn to desire nothing, aim at nothing, and care for nothing any more. Then we shall see which makes the best hand of it—a broken minister, or a man who has served a treble apprenticeship to it, in colleges, chambers, and cottages. One island, after all, is enough for one man, unless he is a great genius like Lord Buckingham. So I'll go to Ireland, and govern like an angel, and double the value of your acres every year; and then you will come over by and by with some attorney in your hand, or some conveyancer, or somebody that knows every body, and has no singularities, and is exactly like every other creature breathing, and down go I and my projects under the table. Being a sort of mongrel philosopher for my part, something betwixt the Epicurean and Cynic, you must allow me to snarl at you a little now and then, while I kiss the beautiful hands you set to stroke me—if ever I am to kiss them; in regard to which fresh difficulties seem to have arisen I can't tell how, God help me! for, somehow or other, I have got into another scrape, which is to me darkness unfathomable, though you, I suppose, know all about it. When will your door be open to me? provided always that no fair hands have been barred against me. This thought makes me droop again. I cannot keep it. I had just mustered up spirits enough to write this, and must now go to moping again; and so good-by to you?’

This manner of acknowledging having been in the wrong (and absurdly so,) is not exactly what seconds might have dictated. But the substance of the acknowledgment is as satisfactory as

any one gentleman can be expected to send another. A humorist may be allowed to apologize in his own way, and to turn the laugh, by drollery, on himself. However, within four months he writes to his brother—‘ I quarrelled with Lord ‘ Lansdowne for not having brought me in. *He made apolo- ‘ gies*: promised to spare no pains to effect it another time, but ‘ would not give me a promise to turn out for that purpose ‘ any of his present crew, who, he has agreed with me over and ‘ over again, are poor creatures; so *I laughed at him*; called his ‘ promises Birmingham halfpence; and so we made it up again ‘ —he styling me all the while to every body, in conversation ‘ and on paper, the first of men, diverting himself not the less ‘ with my singularities, as you may well suppose.’ After such a version of this transaction, it will be admitted that Bentham was not safely to be left alone to tell a story, in which his personal feelings were concerned. It is as impossible for Bentham to have understood Lord Shelburne to have been apologizing to him in his answer, as that Lord Shelburne could have conceived that Bentham was laughing at him in his reply.

We have said nothing as yet about Bentham’s political opinions. They passed through two important changes. The Toryism he had been born and bred in was the lowest form of it—Jacobitism, only once removed. ‘ Loyalty and virtue were then synonymous terms’ with him. His first conversion consisted in the adoption of liberal principles, without passing beyond the limits of the British Constitution. His second took place late in life, and consisted in adopting the principles of Radicalism and Republicanism in their widest extent. That, in the first of these changes, his visits at Bowood should have played a direct and important part, we easily believe. The indirect influence attributed to them in bringing about the latter change, at the distance of thirty years, is one of Bentham’s idiosyncrasies which we do not pretend to follow. In the first change, Lord Shelburne, Romilly, and Dumont were probably his principal fellow-labourers. In the latter, the agents whom he most deeply implicates, were certainly most unconscious ones—Lord Ashburton and Lord Camden.

Bentham began the politics of his boyhood with an idolatry of Lord Mansfield, and a ‘perfect abhorrence’ of Wilkes. ‘I hated him for his opposition to the king.’ He lived to hate the king far worse, and to think much more meanly of him than Wilkes had done. Bentham, when grown up, took a decided part against America in the War of Independence; and could see no better reason for America breaking out than any other part of the

country. He coolly mentions, that his mechanical brother and himself were once engaged in a scheme for sending 'a sort of 'present to the American House of Representatives, which was 'to explode.' But he lived to rejoice at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and to send the French Legislative Assembly quantities of political advice, in the wish of preventing, if possible, that dreadful national explosion, which nevertheless ultimately took place in France, and shook the world. During great part of his life, Bentham was of opinion, that, 'with 'judicious and impartial minds, the English Constitution stood, 'perhaps, at no great distance from the summit of perfection.' He lived, however, to be convinced that a Monarchy and House of Lords are purely mischievous; that safety is only to be found in a Republican form of government; and that the legislative authority, even in a Republic, should be lodged exclusively in a single Chamber.

Bentham's Tory predilections gradually wore out. Probably he was not always at the time himself aware of the falling off of each successive link. The circumstances in which he was placed, powerfully aided the instinct of his own nature against replacing his birth settlement by that of hiring and service with any other party. Party, indeed, could have little chance with a man who believed that he was born less even for his own country than for mankind. Most of the opinions held at Bowood would be Whig opinions. But Lord Shelburne hung too loosely to the Whigs to bind these opinions upon his immediate friends, by either the ties of party connexion or the prejudice of party feelings. Meanwhile, Bentham was soaring out of sight, in his own philosophical empyrean—regions in which the combinations and concessions that may be necessary among politicians for usefulness of action in public life, are nothing but intrusions and restraints. He gloried in an absolute freedom of opinion, unfettered by party; and he justly considered it to be the honourable distinction in Dumont and himself, in their characters of philosophers and

* 'The American colonies really said nothing to justify their Revolution. They thought not of *utility*, and *use* was against them. Now, 'utility was the sole ground of defence. What a state the human mind 'was in in those days! I was not then sufficiently advanced in the study 'of government to show the true grounds of opposition.'—(1827.) Bentham thought no better afterwards of the French Declaration of Rights in 1791, than he had thought of the American Declaration of Independence of 1776. The principle of his critical examination, entitled 'Anarchical Fallacies,' applies equally to both.

honest men. But, taken together with his other singularities, it would have made him a most impracticable member of the House of Commons, in case he had had the misfortune of being gratified in his parliamentary ambition—a consequence of which Lord Shelburne unquestionably was well aware. As far as we can judge by his biography, Bentham took only a feeble interest in passing politics. He was flying at higher game. The absence of almost all notice of politics and political measures, until we approach the close of the present volumes, is one of their most striking peculiarities. We are left so much in the dark about them, when once we get beyond generalities, that the best expedient we can think of for guessing at the precise articles of his political faith during his ripest manhood, is by comparing them with some fixed and ascertained point. Such a point is fortunately obtained in the principles of Romilly; *—principles as steady as they were pure. In the year 1790, we find Bentham making a declaration of respect and esteem for Romilly, solely on account of his political principles. Eight-and-twenty years pass on; and these political principles had by this time become so odious to him, that he could not refrain from descending from his heights of contemplation into the tumult of a Westminster election, solely that he might oppose them in the person of his ancient friend! Burdett's committee refused to publish his handbill against Romilly, feeling that they had already injured their cause by their abuse of that admirable person. How pleasant it is to find Romilly

* ‘ You angel, who know every thing that passes, or does not pass in the bosom of me, a sinner, so much better than I do myself, say how long I have entertained so heroic a friendship for Mr Romilly? *That I regarded and esteemed him on account of so much as I know of his political principles, I was myself aware*; but friendship is with me a sacred matter, scarcely employed till after a degree of mutual explanation and *épanchement du cœur*, which seemed approaching, but as yet has scarcely taken place between me and Mr Romilly.’ The lady—to whom this letter was written in 1790—on writing to him in 1806, takes the opportunity of entreating him to devote what time he can spare from his studies to his friends in Russell Square. ‘ There is not a man upon earth who loves you more affectionately than Mr Romilly—I know he does; and his wife's society, you acknowledge, is soothing to you.’ There can be no question about Romilly's friendship for Bentham. And Bentham, we daresay, returned the feeling as far as he was capable of doing so. But there is something in the history of all his intimacies, which makes us doubt whether he would not have been right in continuing to say, that friendship was too sacred a name to be applied to them.

dining with his 'excellent friend' three weeks afterwards notwithstanding; and to read in his diary (that simple record of public and private virtue) the following memorandum of this 'strange incident.' It was a contemporary notice, and, alas! almost the last. Bentham's most indiscriminate admirers will allow that the diary, even of Romilly, could not close more honourably for them both:—'Some of my friends were very angry with Bentham for this hostile interference against me. For myself, I feel not the least resentment at it. *Though a late, I know him to be a very sincere convert to the expediency of Universal Suffrage*; and he is too honest in his politics to suffer them to be influenced by any considerations of private friendship.' Bentham's political opinions accordingly have to be classed under three periods. He was a Tory in his youth; a Whig, or something like one, during his manhood; a Radical in his declining age. As the magic of his name applies, therefore, equally to the three periods, there are more than ordinary grounds for enquiring into the nature and superiority of the reasons which determined him at last.

Most persons who have thought upon the subject, will agree with Bentham in looking upon governments as simply so much mechanism for making useful laws. He lived to abhor Pope's celebrated contempt. Yet, for some time, he seems to have left it to fools to contest what was the best form of government. His business with governments was as a law-reformer only; and he found them all in equal need of his assistance. The *corpus juris*—the whole body of laws, civil and criminal, under which men are living—appeared to him every where equally unsound. At least the difference was a difference too small to be worth talking about. All governments being thus in equal need of his assistance, the first question for him to settle was—Whether they were equally disposed to take it? In his eyes, the best form of government would, of course, be that which afforded him the greatest probability of getting in his wedge. If, in this respect, there should not be much to choose between them, it would follow as a consequence, that with his views, and for his purpose, they were pretty much alike. As far as the question could be considered to be a question of experience, the affirmative might plausibly be maintained. Legislatures are political combinations of different degrees of merit, and are necessary for the purpose of giving the authoritative sanction of law to legislative propositions. But they are every where incapable themselves of directing legislation in questions lying out of the common course. In questions relating to any important part of the

body of the law, Solons and Tribonians of some sort must be applied to. These are usually common lawyers, (they may well be called so)—workmen content to keep behind the scenes and do the joiner-work assigned them. But the work of splicing, patching, and propping up, must come to an end sooner or later. When time has brought this necessity to the door of a nation, and a whole system has to be examined, taken down, and reconstructed, the law-makers then wanted are of a higher order. In countries where the crisis has occurred, and been admitted, law-makers (in proportion as they were worthy of the name) have hitherto found themselves fully as acceptable in the cabinets of 'single-seated' sovereigns as in the halls of popular assemblies. If there has been any difference in their welcome and success at different places and seasons, it cannot fairly be ascribed to any difference in the forms of government under which the national law-advisers have appeared. Therefore, before Bentham could have expected that it was to be otherwise with him, he must, in the first place, have recognised the existence of some characteristic difference between his predecessors and himself, sufficient to explain the difference in his reception. He did this at last. But as all the difference he would ever see between his predecessors and himself was in his own favour, it was late in the day before this new light broke in upon him. The variable-ness in the principles of former lawgivers enabled them to adapt their legislation to every form of government. His logical adherence to the greatest-happiness principle would make his legislation suitable only to one.

The preface to Dumont's edition of the *Principes* was written, accordingly, on Bentham's original supposition, and was remarkable for its latitudinarian appeal to governments of all descriptions. The great jurist would be encouraged in, what we certainly think, a very rash indifference to forms of government by his peculiar position. He lived for many years in hourly expectation of being called in to legislate for them by one or all of the nations of the earth; and was in correspondence with almost every species of political ruler—English and Russian, French and Spanish, Americans both of the North and of the South. As long as he had any hope of being set to work by such opposite employers,* he would be on his guard (even supposing his poli-

* Bentham brightened up on small encouragements. He was introduced to Dr Bowring in 1820, on the faith of Spain being in immediate want of a regenerating legislator. The new acquaintance rose rapidly to the post of first favourite, upon the supposition that the splendid office was in some manner at his disposal. Bentham wrote to him im-

tical opinions to have been more pronounced than we have any reason to believe to have been the case) against so proclaiming them, as by any possibility to prejudice himself with them in his character of juridical reformer. He was kept in a sort of Fools' Paradise of this kind for many years; the dupe at home of even the soft hands and silver tongue of Lord Sidmouth; and repeating over to himself and others the name which Lord St Helens had given him of 'the Newton of Legislation,' in the fond belief that in time it might pass current even in a British Parliament. By degrees these hopes clouded over. Nothing came of the code-coquetting of emperors and ministers. To account for this, he turned to the principles of human nature; and, strange to say, the exemplifications of it which, for this purpose, appear to have made the most impression on him, were those he met with in his own biography. He had to go a long way back for them.

Bentham began and ended his Jurist-life with Constitutional Law. *The Fragment on Government*, published in 1776, was

mediately in his usual strain—a mixture of the serious and burlesque: 'Dear Sir—Now that you have taken me under your protection, there are some hopes for me. I am a hard-working, pains-taking man—a law-maker by trade—a shoemaker is a better one by half—not very well to do in the world at present—wish to get on a little—have served seven apprenticeships and not opened shop yet—make goods upon a new pattern—would be glad to give satisfaction—any thing they may be thought wanting in quality should be made up for in cheapness—under your favour, could get up some choice articles for the Spanish market.' Having failed to make any thing of Corteses, he relapsed in 1827 into a temporary belief in kings; and, on a speech upon law-reform by the King of Bavaria, the gallant octogenarian opened a correspondence with him at once with unabated confidence—'Sir, I am that Bentham,' &c. Disappointed here again, but not disheartened, he ventured an attack upon the Duke of Wellington the following year:—'Lord Duke—Listen to me: your name will—ay, shall be greater than Cromwell's. Already you are, as in his day he was, the hero of war. Listen to me, and you will be what he tried to be, but could not make himself—the hero of peace—of that peace which is the child of Justice. After subduing the three kingdoms, he attacked the army of lawyers. They repulsed him. They were too many for him. About sixty years ago I deserted from it, and have been carrying on against them a guerilla war ever since. I have got together a body, which is every day augmenting. I am now on the point of attacking them in force. The *matériel* of my army may be seen in the volume accompanying this, entitled, "Justice and Codification Petitions." We wonder what the Duke thought of this? His chancellor would explain it to him. His answer was at least courteous enough to encourage Bentham to write him a remonstrance afterwards, (beginning, 'Ill-advised man,') on his duel with Lord Winchilsea.

only a very original, subtle, and captious pamphlet. The *Constitutional Code*, on which the ten last years of his life were principally engaged, is, on the contrary, one of its author's most characteristic works. It was left unfinished; but, in the judgment of Mr Burton, 'it may safely be pronounced, that in no language does any other such monument of the legislative labour of one mind exist.' Whether any and what use will be ever made of it, remains to be seen. Mr Doane, its editor, supposes, from the state of Bentham's manuscripts, that he had entirely withdrawn his attention from the science of government for a period of forty years. During this long interval, at all events, his original testimony in favour of the English constitution was left uncontradicted;—a fact only made remarkable by the way in which he afterwards explained it, and by the violence with which he passed at once from one extreme to another—from the extreme of panegyric to the extreme of condemnation. If we were to assume his abstinence from discussions on Constitutional Law to have been entirely the result of the prudential calculations to which we have alluded, we should be mistaken. Our mistake will be almost as great, if we imagine the subject to have been let alone by him from his inability to see his way, through conflicting dangers, to a better system.* The true explanation of this silence (as he again and again assures us) is to be found in the fact, that all this time he was not in the least aware that there were conflicting dangers in the case! In other words, he was not aware that there was any danger of misgovernment by

* This supposition, however, would be a little nearer the mark; since, in the introduction to his *Plan of Parliamentary Reform*, (1817)—after acknowledging in the text that men's conceptions would be at first bewildered and their fears excited by the compound idea of annual elections and universal suffrage—he subjoins the following passage in a note:—'Such, at any rate, in my own view, it cannot fail to be; for in this state, for a long course of years, was my own mind;—the object a dark, and thence a hideous phantom, until elicited by severe and external pressure, the light of *reason*—or, if this word be too assuming, the light of *ratiocination*—was brought to bear upon it.' It would seem, therefore, that Bentham had seen all along the dangers which are generally supposed to be more or less inherent in democratical institutions; but that it was reserved for some severe and external pressure (he does not say what) to show him that these dangers are imaginary; or that, at least, they are more than counterbalanced by the dangers which are inherent in every other form of political institutions—dangers of which he had not been before aware.

the governing classes, from those causes of self-preference which, he afterwards perceived, must make misgovernment on their part absolutely and necessarily certain. In this state of things, the science of government (not only as regarded England, but the world in general) might be very safely allowed to go to sleep.

Bentham's description of the extent of his ignorance and simplicity upon this subject, and of the length of time they lasted, is a perfect riddle to us. The story, however, is so frequently and apologetically repeated, that it is impossible to misunderstand it. It took him, it appears, upwards of sixty years, before he learned the necessity of applying to politics the same view of human nature which he had made, from the first, the basis of private morals. He had seen, as early as 1776, sundry imperfections in the frame of the English Government; but in none of them did he discover 'the effect of any worse cause than inattention and prejudice.' On hearing, at that time, that Wedderburne had denounced the principle of utility as a dangerous one, he could only account for so self-contradictory a proposition, by attributing it to confusion of ideas in the spokesman, then solicitor-general. He was very much ashamed of himself afterwards, for not having discovered earlier, that what the lawyer meant by dangerous, was dangerous to the governing class, of which the lawyer was a member. From scattered notices in his works, it seems probable that Bentham had made the grand discovery (of which, his finding out what Wedderburne had been meaning, was only a single illustration) about the year 1814; the year in which (Mr Doane says) he returned to the consideration of the science of government, though only casually. But the first announcement we have met with of the discovery itself, as a universal proposition, is in 1822. He then congratulated himself upon the fact, that, 'Now for some years past, all inconsistencies, all surprises, have vanished: every thing that has served to make the field of politics a labyrinth, has vanished. A clue to the interior of the labyrinth has been found: it is the principle of self-preference. If self-preference has place in every human breast, then, if rulers are men, so must it have in every ruling breast. Government has accordingly under every form, comprehending laws and institutions, had for its object the greatest happiness, not of those *over* whom, but of those *by* whom it has been exercised; the interest not of the many but of the few, or even of the one, has been the prevalent interest; and to that interest all others have been at all times sacrificed.' While Bentham continued ignorant of the effect of self-interest upon the depositaries of political power, it is natural that he should have been equally ignorant

of the means which governments bring to bear on the self-interest of others, in order to strengthen and maintain their power. In 1793, he had addressed a pamphlet to the French National Convention, under the title of ‘Emancipate your Colonies.’ Afterwards, in 1820, he repeated the experiment (always, we fear, a hopeless one) with the Spanish government. Writing on that occasion to a Lieutenant Blaquiere, (a sort of itinerant apostle of Benthamism over Spain,) he observes that he had said nothing, in 1793, on the subject of the *corruptive influence* of colonies in the form of patronage:—‘For in those days, such
 ‘ was my simplicity, not having yet discovered the distinction
 ‘ between influence of understanding on understanding, and in-
 ‘ fluence of will on will—the nature and effects of corruptive
 ‘ influence on the representatives of a people were unknown to
 ‘ me!’ A few years later, (1828,) he drew up an historical preface for a second edition of the *Fragment on Government*. He expatiates in it on his juvenile astonishment, that Lord Mansfield had not patronized the author of a book, ‘the principles of
 ‘ which stood in direct opposition to the well-known biases and
 ‘ endeavours of the great ultra-Tory.’ That he should have felt any astonishment at so very probable an occurrence, only becomes intelligible to third persons upon his adding—‘Till a
 ‘ dozen years ago or less, (will it be believed?) I knew not what
 ‘ was meant by influence.’ According to this statement, Bentham (the dogmatical teacher of the selfish theory of morals almost before he was in button clothes) was not acquainted with the meaning and operation of political influence until he was nearly seventy years of age.

We must admit at once, that we do not know what to make of these marvellous confessions. They are incredible in themselves; they are irreconcilable with his political sentiments and conduct on more than one occasion during the interval; and they are at variance with a declaration which he makes at the commencement of this same historical preface concerning his former works. It is there declared, that no small portion of the aggregate mass of his intervening works (viz. from 1776 to 1828) had been employed in developing and applying the general conception—‘That no system or form of
 ‘ government ever had, or ever could have had, for its actual and
 ‘ principal end in view, the good of any other persons than the
 ‘ very individuals by whom on each occasion the powers of it
 ‘ were exercised.’ We can only say, that it requires infinitely more sagacity than we possess, to make out any such general conception at the bottom of the works in question; and that we

cannot at all understand in what sense it can be said, that these works are developments and applications of it. That it should be there, would be strange indeed. It is true, a man may talk prose without knowing it. But that great part of a philosopher's labours should turn out to be the development and application of a grand conception, of which he had not had an inkling till long after their composition, is a felicity of another kind. It would have been much more surprising than any other of the specialties and providences by which Bentham can have flattered himself that his history was distinguished. If, upon receiving the philosophical chieftainship of the Radical party, he thought it a becoming compliment to them to enter into some explanation of his past indifference to their grievances, he certainly did not do it by halves. This explanation, considered as an explanation, goes to the root of the matter. There is nothing left to be asked or told. His warfare with the Demon of Chicane and Judge and Co., was with him a case by itself—separate from all others—a monomania relating to the only question really present to 'his thoughts—general jurisprudence.'

Bentham cannot have meant to stultify himself to the full extent his words imply. The first wild men who met together in wigwams, and saw the chieftain of the tribe with the warmest skin to lie upon, and the largest fish to divide among his favourites, knew better. The admitted principles of human nature—the testimony of history, teaching by example in all ages—the common sing-song of every text-writer on the characteristic advantages and disadvantages of what are called the three simple forms of government—render ignorance so complete absolutely impossible. Some limitations upon his words must be supposed. It is almost as impossible to conjecture what. The most natural limitation would have been the supposition, that Bentham was always aware that self-interest operated to the same extent in public life, as he had learned from Helvetius, and had assumed in his 'Principles of Morals,' that it operated in private. In this case, the only ignorance to which he will have meant to plead guilty in these singular passages, would be an ignorance of the fact, that self-interest when it applied itself to politics, was a self-interest of a much more pernicious and unmanageable kind than self-interest when applied to other subjects. To this supposition, however, there are two objections. First, the extreme improbability that Bentham should have believed in the reality of any such distinction between self-interest in politics and self-interest in other cases. Next, Bentham's own assurance, in a passage already cited, and in many others, that the self-

interest which he imputes to political rulers, is the same species of self-interest by which he assumes all men to be directed on all occasions, and nothing more. This supposition, therefore, cannot be accepted. We have no other to suggest.

Although the objections thus mentioned may oblige us to reject our supposition as a key to Bentham's meaning, it is not the less true that there is a variance and inconsistency of this description between the self-interest on which he founds his morals, and the self-interest on which he founds his politics. It is impossible to reconcile the moralist and the politician. Dr Bowring tells us, that Bentham often expressed an exalted opinion of human nature. Accordingly, (whatever fault we may find with the poverty of his metaphysics,) his opinion of human nature would enable him, as a practical moralist, fearlessly to meet his enemies at the gate, and justify him in declaring that, according to his view of them, mankind might be safely trusted to find their way to virtue by means of his catalogue of pains and pleasures. In this he differs from Paley, who felt obliged to back up his view of the interests of this world by letting in upon them, from the background, a full view of the interests of another. In his '*Deontology*,'* he insisted on the practical coincidence between prudence and benevolence. Dumont, in speaking of this part of his doctrine, asserts, that he is convinced that Fenelon would have put his name to every word of it. The patriarch (*ætat* 83) sent Lady Hannah Ellice the pith of his philanthropy in the following autograph:—'The way to be comfortable, is to make others comfortable. The way to make others comfortable, is to appear to love them. The way to appear to love them, is to love them in reality. *Probatur ab experiētiâ*.—J. B.' The teacher of such a faith would hold, (and justly,) not only that there was no contradiction between self-preference and virtue, but that it was the end of virtue to be rightly selfish; and also, that there was no form which self-preference could so wisely take as that of seeking one's own happiness in the happiness of others. It is on self-preference, thus understood, that Bentham the moralist raises and defends his theory of morals. But the only self-preference which Bentham the politician recognizes, is a very different principle. The corner-stone of his constitutional law is the following axiom:—Those who compose the governing classes in all countries, and have the framing of

* The *Deontology* is not reprinted in this *complete* edition; because the former edition is unsold. The same, we suppose, with '*Church of Englandism*,' and '*Not Paul, but Jesus*.'

laws and institutions, so far from making their happiness at all depend on the happiness of others, are uniformly and necessarily engaged in sacrificing the interests of others to their own. Bentham does not condescend to notice this apparent contradiction, or to explain how it comes to pass that the same modifications of self-interest which led him to form an exalted opinion of human nature, and of its capabilities for doing good, in private persons, should not extend also to public men. However, from the moment that Bentham's own enlightenment took place, for any other person to have barely hinted that such a thing was possible, to any extent worth taking into the account, would have been showing an ignorance of human nature such as (for reasons obvious) could be only found among the corrupted and corrupting advocates of sinister interests. Bentham lost no time in applying his new principle to English politics and constitutional law. On the faith of it he mingled in the fray of Parliamentary Reform as the champion of universal suffrage; and soon passed on, by the true consequences of his instinctive logic, from a mixed monarchy under universal suffrage to the simple form of a pure republic. In his posthumous work on 'Constitutional Law,' a republic is declared to be the necessary consequence of the two principles on which he builds—the principles of the greatest happiness and of self-preference. He lifts the curtain behind which Radical Reformers (many of them unconscious of the final issue) are at work; and he explicitly avows that Radical Reform, substituting for the present House of Commons a House of Commons organized on the principle of a representative democracy, will not suffice for the purpose of good government—'Leave the two offices of a King and a House of Lords untouched, you leave an injured King and an injured House of Lords. Easier, much easier, is the whole of the work than this same half. The whole is eminently simple, the half is eminently complicated. Leave the half in existence, you leave unremoved all the moral pollution and all the intellectual absurdity which defile it.' The political conclusions at which he had now arrived, must have convinced him that he had committed a great mistake, in making his work on 'Constitutional Law' the last instead of the first of his legislative labours. He had learned by this time that a legislator cannot legislate beneficially *in generalibus* and *in vacuo*; but that among the circumstances which must necessarily affect his provisions, the nature of the government is the chief. Accordingly he remarks on this occasion, 'that of the whole *Pannomion*, or body of laws, the first part in the order of importance, and thence in the order of appearance, is the Constitutional Code. In the order of importance, because on the

‘end herein declared, and the means here employed in the first instance for the attainment of it, will depend the several subordinate ends pursued, and the several correspondent sets of means employed, in all the several other codes.’

We have already intimated that we do not understand what was the nature of that change in Bentham's views, concerning self-preference and influence in relation to government, which brought about such a remarkable change in his views concerning forms of government, and on the rational distribution of political power. The change was, *ex concessis*, a change of some sort in his views of human nature. It will be readily granted as a general proposition in the first place, that the philosophy of government must be derived out of a knowledge of human nature: and next, that, according to their confidence or want of confidence in human nature, the minds of men will incline towards a popular form of government, or the contrary. Most persons also will be of opinion, that a strong case might have been made out in behalf of democratical institutions, without going the extravagant lengths of Bentham, either in underrating the evils to which democracies are exposed from the ignorances, prejudices, and passions of the multitude; or in over-rating the corresponding evils inherent in monarchies and aristocracies, from the temptation for the higher classes to legislate in many instances in support of their own interests, in opposition to the interests of the community. The headlong leap which Bentham has taken on this occasion, will not dispose people to look with favour upon one-sided yet sweeping generalizations of very disputable and complicated facts. On reflecting for a moment upon the writings of Hobbes, these generalizations, and the theory of government extracted out of them, will appear the more suspicious. From any notice taken of him by Bentham, Hobbes might seem to have been all but unknown to him. Notwithstanding the prodigious difference in their metaphysics and their style, (Hobbes having done all that can be done towards proving the metaphysics which Bentham quietly assumes,) there is nevertheless, in many respects, a striking similitude between them. Length of days devoted to literary labours—a haughty dogmatism in the maintenance of obnoxious opinions—the belief, that if they had read as much as other people they might have been as ignorant. If it should appear that Bentham at all allowed his political reasonings, however unawares, to be too much under the influence of personal suspicions and resentments, there is far less apology for the excuse which Lord Clarendon says, that Hobbes, when he

was in exile at Paris, made to him for his *Leviathan*. ‘The truth is, I wish to be home again.’ He meant it to be received as a peace-offering by Cromwell. But Hobbes and Bentham had still closer coincidences. They agreed in blending together their ethical and political opinions; they took very much the same view of human nature—only Hobbes put in darker colours; they constructed out of it a similar theory of morals; and, from these materials common to both, they proceeded to deduce a scheme of government conformable to truth and reason. Yet, so slippery are general reasonings of this description, that Hobbes and Bentham, both of them supposed to be great masters of the science of morals and of government—both of them reasoning on the same principles and by the same process—came, notwithstanding, to directly opposite conclusions. Hobbes concluded with a monarchy; Bentham with a republic.

Hobbes had had nothing to learn or to retract, in coming to his conclusions. A short time before the breaking out of the civil wars, he published a translation of *Thucydides*; and he boasted of having made it with the express object of showing the evils of popular government. Concerning the circumstances which produced the extraordinary revolution in Bentham’s opinions, we have little or no evidence. We are told, to be sure, that it was under some severe external pressure that he reasoned out the harmlessness of annual parliaments and universal suffrage. What the pressure was is not explained. We are told that the experience and observation of nearly fifty years, ultimately taught him plainly to see that the defects of the English constitution were ‘the elaborately organized, and anxiously ‘cherished and guarded product of sinister interest and artifice.’ But he gives us no particulars. During this lengthened period of preternatural gestation, all was quiet; until, under some severe pressure, the pains of labour suddenly came on, and the child of Radicalism started from his brain, full grown and armed. The few particulars of the grounds of Bentham’s conversion to Radicalism which are vouchsafed to us, are more of a private than a public kind. His foundation facts—the sullen pride with which he brooded over them during a long life, without deciphering their hidden meaning—and the structure which he at last carried up from them into the clouds, are very curious. His foundation fact is the contumacious neglect of the compositions of his youth, at the time of their appearance, by the higher classes generally, but more especially by the legal aristocracy. His structure is the necessity of a republican form of government, in which useful services done to the public will be

cordially acknowledged. When sixty years had rolled over his head, he, for the first time, discovered the cause of the little sympathy with which Wedderburne and Lord Mansfield, and the higher classes in general, had received his 'Fragment on Government;' and of the little notice which Lords Camden and Ashburton had taken of himself, and his morals and legislation, upon their meeting him at Bowood. To be sure, Franklin neglected even to acknowledge the copy sent him; but the omissions of a republican are forgotten or forgiven. Also, at least, one nobleman appreciated his writings, and made a friend of him; but the nobleman, it is suggested, was in want of him for purposes of his own. It is a great temptation to an author to be able to account for slights, whether literary or personal, by putting them upon a jealousy of virtue and of talent, necessarily engendered by the form of government under which he may be living. As regards himself, Bentham was fully satisfied that the same *self-preference* which made the aristocracy of England, especially the legal aristocracy, conspire to keep him down, would, in a republic, have induced the people at large to have brought him forward. As regards his opinions, the greatest happiness principle would naturally (it is inferred) be taken up and carried through in a republic, on the strength of the very same self-preference by which, under all other forms of government, its progress hitherto has been opposed. Our readers will see all this gravely set down in the *historical preface to the second edition of the 'Fragment on Government.'* It is Bentham's argumentative statement upon the conspiracy which, he supposes, was got up against him, from the moment of his making manifest to the world his principle of utility, and his passion for improvement. The whole narrative—its disordered vanity—its insane suspicions—its string of minute circumstances, real or imaginary, that passed at Bowood—are very like the delusions of a lunatic asylum, or of Rousseau; but they are very unlike a rational account of a visit, or a rational argument in favour of any particular form of government.

The pending questions between one form of government and another will not be settled, at the present day, by a reference to Thucydides; still less by experiences and observations, like those of Bentham, on a comparison between the different degrees in which modern governments are causing the happiness or misery of the governed. If judicious and impartial thinkers may no longer place the English constitution near the summit of perfection, they will scarcely subscribe to the following description of it:—

'So long as the form of government continues to be what it is—not

better and better, but continually worse and worse—must the condition of the people be, until the sinister sacrifice—the sacrifice of the interest of the many to the interest, joint or several, of the one or the few—shall have been consummated. In that which Austrian Italy—in that which English Ionia—in that which Ireland is—may be seen even now that which England is hastening to be. Forms continuing what they are, Englishmen cannot too soon prepare themselves for being shot, sabred, hanged, or transported at the pleasure of the placed and momentarily displaceable creatures of a monarch free from *all* check but the useless one of an aristocracy, sharing with him in the same sinister interest.'

Is Bentham's picture of Ireland during the five years of democratic ascendancy, under the reign of the Irish volunteers, or his picture of pure democracy, as displayed in the permanent condition of the United States, more to be trusted? 'The last picture may be seen in his '*Radicalism not Dangerous*,' and elsewhere. Lord Shelburne somewhere says to Bentham, that, if Romilly were joined with him, the three might govern Ireland with a string. At the time he was reckoning on the help of Bentham, his philosophical friend could scarcely yet have learned that the Irish *quinquennium* (from 1778 to 1783) was 'her golden age.' By universal confession, 'it was an age of 'concord, tranquillity, morality, festivity, and happiness. But 'for the sinister aristocratical interest of her Whig chief, 'Charlemont—she would have substituted, to her still increasing misery, that felicity which can never be seen on this 'side of the Atlantic till it has been imported from the other.' In the case of Ireland we doubt not that O'Connell—who professed himself a Benthamite on the Clare hustings in 1829, and afterwards addressed Bentham by letter on that occasion, as 'benefactor of the human race'—is quite agreed. With regard to the present condition of the United States, we are not willing, in their peculiar position, to accept the evidence even of Mr Dickens and of Lord Sydenham as conclusive evidence against them. At the same time, it is evidence sufficient to make a man pause in coming to a conclusion in their favour. Meanwhile we feel that we cannot be wrong in supposing, that democratical forms of government are to rise up over the world on the ruins of every other: this will probably take place from reason or from imitation. In case the process should be an affair of reason, the revolution must be effected by other reasons than those of Bentham. In case it should be one of imitation, it must be brought about through the force of examples rather more encouraging than some of those which Republics latterly have afforded us. The supposition, that his neological nomenclature is already classical in the United States, is one of the proofs adduced by

Bentham of the facilities for good government which are found in a Republic. This comical advantage, we are afraid, is rather problematical; for Dumont had the boldness to tell him that his works 'were little read in America, where any thing requiring 'studious application is neglected. Nobody but Gallatin had 'felt all their merit.'

From the account which Romilly gives of Bentham's habits ever since he had known him, although his life was a long one, its story is soon told. One day telleth another. Its only variations were—a visit to his brother at Crichoff, in White Russia—twenty years of panopticon negotiations with the Government at home, for the office of responsible architect and overseer to all the jails and workhouses in the kingdom—and a greater degree of probability, some years than others, that some one of the many governments which were nibbling at his codes would really bite. The visit to Crichoff was, we think, an unlucky circumstance. General Bentham was nine years younger than his brother, and had been in part his pupil. His head was so full of mechanical contrivances that Jeremy called him Archimedes; and if he did not belie him, when, on mentioning his scholarship, he said, 'he made Greek verses in the spring, and Latin 'verses in the autumn,' he must have been nearly as eccentric as Jeremy himself. The loneliness of the place threw back our half-reclaimed recluse into his solitary ways. From George Wilson's letters, it appears he had gone off despising England; and it was no easy matter to prevail upon him to return. The devil of mortified vanity was but partly cast out; it is probable that another devil got in, if, as we suspect, he had already entered the paradise of Bowood. Wilson at last succeeded in getting his friend back, by severe reproaches upon his constitutional infirmities; by telling him that a rival every way worthy of him, had appeared, during his absence, in his own departments—a person of the name of Paley; and by frightening him with a false report, that his father was muddling away his property. His brother had originally gone to Russia as a traveller only; but, being found possessed of rare talents, he had been arrested, put into office, and succeeded. During his panopticon troubles, Bentham must have sometimes regretted that a similar act of gentle violence had not been repeated upon himself. The worst consequence of his visit to his mechanical brother was, that he brought home with him the model of a panopticon, together with a passion for constructing one and superintending it. It became a Pandora's box to him; what his calculating machine has been made to Mr Babbage—a cause of daily fretting, inadequately compensated by distant glimpses of usefulness and fame.

Bentham undertook to pay so much a-head for every patient who should die in his penitentiary over and above the average mortality; the same for every prisoner who, after being discharged from the penitentiary, should be found guilty of offending against the law. We do not wonder that a committee of the House of Commons should finally report against investing an individual with the powers necessarily implied in a contract of this nature; such as the control of education, the power of imposing permanent marks for personal identification,* &c. But no wise and just Government would have kept a philanthropical projector twenty years in hot-water, before it made up its mind upon objections which were the same on the first day of the twenty years as on the last. The public suffered almost as much as Bentham from these negotiations, since Milbank Penitentiary grew out of them. Wilberforce had stood throughout by Bentham (the friend, and in this instance the follower, of Howard) against Rose's coarseness, and Pitt's procrastination. His account of these cruel official dealings, with the circumstances of which he was thoroughly acquainted, is really touching:—

‘ Never was any one worse used than Bentham. I have seen the tears run down the cheeks of that strong-minded man through vexation at the pressing importunity of creditors, and the insolence of official underlings, when, day after day, he was begging at the Treasury for what was indeed a mere matter of right. How indignant did I often feel when I saw him thus treated by men infinitely his inferiors! I could have extinguished them. He was quite soured by it; and I have no doubt that many of his harsh opinions afterwards were the fruit of this ill treatment. “A fit site,” at last wrote the weary man, “obtainable for my purpose, without a single dissentient voice, is that of the golden tree and the singing water, and, after a three years’ consideration, I beg to be excused searching for it.”’

This state of things might probably be a part of the ‘severe external pressure’ which Bentham afterwards was thinking of, as among the causes which produced the change in his political opinions. On recommencing politician in 1814, his Radicalism is first observable. It was only the *year before* that he had reluctantly received the sum of L.23,000 in compensation of

* ‘ In panopticon, personal identification marks was a sheet-anchor; my plan was, by all imaginable and lawful means, (rather than fail—of which I had little apprehension—I would almost have hazarded unlawful ones,) to get the prisoners to submit to it as part of the uniform of the establishment; and, to prevent its being considered as a punishment or a hardship, I intended to have set the example in my own person, and, if possible, in those of my subordinates.’—(*Letter*, 1804.)

the non-fulfilment of the contracts which had been made with him about panopticon:—‘ Oh, how grating—how odious to me, ‘ is this wretched business of *compensation* ! Forced, after twenty ‘ years of oppression—forced to join myself to the *Baal-peor* of ‘ blood-suckers, and contribute to the impoverishment of that ‘ public, to which, in the way of economy, as well as so many ‘ other ways, I had such well-grounded assurance of being permitted to render some signal service.’ Bentham left behind him a history of the progress and failure of the panopticon scheme, entitled ‘ History of the War between Jeremy Bentham ‘ and George the Third. By one of the Belligerents.’ A single passage from it will show the effect which his disappointment had produced upon him:—

‘ As to the criminally offending part of the population, no tamer of elephants had a better-grounded anticipation of the success of his management than I had of mine, as applied to the offending school of my scholars. Learned and right honourable judges I would not then have undertaken—I would not now undertake, to tame; learned gentlemen in full practice I would not have undertaken to tame; noble lords I would not have undertaken to tame; honourable gentlemen I would not have undertaken to tame. As to learned judges under the existing system, I have shown to demonstration, nor has that demonstration ever been contested, nor will it ever be contested, that (not to speak of malevolence and benevolence) the most maleficent of the men whom they consign to the gallows, is, in comparison with those by whom this disposition is made of them, not maleficent, but beneficent.●

It is a pity that any body, so well worth seeing and knowing as Bentham, should have been so difficult to see and know. Dr Bowring is not much of a Boswell. But it is plain from Bentham’s memoranda and his letters, that he must have been a most amusing person;—as picturesque in his conversation as in his dress, and in his hundred funny ways. You would have no difficulty in making out his hermitage. A blind man could get there from the directions with which he provided General Santander. You will be as sure, too, of finding him at home, as of finding Robinson Crusoe in his island. Like Franklin in appearance: his white hair long and flowing; his neck bare; in a quaker-cut coat, list shoes, and white worsted stockings drawn over his breeches’ knees. Looking into his garden, you will see him trotting along upon an ‘ ante-prandial circumgyration’—stopping to admire the flowers he is so fond of—or making a stranger stoop before a slab, ‘ sacred to Milton, prince of poets.’ In-doors is his ‘ workshop,’ where he also dines; its raised platform, its ‘ vibratory ditch,’ its ‘ caroccio,’ and its organ, the green curtain pinned over with slips of paper—being notes,

taken at the moment, of incidental thoughts, which he is to locate and collate at a future time: lastly the arm-chair, set out for a single visitor—from an excellent maxim, that whenever you want to know either man or woman, a third person is in the way. But the hermit is not without guests; creatures and creations of his own. There is his stick, ‘*Dapple*,’ which is laid upon the shoulders of honoured visitors, in friendly knight-hood, on meet occasions. There is ‘*Dickey*,’ the sacred teapot, regularly put upon the lamp to sing; and all his varieties of song and humour regularly and graciously acknowledged. Last, not least, come the most important personages in the household, (of as much consequence as the ‘reprobates’ themselves, for so he called his secretaries,) favourite *Pussies*; the most distinguished of whom bore the name of Langborne. Bentham boasted he had made a man of him. He was first raised to the dignity of Sir John. As he got older, he was put into the Church; and he was the Rev. Dr John Langborne at the time he died. It is charming to see affections which have been stopped up in their natural course among humankind, vindicate themselves and overflow in the direction of dumb animals. Who would not have had a pleasure in hearing the venerable jurist recounting his love for a beautiful pig at Hendon—and for a young ass of great symmetry and promise at Ford Abbey; how he fondled it, and it fondled him? Wilson and Romilly (he used to say) had the same taste. ‘Romilly kept a noble puss before he came into great business. Our love for pussies —our mutual respect for animals—was a bond of union. I love every thing that has four legs; so did G. Wilson. We were fond of mice and fond of cats; but it was difficult to concile the two affections. The *mouses* used to run up his back, and eat the powder and pomatum from his hair. They used also to run up my knees when I went to see him. I remember they did so to Lord Glenbervie, who thought it odd.’ We have seen no such picture since Cowper and his hares.

Bentham was no respecter of persons among his own species. He had outlived his wish to be taken notice of by lords, and had gone as much into the cosmopolitan extreme. In the excitement of 1831, he busied himself with the formation of a Parliamentary Candidate Society. His selection of the right man at an election does not seem to have been his *forte*. Abroad, he had been voted a French citizen by the Legislative Assembly. The only use he ever made of his franchise was, at the time, generously to protest against their proscription, and afterwards to vote Bonaparte consul for life. It is as good as a comedy to hear what candidates he recommended. He was particularly desirous for

the nomination of Rammohun Roy, the Hindoo reformer, a half-caste and a negro. It must not be supposed that he sought to put into the Commons' House any body he was unwilling to see in his own. Here is one of his private dinner parties:—‘ I should like to invite a Yankee and a Negro, a lord and a beggar, to my table.’ As to lords, he said, ‘ Those who live with them, and by describing their doings, and looking at their titles, pretend to know what they are—know only what they say. I, who might have lived with them, and would not live with them—and who neither know nor care what they say—know (and without living with them) what they think.’ There was nothing he could not at once believe of ‘ the hirelings of the law—purchasable male prostitutes.’ The higher they got, the worse only they were. He mentions as a curious fact, (‘ one to beat the heads of the lawyers with, when they talk of ancient common law and virtuous judges,’) that he had discovered, among the statutes of the reign of Henry VI.th, that the judges of that day had laid a plot for getting all the land in the kingdom, (like the priests,) by outlawing whom they liked. Priests, of course, are not to expect to be in better odour with him. ‘ Once upon a time, in Westminster Hall, a man whose object was to be hired to give false testimony, used (says a current story) to make known his purpose by walking to and fro with a straw in his shoe. In every Established Church, the sacerdotal habit of a priest is the straw in the shoe.’ Hopkins, the witch-finder, could not have been cleverer in finding out a witch, than Bentham was in finding out an atheist. He appears to have been particularly successful among the Bishops. He mentions three by name. His suspicious nature made him credulous of anecdotes to the disadvantage of people—especially of people who crossed him in his views. When General Johnstone (who used to carry the *Fragment* about with him in his pocket) went to the revolted Colonies as Commissioner, Bentham wished to go with him as his Secretary. Professor Ferguson went instead. Upon this, Bentham repeats (on what he calls good Government authority) that this excellent man was very urgent with his principal to put to death man, woman, and child, as many as they could catch! Bentham was flattered with the idea that, in some anonymous controversy in a newspaper, his baffled opponent was a person of no humbler rank than his Majesty George III. He gave himself the credit of the victory in the controversy. Not only that; he believed that he had been thus the means of preventing hostilities between Denmark and Russia, and of saving two countries, if not more, from the calamities of war. It was not to be supposed that a

king would leave a subject in possession of such a triumph without vowing revenge and taking it. Bentham died in the conviction that his sovereign had done both: and that the accomplishment of his vow was the preventing Panopticon from being proceeded in. As far as we can judge, there is no ground for the imputation that George III. was a party concerned, either in the controversy in the newspapers or in the controversy in the Committee room of the House of Commons. There is so strong a tendency to match-making—the minor offence of marriage-brochage—among interested and idle people, that it is one of the subjects upon which a certain degree of suspicion is perhaps excusable. Yet it is difficult to conceive there were so many people, as he imagined, on the look-out for inveigling him into a marriage with their relations. He names a Mrs Bentham, the Wickhams, and Lord Shelburne. He was in those days but a poor match surely to a worldly eye; and at all times he must have been a very questionable sort of husband to a prudent one.

All Bentham's tastes, excepting music, were of a grave kind. As to poetry, his own account of the matter is, that he never read it with enjoyment; and he told young ladies it was a great misapplication of their time. When he admits, therefore, to having read Milton, 'the prince of poets,' as a duty—the duty, we must suppose, was an obligation on him, not as an utilitarian, but as living in a house in which Milton once had lived. The 'Paradise Lost' had only frightened him as a child. As to pictures, all he remembered about a famous day with his father and Sir Joshua Reynolds was, that 'there was a great talk about painting, and about *his* painting: but I knew nothing about painting, and cared nothing about him. His *Una* I remember sitting in a queer posture, and without a chair.' As to scholarship, some hopes might, at first sight, have been entertained of him, from his preference of Greek to Latin; but his reasons for this preference are the reasons of an idle overgrown schoolboy—namely, the readiness with which the Greek expletives had come to his aid when he had been writing verses. He had a considerable contempt for classical antiquity; while the antiquarianism of modern history ranked no higher with him than as the natural resource of aristocracies. It would seem, therefore, that his own catalogue of literary pleasures was not extensive. One of the dangers belonging to utilitarianism is the probability of its being too strictly construed; and accordingly that it will narrow the range of pleasures—especially of those which are at a little distance, and out of sight. Bentham's example is, we think, an instance of this; both in his own case and in his advice to young ladies about poetry. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he makes

a gallant stand-up fight against Joseph Addison and the critics ;—people who dare to interfere with the enjoyments of their fellow creatures, by arbitrary distinctions between different kinds of taste, good and bad. ‘ Liberty of conscience, liberty of the press, liberty of opinion at large—all these are in one place or another established. The last that remains to be established, and which yet, in its whole extent, is scarcely so much as advocated, is liberty of taste.’

Bentham was of a sanguine nature—dying in harness, and confident to the last. His vocation followed him even into his sleep. ‘ When I am in good health,’ he said, ‘ I dream that I am a master among disciples.’ These dreams by night were the natural exhalations of his dreams by day. He had made up his mind, not only that he was to legislate for the statute-book of the United States, but for their public opinion tribunal also ; so much so, that he reckoned on succeeding in putting down ‘ their cardinal vice ’ of duelling. In 1829 he gave the Duke of Wellington to understand, that he was so far known and heeded there, that if he lived two years longer, or at the utmost three, he should be very much disappointed if he had not stayed that plague. In this, as in many other instances, an ignorance of human nature was at the bottom of Bentham’s overconfidence. Dr Bowring says that his bashfulness clung to him through life like a cold garment ; ‘ and that there was never a man so desirous of shunning others, unless some strong sense of duty subdued his natural tendency to seclusion.’ We could not wish for a stronger example than he has afforded in his own person, of the many disadvantages that must follow from sending mankind to Coventry in this manner. A knowledge of men is indispensable for all who profess to teach them, and to make laws for them ; and it is out of the question to think of getting at any sufficient knowledge of them by logical deductions from a few principles. Whatever Bentham might cry out to the contrary from the recesses of his hermitage, to know people you must live with them, and observe the many causes by which even our most reasonable expectations are constantly defeated.

A consequence of Bentham’s ignorance of human nature, except in its great outlines, was the striking difference which exists between his genius and his talents. The boldness, originality, and comprehensiveness of his views of a whole system, throw only a stronger light upon his failures, and upon the absurdities into which he falls so frequently on proceeding to fill up its details and practically apply them. Hence the variety of his practicable and ludicrous suggestions, both of measures incapable of being carried into effect, and of words all but incapable of being

pronounced. The strange language which he invented, was the result of considerable pains as well as deliberation. When he had once adopted it, laughing at it only made him the more obstinate in placing it among his most valuable inventions. From the clatter that is made about the several amendments, it might be supposed that the science of morals depended, at one time, upon the change of the word utility into the expression of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; and, at another, in abbreviating this last expression into the shorter form of the greatest happiness. One of Dumont's sins was, that he would stick to the old word utility; for which, accordingly, his master honoured him with the epithets of *old and bigoted*. We will only mention one of Bentham's coinages. Instead of saying Great Britain and Ireland, (which keeps up a separation between the two countries,) it is proposed that the name of the United Kingdoms should be consolidated into one word, *Brit-Hibernia*. This might be worth trying—if, upon our doing so, O'Connell (in consideration of *Hibernia* plainly having the larger half of the new title) would consent to desist from agitating for a repeal of the Union of the two islands; scarcely otherwise. Bentham began at first, and as a boy, to put down his thoughts in French, in order to avoid all trouble about style. There were only the thoughts to think of, when he was writing in a language, in which he knew that, whatever pains he took with it, he must yet write ill. Notwithstanding this account of his beginning, it looks like a very crotchety return to the Norman-French of our black-letter reporters, when we find him persevering afterwards in drawing up his codes in French. His papers were mostly, in what he no doubt truly enough called, dog-French or English-French, when he handed them over to be turned into Geneva-French by his friend Dumont. The true solution of this singular phenomenon must be looked for, we conclude, in his despair of ever getting an English audience. On this supposition, it was not unnatural to resolve, that the best thing he could do, would be to begin at once himself with the nearest approximation he could make to the language best understood by those out of whom, whatsoever readers he was to have, most probably would come. We cannot but regret that he did not begin to work out his original speculations on his first experiment, of putting them into a code in his mother tongue. The more he shut up his mind and speech in the work he was about, and the form in which he was doing it for other people, there was so much the greater chance of his going wrong. The evil habit he thus got into, of living to, and of writing by himself, led to another—that of putting aside his

twelve or fifteen folio pages of daily composition as fast as they were written, and of never looking at them again. What followed was natural even with his memory. He wasted a prodigious quantity of honest work in going over the same subject again and again. It is too soon to say what his chests of MSS. may reveal. We shall see, when they get to the British Museum; in case Mr Burton's information is correct, and they are on their way there. In the mean time, to take a single case; the case of 'Judicial Procedure.' This is one of the codes which Bentham mentions once or twice as so near completion, that there were one or more of several among his disciples who might complete it any day. Yet the consolidation of it by Mr Doane, as now printed, is under two hundred pages. On the other hand, it is truly stated that the subject had been a very favourite one with the author, and that he had been repeatedly in the habit of recurring to it for more than thirty years. 'The consequence was, that an immense mass of MS. upon it, 'extending to several thousands of pages, was found at his decease.' Out of these, however, it would appear only two hundred pages can be selected as in a fit state to be presented to the public. This is unlucky for a philosopher, who, although he lived beyond the age of man, nevertheless was counting up his minutes as a servant of mankind, on whom the night would close while too much of his work was yet undone. Great evil might have also come from his secluded habits in another way. He was constantly writing sedition or worse, without knowing it. On five or six several occasions Romilly held his hand;—stopping sometimes the printing; sometimes the publication. Bentham was grateful at the time. But after the fever of his Radicalism had come on him, he appears to have been as much mortified that his name was not to be found in the book of martyrs, as maids of honour used to be, it is said, on finding themselves left out from a court lampoon. In 1820, he ends a letter to the Spanish nation with the following portentous prophecy. The Government of the day had sufficient good-sense and good-humour to prevent him from having the gratification of seeing it fulfilled.

'I, who write this, haste to write to you while I am still able: I say, while I am still able; for all sense of security has long been fled from me. *Cartwright*, *Burdett*, are under prosecution. *Hobhouse* has already endured, manfully endured, his punishment: and, unless he saves himself by silence or desertion, punished over and over again it seems his destiny to be. As to me, who, I hear it said continually, am more criminal than any of them—me, for the fruit of whose labours, criminal as they are styled, the honestest and wisest among you at this moment, if I have been rightly informed, call aloud, that they may press it to

their lips—there is something—it belongs not to me to say what—that hitherto has saved me. But my hour cannot be far distant. Already for what *I* have written, others have been punished. Not in the hermitage from which I write, but in some prison shall I die. I could not die in greater comfort than by dying in your service.'

Bentham was born in a stirring age, and had the merit of leading its movement upon a most momentous subject. In a note to his own copy of the *Fragment on Government*, he has put his claim to the gratitude of mankind upon the true foundation. 'This was the very first publication by which men at large were invited to break loose from the trammels of authority and ancestor-wisdom, on the field of law.' Not only did he strike the first blow: that might have been forgotten. He continued striking, loud and long, upon the same place, for nearly sixty years—and *that* the face;—since it really was these '*face-blows*,' as O'Connell calls them in one of his letters, which by their audacity were the great cause of destroying the superstition with which the law was regarded. Independent of a radical incompatibility between the philosophical and historical schools of law, great difference of opinion must be expected to exist on the ability Bentham has manifested for building up a commonwealth and its laws from his own resources. But nobody, who is at all conversant with the history of legislation, and has taken any interest in its improvement, will question the vast merit of his services—in the spirit which he roused, and the principles which he planted. Such services are not the less real, because the practical application of his doctrines must be much more gradual and special than suited the uncompromising temper and systematizing genius of their ardent teacher. We shall have another opportunity of estimating these services. Meantime, it would be pleasant to believe that, while he was conferring upon others services so much out of the common way, he was leading a happy life himself. He ought to have done so; for most of the main elements of happiness, both from within and from without, were mixed up in his cup in more than their average proportions. A medical friend should be good authority on this point; and we gladly dismiss our doubts on the authority of his funeral panegyric by Dr Southwood Smith. A treatise *De Senectute* by Bentham would not have taken exactly the same points as Cicero's. Yet the picture of his life gets brighter as we get on; and his old age was evidently a great improvement on his youth. As far as we have the means of judging, the most serious damage which was done to his happiness and his character, must be referred to the same cause at both periods—that voracious Vanity, which grew only

the more exorbitant in its demands the more preposterously it was ministered to. An old man may be spoiled as much as a child ; and spoiled people, at all ages, will be nearly equal losers both in agreeableness and in enjoyment.

Bentham lived beyond the ordinary age of man, and latterly in almost uninterrupted good health. For the last half of his life, his easy circumstances enabled him to satisfy not only all the simple wants his philosophy acknowledged, but many of his projects of utilitarian aggrandizement. He was a great thinker on great subjects ; and might have been a great wit but for his passion for caricature, and his resolution not to be bullied out of liberty of taste by the literary tyranny of your Addisons and Swifts. The zeal of his disciples placed him in quiet possession of the pleasures of a most fertile authorship without much of its drudgery. He poured forth his thoughts on paper, and stowed them away as fast as they were written off ; while intelligent believers in the Written Word translated his manuscripts into French and English, and volunteered the labour of revision, redaction, arrangement, and publication. By the assistance of the same auxiliaries, he combined the leisure and freedom of a man of letters with the excitement and consequence of an active politician. Shrouded in the privacy he loved, he could read what books and see what friends he chose, (if few or none of either, it was his own doing ;) at the same time that the daily homage of the Radical press crowned the spiritual chief of Radicalism with all the celebrity that waits upon a popular leader. Their common friend, Mr Bickersteth, negotiated an alliance between Bentham and Burdett, under the conviction ‘ that the most profound philosophy could not unite in vain with the greatest popularity of the time ;’ and Burdett professed himself to be enchanted with the alliteration in their names. Unfortunately, Bentham’s vanity was not sufficiently gratified by producing a merely speculative impression upon the minds of his contemporaries. We have heard of dramatic writers of considerable inventive genius, but with little playwright talent for the construction of an acting play, who nevertheless wearied of the popularity of the closet, and were always hankering after the acclamations of the stage. In the same manner, Bentham was uneasy as long as he was a legislator on paper only—a sense of uselessness pressed heavily upon him. In 1801, he wrote to Sir William Pulteney—‘ It never happened to me to receive any the smallest reason for expecting that any thing from me would, in my own lifetime at least, be of any use.’ In 1808, he transmitted to Lord Holland what he called his *certificate of nothingness*. In his latter days, we are told he would often say—‘ I have done nothing ; but I could do

‘ something. I am of some value. There are materials in me, if any body would but find it out. I feel like a cat or a dog that is used to be beaten by every body it meets.’

Such depressing language from a man so eminent, and in the heyday of his fame, sounds to us even stranger than his humiliation at the obscurity out of which Lord Shelburne had once raised him. Unless he could see himself a legislator in the actual exercise of his authority, and grateful nations sitting under the shadow of his laws, he was weak enough, it seems, to feel that he had done nothing. It is satisfactory, however, to learn that he succeeded, even on this view of the case, in balancing his account, by drawing on posterity for a liberal indemnity. When the spirit of prophecy came upon him, and he looked into the future, he saw a different sight—the earth and its rulers at his feet. ‘ Twenty years after I am dead,’ he exclaimed, ‘ I shall be a despot, sitting in my chair with Dapple in my hand, and wearing one of the coats I wear now.’ If these visions of benevolent despotism contributed to his happiness, we hope they frequently passed before him. The despotism may never come to pass; but the picture of his patriarchal self, in his everyday chair and dress, he was able to make sure of. We are struck with Bentham’s graphic turn of mind, and his constant attempts to realize his conceptions in some positive and familiar form. Provided only the image were distinct and effective, he was never deterred by the fear of ridicule. Indeed, the sense of the ridiculous appears to have been wanting in him—a remarkable thing for so great a humorist. This was the case not only when the ridiculous and the useful came in competition. Many readers will smile a little at his making so certain of his future—still more, at the mode he took for anticipating it, and for summoning it beforehand into his presence.

Bentham would have preferred the glory of coming back, once in every hundred years, to witness the progress of his opinions; but, as his riper judgment had exorcised his imagination of its faith in ghosts, this was not a project to be relied upon. He was obliged, therefore, to put up with the nearest approximation he could think of to a posthumous participation in his fame. As usual with him, a love of mankind, and an admiration of himself, went hand in hand in his object and its details. The first thing to be done, was to collect and enshrine his written wisdom—the spirit of the inner man; for this, nothing more was needed than a complete edition of his writings, and a memoir of his life. It is to directions to this effect that we owe the voluminous publication mentioned at the head of this article. So far, his preparations for immortality are not unlike what other people might have made

—at least such authors as are fortunate enough to leave behind them assets sufficient to command a printer. But Bentham was far too original to stop here. We have observed on his *buffa* humour for mixing the serious and ludicrous together. The Venetian gentleman, who gave directions for tying crackers to the weepers of the mourners, and amused his deathbed by imagining the confusion into which, when they went off, they would throw his funeral, is the most suitable comparison that occurs to us—the image of Bentham almost superintending the stuffing of his own body, entertaining his visitors by taking out of his pocket the eyes which were to adorn it, and pleasing his fancy with the part he was to take, (a silent guest,) with Dapple in his hand, at the great utilitarian festival on Founder's day. There is something to our mind of the philanthropic ambition of a Howard, and the comic vivacity of Punch—a vivacity irrepressible even by death—in his testamentary instructions upon this subject. He ordains by will that the form of his outward man should be kept together, and preserved (as far as science can preserve our poor anatomies) in the attitude in which he sate when engaged in thought—his black coat, chair, and staff as usual; and he suggests that his disciples should meet, once a-year or oftener, to commemorate the founder of the greatest happiness system of morals and legislation, on which occasion his executor is to wheel him in, to be stationed in such part of the room as to the assembled company shall seem meet.

Should Bentham return to the earth in person, severe mortifications are, we are afraid, in store for him. He would find himself, it is true, sitting as above, in a glass case, at Dr Southwood Smith's; but he would find no anniversary on foot, such as the followers of Epicurus, his great forerunner, celebrated in honour of their chief. Half of the twenty years he spoke of, are already gone; and no approach is making towards the legislative despotism he aspired after. Not a star from the East—not even a speck in the horizon. De Töcqueville may be right, and the world may be drifting onwards to democratical institutions; while, on the other hand, Benthamism may be going down. The *Westminster Review* was set up by Bentham in 1823, at his proper charges, for the propagation of his own glory and utilitarian opinions. What would he think of finding there some fifty pages, (from the pen, we believe, of Mr Grote,) appropriated to a question no more nearly touching the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers, than the solution of the classical problem—whether such a person as Hercules ever existed. 'Our Bickersteth,'—who approved of every word of the 'Equity Court Dispatch Bill'—instead of being the great Radical law

Reformer, has become himself a Law Lord;—of all objects upon earth, the object of Bentham's most particular abhorrence. The fanaticism of the first converts has by this time greatly cooled. Within two or three years of his death, Mr James Mill (who had been a kind of English Dumont to him) had so far withdrawn his allegiance from the dead lion as to deny that he had ever called him master.* While Mr John Mill, who had been presented to him by his father as an heir of promise, to whom the rising generation of Utilitarians were to look, has broken away from their narrow training, and asserted his philosophical independence. In this light truly, is the author of the most remarkable work on Logic of recent times, 'a successor worthy of both of them,' and in a higher sense than they intended.† The present memoir is not calculated, from any pains bestowed upon it, to flatter the vanity of the subject of it, or create in him a confidence in earthly friendships. The worst, however, of his provocations, on returning back among us, would probably be the sight of the many volumes to which the memoir is attached. With their close print, small type, and double columns—incomplete, incorrect, and ill arranged—they can never be the publication which Bentham intended to bequeath. We see in them no signs of the Encyclopædical tree by which his literary executor, it was supposed, might profit, in the arrangement of the first entire edition of his works. What Bentham meant his representatives to publish, was a complete edition of them. The present is indeed called so; but it is no such thing. There are large omissions, both of his published and unpublished writings. What he must have also meant, was a book within the possibility of being read—at least by readers of Benthamite; not a monumental repository, in which the opinions of the writer are buried out of sight—typographically interred.

* Compare *Fragment on Mackintosh* (124) with Letter, (482, *Memoir*.)

† Letter of 1812, (472, *Memoir*.)

ART. IX.—1. *Votes and Proceedings of the House of Commons, Session 1843.*

2. *Minutes of the House of Lords, Session 1843.*

3. *Public General Acts, 6 and 7 Victoria.*

RELIEVED, as our Parliamentary readers now are, from the toil of adjourned debates and of heavy ‘blue books’—freed, as we are ourselves, in common with the humbler classes of her Majesty’s subjects, from the wearisome task of perusing those columns in which the sayings and doings of the Imperial Parliament are chronicled—we fear our readers will scarcely pardon us if we attempt to withdraw their attention from the sports and pastimes of the season, to the more ungrateful duty of reviewing the leading events of the last Session. Yet it is a duty which ought to be performed. We have a right to ask what has been done for the country by our Rulers and by Parliament? This question is answered, and, we admit, is very truly and modestly answered, by the House of Commons in an official return now before us;—a return probably called for with the view of satisfying the eager constituencies, who feel a justifiable interest in the conduct of their representatives. For the information of those constituencies, we learn, and we doubt not that the intelligence will give infinite satisfaction to the parties concerned, that the House of Commons sat one hundred and twenty-two nights, between the 2d of February and the 17th of August; that the average duration of each sitting was about eight hours and a half; that, consequently, about one thousand hours have been devoted by the Lower House to public duty; and that the number of divisions have been no less than two hundred and seventeen, including six divisions on the Dog-cart bill; and that these labours were continued uninterruptedly until her Majesty was graciously pleased to dismiss the members of the legislature, and to allow them to betake themselves to those German baths, Swiss mountains, or rural sports, where it is at least probable that they will render services as efficient to their country as have been performed, in 1843, within the precincts of the ancient palace of Westminster.

A humbler duty is ours. We are not permitted to tread the heather, the stubble-field, nor the woodland, and must, therefore, be content to seek our game in the votes of one House, the minutes of the other, and in that volume of statutes at large which is produced as the fruits of the combined genius and wisdom of both.

The prospect is not very inviting. It is not merely 'a beggarly account of empty boxes' which we are called upon to exhibit. It is something infinitely worse. Notices of measures never introduced—abortive schemes shamefully abandoned—bills shorn of their due proportions, and of those which have become law, some actually mischievous, and but few, indeed, from which good can be expected—such are the trophies of the second Session of the Tory Government. We cannot but regret that the eminent abilities which anatomized the sessions of 1836 and 1839 have not been employed on the present occasion. Without referring to other reasons, this may be accounted for by the fact, that on those former occasions, the skilful artist was enabled to bring into play the untrammelled energy of his imagination, and his surpassing powers of heightened colouring; whereas, on the present occasion, all that is required is the simpler force of truth, and the humbler faculty of drawing a correct outline.

Our readers cannot have forgotten a very savage murder, accompanied by a brutal mutilation of the body of his victim, which was committed, some years back, by a miscreant of the name of Greenacre. About the same time a clever but somewhat repulsive picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, from the pencil of that very ingenious artist Mr Etty, whose anatomical knowledge, acquired from a persevering study of the living subject, is well known to the public. This picture represented the Isle of the Sirens, and the rocks and sands were strewn with the mangled limbs and carcasses of the unfortunate victims. The floor of the Houses of Parliament, covered over with the abortive acts of the Legislature, could hardly have presented a more melancholy spectacle than was exhibited on the canvass of the artist. An excellent and witty friend of ours, after fixing his eyes very earnestly on the picture, was overheard to observe—'Admirably painted—but where is Greenacre?' It is so with us: and when we advert to the subject before us, we are tempted to ask—not 'Where is Greenacre?'—but 'Where is Lord Lyndhurst?'

The fruitlessness of the session has been very candidly admitted by the highest authority in the House of Commons. The Speaker is reported to have, at its close, addressed the Throne in fitting, and therefore in very apologetic, language.—'If the session which, by your Majesty's permission, is now about to terminate, has not been distinguished by measures of such prominent interest as that which preceded it, yet at no time have your Majesty's faithful Commons applied themselves more assiduously to the arduous duties which have devolved upon them.' We cannot but receive this information with

infinite gratification, as well as with the most unfeigned respect. It goes far to maintain the House of Commons in that high pre-eminence in which the people's representatives ought ever to be placed. If they have done but little, we are at least assured that they have done their very best, and that to that little they have applied themselves 'most assiduously.' What an apt illustration of Cowper's remark—

'How various their employments whom the world calls idle;'

and it is on still more ancient authorities that *nihil agendo* men are often permitted to claim credit for pursuing their occupation with the most praiseworthy diligence.

It is true, that a friend and advocate of the Conservative Ministry has made a most important and somewhat novel discovery, founded upon his acknowledgment of the barrenness of the late Session. He informs the wondering public, in a contemporary Journal, that 'the session most profitable to the country, may be that which passes the fewest bills.' Such is the opinion of one who has a perfect and intimate knowledge of the present Government; one who is intimately acquainted with their wishes and intentions; and who is a competent, and certainly a friendly judge, of the value of the few measures which they have carried, as well as of those which they have abandoned. We presume it is from these peculiar means of judging of the merits of his friends, that he asserts, thus unhesitatingly, that the fewer are their attempts at legislation, the more fortunate it is for the interests of this realm—the more frequent their failures, the higher their claims on public respect and gratitude; and that, so far from complaining of legislative torpor and inefficiency, their successful activity would have been still more fatal to the public. We cannot wholly reject this conclusion, when we consider the unquestionable authority from which it proceeds; and when we find that it forms the prominent part of a panegyric, which, if not on any other account, yet may, at least in one sense, be considered *ære perennius*.

We ought not, however, to conclude too lightly, that the reason why nothing was done is, that there was really nothing to do. At the commencement of the Session, the public were informed in the Queen's speech, that 'the public peace in some of the manufacturing districts had been disturbed, and lives and property endangered by tumultuous assemblages and acts of open violence; and that a reduced consumption of many articles had been in part caused by the depression of the manufacturing industry of the country, which had so long prevailed.' No enquiry has been instituted into the causes of these calamitous

events—no remedial measures have been either proposed, or countenanced by the Government when proposed by others. As far as relates to the improvement of the condition of the people, the Session is a perfect blank. If any improvement takes place hereafter, it should be attributed to natural causes rather than to the sagacity of our governors. We know not how far they study the history of the past; but of all parts of that mysterious volume which contains the history of the future, we fear that the only portion to which their attention has been directed, is the Chapter of Accidents.

The condition of the people, the decrease of our commerce, and the check given to our manufacturing industry, were brought before the House by Lord Howick, in a speech distinguished by great ability, as well as by a meritorious abstinence from party feeling or prejudice. The alarming state of Ireland was well described at a later period of the Session, in a succession of the most earnest representations, addressed to the House of Commons by the Irish members; who proved their just right to the respect of the public, by the calm but impressive manner in which they discussed subjects in themselves the most exciting. The great question of colonization was introduced, and, we might add, was exhausted, by Mr Charles Buller; who, in a becoming spirit of seriousness and wisdom, cast the light of knowledge acquired in our foreign possessions, upon one of the most difficult and important of all political problems. The general principles of commercial and of financial policy have also occupied their due portion of the Session. We venture to ask, upon which of these great questions, if upon any one of them, has the Government taken a single step, or expressed a single opinion which is satisfactory, or which is even intelligible? We ask whether any one definite principle has been laid down by the Ministers, on which their friends, their opponents, or the public can rely as the fixed basis on which their policy rests?

This question is answered by the state of public opinion both in and out of Parliament. No party expresses, or, as we believe, feels, any real confidence in the Cabinet. More than enough has been done to weaken the confidence of their friends—nothing has been done to win or to deserve the support of the public. It is not that they have failed to display their wonted powers in debate. The most consummate knowledge of Parliamentary tactics has been evinced by their able and cautious leader. The vigour and animation of Lord Stanley never shone out more conspicuously than in some of the instances in which he permitted himself, or was permitted, to mingle in debate. The clearness of statement, and intellectual strength of the Lord Chan-

cellor, are undiminished. The weight of personal character, and the recollection of his unexampled public services, must ever attend the Duke of Wellington, who is now, to the hearty satisfaction of his country, strengthened in health—long, we trust, to be continued. There have been no eagerly forward movements in attack, on the part of the Opposition; and yet the change of public opinion, the loss of public confidence, which has attended the present Government, is wholly without example. Even that part of the press which had been the most earnest on their behalf, has now become, with very few exceptions, lukewarm or decidedly hostile. The fall of the quicksilver never exhibited a change in the atmosphere more rapid than was exemplified in the political meteorology of the last Session. Whence does all this proceed? We must seek a solution in moral, rather than in political causes. It is on moral causes that political confidence mainly and ultimately rests. It is now demonstrated that a Government which originally obtained support upon false pretences, and which has since cast aside the principles on which it acquired power—a Government which has been forced to adopt and carry out the measures it had most vehemently denounced, and which has not hesitated to oppose the measures to which its friends stood most strongly pledged—however it may struggle on, does not possess, and cannot deserve, public respect or confidence. The reason that the Government is weak, is, that the Government is found out. It is found out by its friends and by the public. Numerical majorities may continue for a time, as mere muscular strength may survive even after a deadly wound; but that spiritual vitality which can alone render muscular strength available in active energy—that is lost, and, as we believe, for ever.

‘It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprung no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock—
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset.’

The verses of our noble historical ballad do not afford a more accurate picture of these events than is furnished in one of Lord Lyndhurst’s celebrated reviews of a past Session:—‘In all ages,’ said that noble and learned lord, ‘the same course has been pursued, and the same result has followed. Ambitious men make use of the multitude, and awaken their passions for their own ambitious motives, for the attainment of their own personal objects of aggrandizement and power. They ride into authority on the shoulders of the people. Their astonished and deluded followers discover that they have become the dupes

‘and the victims of those whom they had formerly eulogized
‘and extolled.’

We regret all this, party men though we confess ourselves to be. We regret it, not merely from its obvious effect on the confidence felt by the country in public men—no small evil in our times—but still more from the increased difficulties which it throws in the way of good government generally. The present Administration had a great opportunity open to them, when they had once made up their minds to disregard their past declarations, and all the ordinary ties of party. They might have foreseen, that to halt between two opinions was of all resolves the most dangerous. What they felt to be right, they should have recognized as expedient. Had the measures of commerce and finance introduced by Sir Robert Peel, in 1842, been framed on a scale as large as the principles which he then promulgated, we doubt whether the opposition against his Cabinet would have been greater than it now is; and we are confident that his reputation as a statesman, as well as his strength as a minister, would have been very different indeed. It is interesting to observe how accurately this result was foreseen and foretold by the late Lord Sydenham, who states, in one of the most valuable passages in his interesting Journal—‘There is no chance of carrying the
‘House with one for any great commercial reforms; timber—
‘corn—sugar. If Peel were in, he might do this; for he could
‘muzzle or keep away his Tory allies, *and we should support*
‘*him. If he got in, and had courage, what a field for him! But*
‘*he has not!*’ The events of the last two years have fully proved the sagacity of these observations. Windham drew a character of Pitt, in conversing with the late Mr Horner, which seems to us in some measure to account for, and pretty accurately to describe one cause of the failure of the head of the present Government. ‘Pitt suffered greatly by having been
‘introduced too soon into office, losing the opportunities of see-
‘ing men and measures except as a minister; not the most
‘favourable way of seeing mankind. In preparing his measures,
‘he thought more of the House of Commons than of their oper-
‘ation, satisfied if those measures looked well in statement; like
‘those improvers of ground who will build you a house that shall
‘look most picturesque to spectators on the outside, though with-
‘in it is inconvenient.’

But let us quit these general views, to examine more in detail the measures of the Government.

Our readers will recollect that when the present Government, then in opposition, ‘screwed up their courage to the sticking-
‘place,’ in August 1841, and moved an amendment to the ad-

dress, for the purpose of effecting a change of administration, the point of attack which they selected was the state of our finances. The excess of public expenditure over income, and the necessity of making good this deficiency, was the topic mainly if not exclusively urged; and the 'miserable system of finance' adopted by the 'miserable Whig financiers,' was held up to public indignation. The majority gained by Sir Robert Peel at the general election, exceeded the most sanguine expectations of his friends. It was such as to leave him without excuse for pleading a want of ability to carry his measures. He asked for time to enquire and to decide. The request was considered reasonable, and it was granted. So far were his opponents from manifesting any ungenerous mistrust, that they actually assisted him by counsel and by their votes, to avoid very serious difficulties into which he had fallen. The new session opened. The first Minister himself, undertaking at once the duties of head of the Government and of Chancellor of the Exchequer, came forward to make his financial statement. This was quite right, considering the ground taken by him on the change of the Government; and considering also the unexampled importance of the crisis, and the magnitude of the measures proposed. But it was staking his reputation on his success. In a speech, in which clearness of statement and well-ordered eloquence exhibited in the most advantageous light a scheme of finance described as the result of the deliberate judgment of the Cabinet, he proposed a property tax, the reform of our customs' tariff, the reduction of the duty on timber, coffee, and on exports, and the imposition of new duties upon coals exported, Irish spirits, and Irish stamps. Comparing his estimates of income and expenditure, he promised the country, as the result of these large operations, a surplus income of £520,000. The House confided in his statements, and enabled him to carry all his measures. Though his party majority was not quite so obedient as he could have wished, yet when deserted by nearly one hundred of his own friends, he obtained a countervailing support from his opponents. The year passed away; the 5th of April 1843 approached; the balance of income and of expenditure was again to be struck; the day of the Budget was announced. Some misgivings were felt when it was found that the great performer, who had so triumphantly led the band on the former occasion, was no longer to appear in the orchestra. The reason was soon manifest. It was easier for another to recount the total failure of the important Budget of 1842, than for him who had introduced it with so much pomp and emphasis. He who had led out his troops to victory, was unwilling to undertake the conduct of the disastrous

and discreditable defeat. In place of a promised surplus of £520,000, there was found to be a deficiency, almost unexampled, of £2,400,000; and this after receiving the enormous sum of £1,300,000 for corn duties, and £511,000, the ransom of the city of Canton. The Irish smuggler had completed what Father Mathew had well begun. The new duties on Irish spirits were proved to have diminished the revenue and increased smuggling. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was himself forced to repeal the act introduced by his chief, the First Lord of the Treasury. Most reluctant was he to perform this act of justice—

‘ ——— ter conatus erat—

Ter patriæ cecidere manus.’

At length this act of penance was forced upon him. It was performed ungraciously, tardily, and, as it may perhaps be found hereafter, ineffectually. The revenue derived from the export of Coal, and from the Irish stamp-duties, furnished further proofs of the miscalculations of the Minister. Nor were the prospects for the present year much more consolatory. For the purpose of exhibiting an apparent surplus, the unexpected remittances from China were all dealt with as if they were actual revenue; whilst the debts with which these remittances were justly chargeable, to the opium merchants and to the East India Company, were postponed to another and a more convenient opportunity. In a word, there never yet had been seen a more lamentable and undeniable failure, than was now shown in those very financial measures on which the first Minister had risked his fame. The charm of success was broken—faith in the power of the Government was annihilated. By friend and by foe this failure was acknowledged, and an irresistible blow was struck against the authority of Sir Robert Peel’s cabinet. They had themselves selected their field of battle; and they were worsted. Both in debate, and in actual and recorded resolutions, they had stated the objects they expected to realize. The fullest powers asked for had been confidently granted; yet the country found itself still struggling under a deficiency, although blessed with a Tory Government, and, as its concomitant, an income-tax in time of peace. It rests with the people of England to take care that both these blessings be not perpetuated. Bad as this state of things must be admitted to be, formidable as are our future prospects, they would have been still worse had not the country been protected, by one official error, from the consequence of another. The falling off of the ordinary revenue is, to a certain extent, compensated by the unexpected excess of the property-tax assessment, showing an increase of nearly one million and a half above the official estimate. It is thus to a compli-

cation of error only, and to a combination of contradictory mistakes, that Sir Robert Peel owes even the very doubtful prospects of success on which he encourages his friends and the public to rely. Had he made but the one mistake, the country would have been undone; and we are only protected from ruin by the fortunate occurrence of a second and most signal miscalculation of estimate. What may we not hope from the successes of a Government, when we owe so much to its very blunders—

——— ‘or quando è il vero
Si bello che si possa a te preporre?’

It might, perhaps, have been expected that the brilliant performances of the Government in other departments would have compensated for their failures in finance. The irresistible force of circumstances, for which it would be unjust to hold any Government responsible, may have occasioned the falling off of the public revenue. The national calamity of a good harvest may be pointed out as the cause of agricultural distress, and of the ruin of the corn-merchants. The failure of the barley crop may have deprived the excise of the duty on malt. The bankruptcies in Wall Street, and the extended production of Pittsburgh, may have occasioned the ruin of Sheffield and the distress of Birmingham. We shall, therefore, consider how one great function of the Government and of the legislature has been performed, to which no one of these causes applies. The improvement of our law does not depend on foreign events. The performance of this duty was not affected by the wars in China or Affghanistan, and was not checked by any hostile tariffs. Such seems to have been the conviction of the Government, when her Majesty was advised to inform the legislature ‘that measures connected with the improvement of the law, and ‘with various questions of domestic policy,’ should be submitted to Parliament. We are, therefore, justified in asking, what measures of legal reform have the Government passed, in redemption of this solemn pledge? There is but one solitary act which can be pointed out as a gift offered to the public by the Government. ‘When the female elephant,’ says the ancient fabulist, was reproached by a more prolific, but an inferior animal, with her more limited fecundity, she replied—“It is true I bring forth but one, but that one is an elephant.” Such may be the defence of the Cabinet. They have passed but one act, but that is an act for taking Affidavits. Of this glory it would be the height of party injustice to deprive them; and so long as Affidavits are taken under the bill of the last Session, so

long shall Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues be held in honour by an admiring and grateful country !

More was, however, attempted, and other measures were either promised or produced, but with less success. The reforming energies of our rulers were so tasked and exhausted by the great Affidavit bill, that their strength gave way. Their other bills failed, or rather were withdrawn by themselves. These luckless measures require our special consideration. We shall first refer to the Ecclesiastical Courts bill. This measure was founded on the report of a commission, consisting of the most distinguished of our bishops, of our judges, and of lawyers of the very highest eminence. So far back as in 1832, the existing system was condemned by these high authorities. ‘In the course of our enquiries we became early convinced,’ observe the commissioners, ‘of the impracticability of having judges duly qualified, with a complete bar and skilful practitioners, to administer in the Diocesan Courts the testamentary and matrimonial laws, which involve matters of the highest importance to the parties litigant, and to the people. The returns show that the business, the emoluments of judges and of practitioners, make it impossible, in the greater number of dioceses, that efficient courts can be maintained. This is a defect which defeats, if it cannot be removed, outweighs, all the advantages that may sometimes attend the exercise of ecclesiastical jurisdiction within the local limits of the respective dioceses.’ A bill to give effect to these recommendations was more than once proposed by the Whig Government; but it is not surprising that the various measures then under consideration, the Reform Act, the Municipal Act, the Tithe Commutation Act, the Act for the Régistration of Births, the new Charters for the East India Company and the Bank, together with the English and Irish Poor-Law, should have led to the postponement of this salutary reform. This postponement was, however, made a matter of strong, and, we must admit, not wholly unjustifiable complaint. In 1836, Lord Lyndhurst observed, ‘The ecclesiastical report is distinguished for the information and learning it contains; and it led to the preparation of a bill handed by us to our successors in office. This was referred to a select committee; but from that time to the present the bill has been allowed to slumber.’ In 1839, the same complaint was renewed, and by the same high legal authority. ‘In the speech from the throne,’ observed Lord Lyndhurst, ‘the bill was described as a measure most urgently called for; the recommendation was followed so far as the second reading, and by the act of the ministers themselves was then abandoned.’ After these declarations, the public entertained no doubt that a Govern-

ment which set so just a value upon this measure of reform, would have lost no time in carrying it triumphantly through Parliament, thus achieving a great triumph over those predecessors whose failures they had so contemptuously and vehemently denounced. A bill was accordingly introduced in the late Session; but when its provisions came to be considered, it seemed rather to be a bill for the extension of patronage than for the reformation of the law. A dean of arches with a salary of L.4500, three registers with salaries of L.1400, a fourth at L.1000—clerks and assistants, all well provided for, were calculated to convert Doctors' Commons into the very 'land of Cocagne.' That this patronage was not the object of the bill, but a mere incident or accident, was made known to the House by the unusual but conclusive evidence of the oath of the Prime Minister. As far as that statesman is concerned, even without the oath we believe his disclaimer. At this period a new battery was opened against the bill;—the crosier and the mitre were raised in defence of the diocesan courts. The array was irresistible. The most important provisions of the bill were consequently abandoned; what remained was wholly worthless in the estimation of the public, and was finally withdrawn—fully meriting the contemptuous indifference with which it was treated on all sides. Thus the owners of property to the value of L.43,000,000, (the enormous sum estimated to pass annually by will,) are left without a remedy for abuses, admitted by the Lord Chancellor himself to be most flagrant. The diocesan courts, which are indefensible, and the three hundred peculiars which no person ever attempted to defend, are continued in the enjoyment of all their present privileges and jurisdictions; and what is more fatal than all—an evil, too, which has no parallel in any misdeeds imputed to the Whig Government—concessions have been made to the spirit of prejudice and of monopoly, which will render the enactment of a just and comprehensive measure most difficult hereafter.

We must not omit, among other luckless attempts at legal reform, the fate of the long promised measure for establishing county courts. The promises made by the Government on this subject were repeated and distinct. The performance has been—nothing. Perhaps this may be attributed to the pressing and conflicting claims on the patronage of the Government which such a measure would have produced. The extraordinary appointments made under the Bankruptcy bill of 1842, cannot have failed to produce a hungering and thirsting for legal promotion, which it would be dangerous to disregard, and fatal, if not impossi-

ble, to gratify. The selection for public offices connected with the administration of justice, of men in many instances unknown in their profession, and preferred on any ground rather than on that of their legal ability, was an experiment too hazardous to be repeated, and therefore it was not tried. So much for the English legal reforms of the late session. In order to give an example of the favourite principle of assimilating the laws in the two islands, when so many bills were abandoned in England, justice to Ireland prescribed a similar course, and the Irish Law Courts' bill was also withdrawn.

We have seen that a promise was also held out in the Queen's speech of various measures of domestic policy, which we must of course assume, were matured for the consideration of Parliament. The bill for the Registration of Voters was one of these, and, wonderful to relate, it was carried; possibly because it was a measure which, in some respects, is of very doubtful merit. True it is, that it deals with the great constitutional questions of disfranchisement, and of extension of the suffrage. But how does it apply these principles? Does it exhibit either sound views of policy, or any very impartial legislation? The disfranchising clauses bear very hardly upon popular rights, by depriving of their votes trustees who, for the most part, supported the Whig party; the enfranchisement, on the contrary, is for the benefit of those tenants-at-will who are supposed to be the most subservient to the interests of the Tory aristocracy. A still more formidable change in the law is made in this Act, by an appeal which is given from the Registration Courts to the Common Pleas. If such a power can ever be safely entrusted to the superior courts of law, it cannot by possibility be placed in better hands than in those of that most upright and excellent man, Chief-Justice Tindal. Personal influence is, however, no sufficient ground for legislation; and we must protest against placing the political privileges of the people of England under the control, or at the mercy, of the Judges of Westminster Hall. These parliamentary privileges are safe only when guarded and adjudicated on by the Commons. View the whole tissue of King's Bench decisions respecting the law of corporations, pronounced from early times; and are they such as to give confidence to the friends of liberty? There is not only a danger to the constitution, but a danger to the courts of justice involved in this change. We may fail in making our decisions on election law more strictly and accurately legal, and yet at the same time we may render our judicial determinations more political. It is no reply to say that this system has been practised in Ireland. The question is, not whether it has been practised, but

whether it has been productive of good in that part of the United Kingdom. When a decision was pronounced on the definition of the franchise, have we not seen the Judges arrayed in regular opposition to each other as Whigs and Tories, and deciding for the enlargement or restriction of the right agreeably to the tenor of their general political opinions? We are far from suggesting that the decisions of the majority and minority of the Judges in the Court of Exchequer chamber were not equally pure; but we do say, that thus to call on the judges of the land to decide questions in which the political feelings and interests of the people are involved, is neither prudent towards the judges, nor safe towards the people.

The amended Poor-law bill for England was promised both in 1842 and 1843, and that under circumstances which rendered the performance of the engagement a matter not of policy only, but of good faith, in its strictest sense. In 1842, Parliament agreed to the prolongation of the term of the Commission, under the express stipulation that an amended bill should be introduced in the present year. This pledge has been violated. The reason is manifest. The Government and various classes of their supporters had differed on too many points to make it quite safe, or expedient, to risk another, and a still more bitter, contest. Those gentlemen who, on the hustings and for election purposes, had raised the cry against Somerset-House tyrants and Whig bastiles, were placed in no small embarrassment when they found themselves driven to the alternative of either abjuring all their declarations—thus making themselves ridiculous as well as contemptible in the eyes of their dupes and instruments—~~or~~ of attacking the Government whom they wished to support. The evil day was consequently postponed. We must, however, do the Government full justice in this respect; and more especially to the Home Secretary, for the courage as well as the ability which he displayed, in opposing, on this question, the violence, the exaggeration, and the prejudices of many of his own party. We hope, and we confidently expect, that under no possible circumstances will the friends of liberal opinions forget their principles on this subject, connected as it is with the real interests of the people. To condescend to the low prejudices, to encourage the violence, to countenance the falsehoods which have been propagated on this subject, would be, indeed, to imitate the worst part of the conduct of the worst class of their political opponents. Let not the Opposition use the passions of the poor against their real and permanent interests; but, on the hustings as well as in Parliament, let them rest assured that the attainment of any passing or personal success will be no

equivalent for sacrificing the principles of truth, honour, and real patriotism.

Though the Poor-Law Amendment bill was thus postponed, a question of an importance still more paramount was undertaken by the Government. We allude to the question of Education—somewhat awkwardly, and, as the event has proved, injudiciously combined with a measure for the regulation of factory labour. A commission issued by the late Government, and for which they deserve the gratitude of their country, had exposed a most frightful state of ignorance and immorality, and the utter inadequacy of the existing establishments of education. The dangerous consequences of a neglect to fulfill one of the highest functions, as well as one of the noblest privileges, of the State, had been abundantly shown during the formidable disturbances of 1842. The peril was then made manifest to all. Prudence, no less than patriotism, called for a remedy both instant and adequate. Under these circumstances, Lord Ashley—a nobleman whose services had, in other instances, been honourably devoted to the best interests of humanity—brought this subject before Parliament, in a speech even less admirable for its eloquence, its knowledge of facts, and its clear arrangement, than for the deep and earnest tone of conviction produced by his ardent benevolence and high religious feeling. He carried with him the best feelings of the House and of the country. The Government did themselves honour in doing full justice to Lord Ashley; and they announced their intention of proposing a remedial measure without delay. We doubt whether any other declaration could, at that moment, have produced satisfaction more great and general. The Government measure, as opened in the first instance, seemed to confirm these favourable anticipations. It was evident that the desire of the Government was to meet the case fairly, and to effect a great national good. The manner in which the announcement was received, did honour to all parties. No vulgar taunts were raised; no contrast was drawn between the principles now laid down by the Government and those which they had formerly acted upon when in opposition. To those who undervalue our institutions, and our public men, it would be impossible to offer a more useful lesson and corrective than was then displayed by the House of Commons. The candour, the indulgence, the public spirit of Lord John Russell, who had himself been the object of so much misrepresentation, the victim of such injustice, on this very subject, were above all praise, and were fully appreciated on all sides. The magnitude and the sacredness of the duties to be performed, chastened and subdued every harsh and uncharitable

feeling; and all men seemed determined to approach the subject as for the performance not only of a civil, but of a Christian duty.

This excellent spirit could not, however, supersede the duty and obligation of considering the proposition carefully, and in all its details. It had been but too clearly proved, in reference to commercial policy, that the abstract principles laid down by the Government were far from affording any just standard by which to estimate their practical measures. It was soon discovered and felt in Parliament, and felt still more strongly by the public out of doors, that the educational clauses were open to very serious objection. In the House of Commons, these objections were stated with regret, and after much consideration. In Parliament a hope was encouraged that these objections might be obviated, and that some satisfactory enactment might yet be concocted and passed. The excitement of the public, and more especially of the Protestant dissenters, and of the Wesleyan Methodists, was much greater, and their opposition was more decided and less tolerant. Petitions against the bill to the number of thousands, and petitioners counted by millions, expressed their bitter hostility to the bill. The events of former years now brought forth their sad consequences. Education had, unhappily, been made by the Tories the subject of party excitement and of political violence. The Church, the Government, and the Dissenters, had all been encouraged to view the question in a spirit of exclusiveness and of fanaticism, which made a calm discussion difficult, and which rendered mutual conversion and amicable compromise impossible. The Government discovered, too late, that the bitter cup which they had mingled, was returned in retribution to their own lips. They made, however, some honourable efforts towards conciliation. They modified or omitted various very objectionable clauses. All was ineffectual. The utmost that the Church could be induced to concede, was still insufficient to satisfy their opponents. The Government yielded to the storm; their measure was withdrawn; and thus the country has been left without any remedy, in a case where the evil was the most undeniable, and the necessity the most urgent.

We cannot quit this subject without a few words on the nature of the proposition itself, and the reasons of its failure. We are far from denying that there have been faults on the part of clamorous opponents of the bill out of Parliament, as well as on the part of its framers. *Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.* Had more firmness been manifested by the Administration in dealing with those authorities whose consent they felt it necessary to ask, we

are satisfied that they must have succeeded; and that the support of the more reasonable and just among their opponents might have been secured, and a measure passed, to the infinite advantage of the people, and to the contentment of all classes, except the more violent on both sides. Such a result would have conferred on the Government imperishable honour. But the measure proposed, though well intended, was framed in a spirit of miserable timidity; and it displayed an ignorance of the state of public feeling quite astounding. That any Government should voluntarily have expressed its mistrust, and have given offence to the thousands of males and females, old and young, who now conscientiously perform the duties of Sunday school instruction, was a mistake the most inexcusable. It was felt by all those excellent persons to be an attack aimed at the principle of lay religious instruction; and when coupled with the extreme opinions now circulated from Oxford and elsewhere, it seemed to imply that this Christian duty of religious instruction could only be entrusted safely to ecclesiastical authorities. Again, to require the bishop's sanction to the appointment of all teachers, was an assumption of power on the part of the Church which was fatal to the measure. At a period when the inadequacy of the Episcopal body for the performance of functions strictly Episcopal, is made matter of serious complaint, it was proposed to superadd to their functions a control over the teachers of factory schools throughout England. The selection of all those teachers from among the members of the Church exclusively, was wholly indefensible, after the repeal of all the civil disabilities of Dissenters. Neither could it be effectually enforced without the re-introduction of tests or subscriptions, misapplying and desecrating the most sacred rites for secular purposes. The absurd and complicated system of appointing trustees, by which, in naming seven gentlemen to direct a school, five different systems of appointment were devised, was a puerility of which the fancies of no constitution-monger had ever before given an example. There was a want of candour, as well as a want of wisdom also, concealed in all this complexity. The object was seen through. Without avowing a principle so very indefensible, an endeavour was made, by astute contrivance, to secure for the Church, under all circumstances, a majority in every factory school. Such are the real causes which ensured the rejection of the bill, and we think it was rightly rejected; for we cannot see how it is possible to reconcile, with liberty of conscience, the absurd as well as mischievous provisions on which we have animadverted.

Sir James Graham, in proposing his amended bill for the last

time, made an important and alarming declaration. After doing full justice to the conduct of the Whig opposition, he stated, that ‘if a measure so prepared, so supported, and so treated in Parliament, shall fail to effect the great object of a combined system of instruction, from this time all further attempts to attain that end will be hopeless, and henceforth we must expect nothing but a system of education conducted on adverse principles, and in an antagonist spirit, which, I say it with deference, instead of producing a feeling of unity and good-will among all classes of her Majesty’s subjects, will but aggravate the bitter spirit which now exists; and, I venture to predict, that the most fatal consequences will flow from it.’ In this discouraging opinion we should be sorry to agree; for though the great object of an united education, founded on Christian truth as well as on practical knowledge, has not as yet been attained, we should, indeed, grieve to think it unattainable. But it must be approached in a more generous and comprehensive spirit than has been as yet manifested, casting aside all inconsiderate bygone declarations, forgetting all the unjust and unfounded clamours raised against the measures of the late Government, and looking only to the performance of one of the greatest and the most sacred of public duties. Nor let the more exclusive of the Protestant Dissenters conceive, that by making battle on this point, they can advance their favourite Voluntary principle, or diminish the power of the Church. On the contrary, their opposition, if unreasonable, will tell against them. The great subscription now in progress for the foundation of Church schools, will prove to them that the failure of the scheme of the Government, may lead to the establishment of schools still more exclusive in principle than the schools proposed to be founded under Sir James Graham’s bill.

We have stated that the Factories’ bill was unnecessarily connected with the educational clauses. It was earnestly pressed on the Government to sever these two subjects, each of which involved a most important but distinct object of legislation. This offer was unfortunately declined. Had it been accepted, there can be but little doubt that the Factory bill might have been carried, and the Government would thus have been saved from the reproach applied to the Whigs by Lord Lyndhurst in 1839. ‘The Factories’ Regulation bill—a bill much discussed, and of vast importance to humanity—was abandoned.’

Two other measures of very great importance had been announced by the Home Secretary. During the preceding year, the conduct of certain local magistrates in the management of their prisons had excited public attention—indeed, we might better say, public indignation. Officers had been appointed

by Parliamentary authority for the inspection of jails ; and the very respectable gentlemen entrusted with the performance of these duties, as they were bound to do, had examined governors, chaplains, surgeons, and other local authorities. Facts having been divulged in the progress of these examinations which gave offence to the magistrates, their indignation was directed not against the real delinquents, but against their own honest public servants, whom they were pleased to consider as spies and informers. It is, perhaps, the first time that an unreserved statement of the truth, when required by legal authority, has been made the subject of censure and of punishment by magistrates bound to administer the law. The Secretary of State felt, and expressed, a becoming indignation at proceedings so unjust ; and further, he declared his intention of applying to Parliament for new powers to check such proceedings in future. We honoured him for his firmness and resolution ; but, unluckily for the public, the bill has not been introduced, and the remedy promised, so urgently required, is postponed for another session. We trust we shall have to congratulate the country, at no distant day, on the success of a reform so just and so necessary. A declaration was also made, that the important question of Medical Education should be discussed during the session ; and a bill was announced as being actually prepared. No such bill has been presented ; but, what is far worse, we are informed that no sooner did the prorogation take place, than the Secretary of State proposed to issue a new charter to the College of Surgeons of London ; the effect of which act of prerogative may be to withdraw this important subject from the consideration of Parliament ; or, by prejudging the question, to limit any future Parliamentary enquiry—creating a new monopoly, and thus arresting the progress of medical reform.

In this rapid summary we have not yet touched upon two measures relating to the Church, which, as they are put prominently forward as matters of congratulation in the closing Speech from the Throne, it might appear inconsistent if we were to pass over. We allude to Lord Aberdeen's bill for the Church of Scotland, and the bill for Church-extension in England. Far be it from us, in a notice like the present, to discuss the weighty interests involved in the first of these measures. The course of events will decide hereafter how far the expectations of its framers have been accomplished. But we may be permitted to remark upon two points collateral to the general merits of the question. Is there not an appearance of insincerity and want of candour in the enactments of this bill, as explained by its propounders ? Is there not an effort made to hold out expectations to gratify one party, which

expectations it subsequently disappoints, in order to give satisfaction to another? To the parishioners, it seems to secure an unlimited right of raising any possible objection against the presentee of the patron; whilst the power of adjudication conferred upon the Church courts is said to be strictly defined, and restrained within canonical limits. Passing by all other objections, is not this in itself most unfair and disingenuous, and can it do otherwise than occasion ill-will and strife? But the effect of the Act on the House of Lords, as the Supreme Court of Appeal, is wholly unprecedented. A legislative declaration of the law is made, contrary to the law as decided by the House of Lords on appeal; and thus the legislature has been called upon to stigmatize, by statute, a judgment of the highest court in the land. It was reserved for a Conservative Government to aim a blow so fatal at the administration of justice. Nor is this all. The very same Law Lords who originally pronounced judgment in the House of Peers, have been unanimous in affirming, that if the law of Scotland was really such as by Act of Parliament it is now declared to have ever been, their final judgment was pronounced in error; the decision of the majority of the Court of Session in the Auchterarder case ought to have been reversed; the opinion of the minority of the judges ought to have been sustained; the Veto Act ought not to have been pronounced as *ultra vires*; and the secession of so many learned and pious ministers of religion would consequently have been averted. So strange and anomalous a result had never yet, we believe, been produced by any previous act of the legislature. And yet, for the form and substance of this Act, which was only carried by a majority of eighteen, our rulers take credit to themselves, and claim gratitude from the public.

The bill for Church-extension in England is really too insignificant a measure to deserve notice, except from those who had nothing to boast of. It merely permits the Church to borrow from itself, and thus to anticipate resources which, under other circumstances, would have been available, though at a later period. It reminds us of an excellent description of the Irish Poor-law given by one of our contemporaries. ‘This bill,’ he observed, ‘resembles an attempt to satisfy a famished dog, by feeding him with a joint cut off from his own tail.’ It is, however, somewhat remarkable, at the very moment when an earnest desire was expressed to render ecclesiastical property more generally available for parochial instruction, that one of the most indefensible of all jobs should have been perpetrated in Ireland; and that the income of two parishes should have been lavished on one dignitary at Armagh, contrary to the principles laid down by the

Cabinet itself, to the recommendation of the Primate of Ireland, and the Report of the Commissioners of Ecclesiastical Enquiry. The defence of the Duke of Wellington, that the dignitary appointed was a very good man, and fully worth the money he cost, goes far to sanction any possible abuse in Church or State. Indeed, if the ministers of the Church in Ireland are improving in piety and learning as rapidly as it is asserted, and as we believe to be true, the measure of their improvement will become a justification for perpetuating all unions, pluralities, and sinecures; the merits of the clergy being thus made a conclusive argument against Church Reform.

The peculiar exigencies of the present times, the wants of the public, and the very principles on which the reform of the tariff had been founded in 1842, naturally led to the expectation that our commercial code would engage the attention of the legislature. It was perhaps too soon to expect, that the defenders of the memorable Sliding-scale could abjure their fond idolatry. Indeed, it has been often stated, that one of the characteristics of parental partiality is the excess of tenderness which is bestowed on the most rickety and unpromising of all the occupants of the nursery. Still, it was expected that some advance might be made; and, though differences of opinion prevail on the subject, we are inclined to think that the Canada Corn bill was an advance in the right direction. It establishes a very moderate fixed duty in place of a fluctuating duty; and this change is the more important, when we consider all the declarations made in the former session. This bill may also be useful in familiarizing the public to the instability of the present system. When our country gentlemen become convinced of the inevitable necessity of a change at no very distant time, they will be compelled to reflect what that change ought to be. On other grounds, also, we consider the Canada bill to be highly important. In the *Memoirs of Lord Sydenham*, lately published, there is contained some important evidence on that contested point—the capacity of British North America to supply the wants and necessities of the mother country. ‘You can conceive nothing finer,’ he observes, ‘than this district; it is the most magnificent soil in the world; a climate certainly the best in North America—the greater part of it is admirably watered. In a word, there is land enough and capabilities enough for some millions of people, and for one of the finest provinces of the world.’ Such is the description of the territory with which the measure of the Government promises to give us a freer and a more advantageous intercourse. We know not whether we dare to offer to her Majesty’s Ministers, nor whether they

will venture to accept, our acknowledgments for their Canada Corn bill, on the grounds we tender them. If we are right, and this bill shall produce hereafter the good consequences we anticipate, it is a proof either of the readiness with which the Conservative Government is prepared to disregard the prejudices of its agricultural friends; or of that ignorance which Ministers find their bliss on so many subjects of commercial legislation.

We must here pause to ask, Whether this Government, owing its very existence to the agricultural interest, and boasting the title of the 'farmer's friend,' has really contributed very much to establish that stability and harmony so important to the well-being of landowners and their tenantry? If such have been the objects of Ministers, their financial failure has not been greater than the failure of their Corn Law, in this respect as well as in all others. The Sliding-scale, with all its uncertainties, is not itself more uncertain than the principles of the Government are felt to be on this subject. No farmer doubts but that if the pressure from without is sufficiently strong, the same party which first passed and then abandoned the Corn Laws of 1815, 1822, and 1828, will be as ready to abandon the act of the last session also. The effect of this is a general distrust in the minds of the agriculturists. On the other hand, the same conviction inspires the friends of free trade with increasing hope and energy. They become convinced no less of the weakness of their opponents, than of the righteousness of their own cause. These two convictions have produced, and will support, the Anti-Corn-Law League, one of the most remarkable confederacies which has arisen in modern times. We do not profess to be friends of these extended confederacies, unrecognized by the law, and without any legitimate organ or any adequate responsibility. But they ever afford the strongest proof of an existing grievance. It is a wide-spread sense of a great and unbearable evil, which can alone induce the calm and prudent middle classes to band themselves in organized masses, sacrificing their time, quitting their business, and contributing their money, in the pursuit of one common object. We may depend upon it, that the manufacturers of Manchester and the traders of Liverpool would infinitely prefer attending to their private interests, and enjoying their own homes, if they were not driven into Anti-Corn-Law Leagues by impolitic laws and by a weak Government. The absurdity of the Sliding-scale, and the refusal to examine into the effects which it has produced—the defence of the system of protection by Sir Edward Knatchbull and Lord Mountcashel, *arcades ambo*—the admission that it is required to support family settlements, and

to provide for high rents and heavy mortgages,—declarations like these constitute the real strength of the League. The course taken of late by the leading members of that League, the manliness with which they have courted the freest discussion, the confidence which they show in the irresistible truth of their principles, by meeting the agricultural classes and their representatives in all parts of England, will first carry conviction home to the minds of the labouring classes, next to the minds of the farmers, and must ultimately succeed even with the proprietors of land. ‘The labourers in agriculture, and even ‘the tenantry,’ observed the present Lord Ashburton twenty-eight years ago, when arguing against the law of 1815, ‘have ‘no interest in the question. The prevailing opinion is, that ‘this is the landlords’ question, and not theirs. To talk of the ‘labourers is quite ridiculous.’ This opinion was again urged by the same authority in language still more forcible. ‘This is ‘a question between landed proprietors and the great body of ‘the people. Gentlemen may say No; but I am convinced that ‘I am right, without following the supporters of the measure in ‘all their agricultural trumpery.’ To the former acts of the Government, to their Corn Law of 1842, and to the practical condemnation of that measure by the Canada bill of 1843, may be traced the excited hopes and apprehensions of the two classes of consumers and producers: to these causes we owe our present state of agitation and alarm; and, eager as we are for the consummation which cannot long be delayed, we should prefer to owe a better state of things to the patriotism of our rulers and the wisdom of the legislature, than to a compulsion produced by protracted controversy and the violence of a formidable combination.

We now approach a subject still more important—a subject, indeed, in comparison with which most others on which we have touched sink into insignificance. ‘Ireland,’ observed Sir Robert Peel in 1838, ‘would be my greatest difficulty.’ It is his Government, and his party which have so made it. Their conduct when in Opposition; their unmeasured abuse of the popular leaders; their bitter opposition to all popular measures; the contempt with which they affected to treat the Irish members; their attempt to restrict the elective franchise; their denunciations of the system of national education;—above all, the bigoted animosity displayed against the religion, the hierarchy, and the priesthood of the people, have made them in Ireland both powerless and odious. Have the events of the last session contributed to lessen those difficulties; or, on the contrary, have not these difficulties been greatly in-

creased? It is, we hope, quite unnecessary for us to declare, that we are not among those who blame Sir Robert Peel for not having applied to Parliament for coercive measures; or, for not having tried the experiment of Government prosecutions. The contemporary Journalist to whom we have already alluded, has indeed, in his blundering friendship, suggested that the only reason which prevented the Government from proposing a Coercion bill was the impossibility of carrying such a measure through Parliament. A suggestion somewhat similar was, however, made on the higher authority of the President of the Council. ‘We do ‘not bark,’ observed Lord Wharnccliffe, ‘where we cannot bite.’ We were surprised that *ista canina facundia* did not provoke a reply. The temper of Sir Robert Peel’s declarations is more subdued and more prudent. The principle of his Fabian policy we hold to be wise; we only regret that he has not adhered to it with more steadfastness and consistency. Indeed, he has made some very signal mistakes. To revert to the old and absurd system of selecting a Viceroy connected with one party, and a Secretary who deserved the confidence of another, was to act in disregard of all the experience of the last twenty years. It was to ensure weakness and division where strength and unity were most necessary. A still more fatal mistake was the allowing himself, and his great colleague in the House of Lords, to be tempted into any discussion on the affairs of Ireland, or to be drawn into any declaration of opinion, upon the invitation of Lords Roden and Jocelyn. With every respect for the private character of both these noble lords, to the great mass of the people of Ireland they are only known as the leaders of, what has ever been considered, the anti-national party. The policy of the Government should have been fixed and proclaimed, irrespective of any questions which might have been put to them in either House of Parliament. To connect in any degree their declarations in favour of the Legislative Union with the dangerous proffers of Protestant support, and the exciting references made to the unfortunate events of 1798, and to the services of the yeomanry on that occasion, was, of all mistakes, the greatest. The introduction of the name of the Sovereign into debate, in a manner wholly unusual, if not actually unconstitutional, was unpardonable. On a fitting occasion it would well become the Sovereign of the United Kingdom—it would well become the Legislature, in firm and temperate language—to repeat that double pledge, given in 1834, that the Union should be maintained, and the happiness and wellbeing of Ireland promoted by just and beneficent laws, impartially administered. This course was not taken: we deeply regret it; for we believe that the voice of the Sovereign and of her

assembled Parliament would have produced a very different effect from the response of the Ministerial oracles made on the demand of Lord Roden.

What followed was, however, still more impolitic and absurd. The eminent Equity Judge who presides in the Irish Court of Chancery, seems to have been roused into a most impolitic activity by the parliamentary speeches of the Cabinet Ministers. In a letter—in which, if he did not actually admit the legality of the meetings held to advocate the repeal of the Union, the Irish Chancellor cautiously abstained from condemning them as illegal—he superseded Irish magistrates for having presided over these assembled multitudes, or having taken a share in their deliberations. The imprudence of the act was only exceeded by the folly of the reason assigned for its justification. Unwise speeches of his colleagues in Parliament were referred to by Sir Edward Sugden as the reasons for his unwise act. We regret this no less for its moral consequences, than on account of its effect on the reputation of a man who has been one of the most able, honest, and truly humane and benevolent Chancellors who ever held the Great Seal of Ireland. It might easily have been anticipated that a step of this description, taken without previous notice to the parties concerned—a punishment without even the imputation of any criminal act—could not fail to irritate and inflame temperaments even calmer than those of the Irish people. This was not the only mischief, nor was it indeed the worst consequence of this unhappy mistake. The removal from the bench of a number of magistrates, members of one party, has tended to give a colour of partiality to the whole administration of justice. In some cases, also, it has afforded the easiest means of personal notoriety, and of popularity, to men who chose voluntarily to resign the commission of the peace. The surrender of all the delights of attending petty sessions, or even those higher privileges of assisting in trials for assaults, was the cheapest mode ever afforded for purchasing the distinctions of political martyrdom. The result was what might have been expected. The newspapers were filled with a correspondence, not the most dignified, between the Lord Chancellor and sundry justices of the peace, who either were, or sought to make themselves, his victims; commissions of the peace were burnt, with heroical fortitude, on the altars of their country by noisy patriots; writs of *supersedeas* were dispatched by every post, in proof of the energy of the Government; but from all this official nonsense there followed consequences much more serious. Fresh and more exciting topics were furnished for oratorical display; a new vigour was given to the Repeal move-

ment; an abstract question was in the eye of the people converted into a practical one, and thereby made intelligible to all; and the Repeal rent, important as an indication and as an exponent of public feeling, swelled weekly from hundreds to thousands. In fact, the growing surplus of the Repeal Association seemed to rival the increasing deficiency of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. There was added to these, what in all countries is dangerous, but in Ireland almost fatal—the Government was made ridiculous. Deceived by some foolish alarmist, or duped by some successful jest, a large military detachment was suddenly ordered from Dublin; the troops were prepared for actual war; a steam-boat was put in requisition, as if this strange exhibition would have been incomplete if it had not been made, like the performances at Sadler's Wells, by water as well as by land. The expedition proceeded to Waterford; the troops appeared with loaded muskets and bayonets fixed; but, in place of finding an enemy, they only found streets without riot, a jail without prisoners, and pious congregations returning peacefully from their respective places of worship. Amidst the laughter and derision of the multitude, the troops were ordered back to their quarters, to bear evidence to the credulity and incompetence of their employers.

The mistakes of the Government did not end with this ludicrous *voyage par terre et par mer*. It was necessary that the Cabinet in Downing Street should, if possible, rival the errors of their colleagues in Ireland. This was difficult, but, at least, it denoted a fine spirit of emulation. The Arms Act, a temporary measure, intended to enforce a public registration of all weapons of offence, was about to expire. It was thought expedient to renew it. With this determination we do not quarrel. The aspect of the times was not such as to justify the Government in abandoning any precautionary measure. A bill, merely continuing the former temporary acts, would have met with no opposition. But this was not considered sufficient by the Government; disdaining the fame of copyists, they wished to signalize their capacities as inventors. A new bill was prepared, engrafting on former enactments new, and some preposterous provisions. Amongst these there was one peculiarly offensive, and yet singularly inoperative for any good or useful purpose. We allude to a clause requiring all weapons to be branded with an official mark. How this could work any real good—what security could be taken against forging or defacing these marks—how it would be possible to protect from danger or suspicion innocent men whose arms might be turned to criminal purposes by others—we know not. The bill was strongly, and perhaps

somewhat pertinaciously opposed. But that opposition was justified by the important amendments thereby forced upon, and adopted by the Government. Many points were conceded, and, above all, the duration of the bill was abridged. The opposition of the Irish members was still more justified, by the incapacity displayed in support of the bill. The impolicy of the new clauses was admitted universally. Mr Shaw, the Protestant champion, joined with the Whigs in deprecating the course pursued by his friends; and, without gaining any real power for repressing crime, new elements of agitation were thus added to those already so unhappily existing.

Of the Irish Poor-Law Amendment act nothing need be said. The amendments were trivial, except in one single instance by which the poorer classes are exempted from the rate. It remains to be seen whether demands may not arise to carry still further a line of exception arbitrarily drawn; and whether these demands may not be enforced by dangerous means, where it is manifest to all that the Government is not acting on any sound or settled principle.

Whilst these strange acts were performed on both sides of the Channel, the Repeal agitation was rapidly extended throughout the land. Meetings were called in every province, which, however exaggerated may be their numbers, were yet of unexampled magnitude. The popular leaders now claim unqualified obedience, and exercise an authority almost boundless. The letter of the law is adhered to, and ordinary acts of violence have diminished in number. The spur and the bit are used alternately to stimulate and to restrain a charger, whose curvetings exhibit more impatience and fretfulness from hour to hour. The wild horseman

‘ With his left heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper he affects to chide.’

A self-created and irresponsible Government, claiming to exercise the functions of the magistracy, and announcing the enactment of a new constitution and the meeting of a new legislature, are events either in progress or impending. These extraordinary events form a contrast, as lamentable as undeniable, to the peace, the increasing industry, and the general contentment which prevailed in Ireland when Sir Robert Peel assumed the Government. The Tory Administration of 1830, reduced their sovereign to the hard necessity of proclaiming to the world that he durst not accept the hospitalities of the city of London; the present Administration have made it equally inexpedient for her Majesty to visit Ireland. It is among foreigners that the Queen of England has had to seek that enthusiastic welcome which her virtues and graciousness

deserve from all. The Queen may go to the Chateau d'Eu, but the Castle of Dublin is prohibited—the park at Brussels is open to the royal guests, but the Phoenix Park must not be visited. In the meanwhile, designing individuals in foreign countries, (for we are unwilling to attribute such folly and wickedness to foreign states and governments,) deceived by the appearances of things—conceiving that the fire below is proportionate to the smoke above, and that noise and turbulence are conclusive proofs of power and determination—tender their malignant sympathy, and even proffer their more active interposition. Europe suspects, though most falsely, that the strength of England is passing away; that her countenance cannot any longer be availing to her allies; that she dare not reprove, and cannot repress, the unfriendly acts or intrigues of her enemies. The grasp of the Repealer is considered to paralyze the arm and restrain the pen of the Foreign Secretary; and the influence of the Empire throughout Europe is affected by the unfortunate state of one of its members.

Two courses were open to the Government. The one was an application to Parliament for increased powers, to be followed up by the exertion of the utmost vigour of authority. To this we have already expressed our decided objection as dangerous and ill-timed. The other was the expression of a calm and tranquil determination to repress all acts of outrage and all violations of the law, coupled with such prudent preparations and such precautionary measures, as should remove all grounds for apprehension and alarm. Neither of these lines has been strictly adhered to: we have had to struggle against the evils of both; for, we must admit, that neither is free from objection. Sir Robert Peel has wished to adopt the latter and milder system, which, if followed up by a system of government strictly impartial, and by legislative measures truly remedial, would have been effectual. It has, most unfortunately, been counteracted by the *supersedeas* campaigns of his Chancellor—by the steam-boat follies of his Viceroy—and by his own grievous mistake in proposing the new Arms Act. Above all, it has been counteracted by the want of confidence in his Government. He has failed to govern by power—he has shown himself incompetent to govern by opinion. The result is, that he does not govern at all.

It may be argued that there is no novelty in the present state of Ireland; and an attempt has been most falsely and audaciously made to show, that all the dangers which we have described originated during the late Administration. If this were as true as it is false, the responsibility of the Tories might be lessened, though not removed; but we are enabled to disprove this impudent and reckless assertion, by bringing to another test the ability of

our rulers to execute the primary function of a Government—that is, to govern. It cannot be said that the Whigs excited any agitation in the peaceful valleys of Carmarthenshire, or that there were in South Wales any Repealers with whom to make a ‘compact alliance.’ That part of the United Kingdom, at least, was handed over to their successors in peace and obedience to the law. Riots had occurred, some years before, at Merthyr and in the neighbouring districts. These disturbances had been repressed by decision and vigour; the prudent firmness of the Government, supporting, as well as supported by, the local authorities, had restored the public peace. But, during the present year, another and a more lamentable outbreak has taken place; and the criminal violence of some portion of the people has only been equalled by the criminal apathy, or incompetence, of the Government. A cloud, which at the first was no larger than a man’s hand, has been allowed to increase till it has covered and darkened the whole face of the heavens. Complaints were made against exactions, truly stated to be grievous, and which are now admitted to have been illegal. These complaints, being unredressed, very soon assumed the form of menace, and ultimately that of violence. That which, at the first, was little more than a common riot, has been allowed to grow into a formidable and outrageous conspiracy. Turnpike gates, houses, and other property, have been demolished or destroyed by fire. The county town and some of the public buildings have been attacked, and kept in the possession of an ungovernable mob. Threatening letters have been written, the reign of terror has commenced, blood has been shed, the presence of the military has been fruitless, the police have been opposed, magistrates insulted, juries intimidated, families driven from their homes, even the proclamation of martial law has been hinted at; and at length, at the eleventh hour, and when the combination threatened to extend itself from turnpike tolls to rents, tithes, and rates, the local authorities discovered that concessions ought to be made, and the causes of complaint removed. What was refused to the first remonstrance, is now yielded to violence and crime. A frightful lesson! But during this alarming state of things, what has the Government done? Her Majesty informed her Parliament, that she had ‘adopted the measures ‘deemed best calculated for the repression of outrage, and the ‘detection and punishment of the offenders.’ What these measures were, we are at a loss to conceive. They are kept a profound secret. Any good consequences which they may have produced, is a mystery yet unexplained. At least those good consequences do not seem to have come to the knowledge of the ~~classes~~ classes whose lives and properties are left at risk. It is true

that a Bow Street magistrate has been dispatched to South Wales, and it is possibly on the exertions of that worthy officer that the Home Secretary relies. *Ille se jactat in aulâ*. But alas, for the result! which is too serious for a jest. The failure of our rulers has not been greater in Ireland than in South Wales; and they have shown themselves as incompetent to deal with Rebecca and her daughters, as with O'Connell and his repealers.

In vain do we look abroad for compensations. The promised influence of a Conservative Government, which we were told would make itself felt in every court in Europe, has signally failed. The commercial treaty with France has failed. The commercial treaty with Brazil has failed. The commercial treaty with Portugal has not as yet succeeded. Rejoicing, as we did most heartily, at the settlement of our dispute with the United States respecting the north-east boundary, and not disposed to censure too harshly any imprudence or want of skill which may have been displayed by our negotiator, we are only the more grieved to see the incompleteness of that arrangement;—leaving, as it does, the right of visit and the Oregon boundary to create renewed causes of jealousy and strife between two nations, whose origins are not more strictly identified than their interests. Reluctant, timid, or too weak even to propose a vote of thanks to their own ambassador, we have seen this task, for the first time, devolved by the Ministers on private, and therefore less responsible, persons. To complete this absurdity, we are referred, as a precedent, to a vote of thanks of the House of Commons, in 1763, to the sheriffs of London, for burning the North Briton; no very flattering compliment to Lord Ashburton. In the Peninsula, the results of the successful policy of years has been overthrown in a few weeks; and the Regent of Spain, the most able man who as yet has appeared to give strength and union to his distracted country, is now an exile on our shores; receiving a barren sympathy in his fall, though apparently left without aid or countenance during his struggle.

In India, after very melancholy though temporary reverses, the Governor-general has made us the victims of our very success. Proclamations, in which Oriental bombast is combined with the theatrical affectation of Napoleon, have been defended only as songs of triumph. If they are songs of triumph, seldom have worse words been united to more unbearable music. We had scarcely ceased from wondering at the appropriate performances of this oriental Samson, in carrying off the gates of a temple—in ancient times occupied by 2000 Brahmins, 900 musicians, and 500 dancing-girls—when we learn that this

most pacific of conquerors—he whose official seal bears the proud motto of ‘The cream of Princes, whose port resembles ‘the planet Saturn’—has discovered that the Indus is no longer our natural boundary, and that glory and profit alike demand the conquest and occupation of other lands. The announcement in the Queen’s speech at the opening of the session, communicating a resolution to withdraw from the military occupation of the country to the westward of the Indus, is contradicted and disavowed by the Governor-general. The sword is again drawn—when, and under what circumstances, will it be sheathed? And what is the defence of this new war? Not that it is just, but that it will be profitable. Here there have not been, as in Afghanistan, European or Persian intrigues to counteract. No Simonich has been in the cabinet of the Ameers of Scinde, or in the field. The whole proceeding is one emanating from our Governor-general, and for which he and his employers are responsible.

It has been rather too rashly asserted by those who are unable to deny the manifold failures of the Government, that they are all attributable to the factious opposition of their adversaries in the House of Commons; and this is said by a worthy contemporary to be in fulfilment of his prophecy, attributing all unpatriotic principles and conduct to the Whig party. *Me quoque vatem dicere pastores!* is the triumphant exclamation of our brother Journalist. We are not aware who are his pastoral witnesses; but, if any such exist, they are ‘more silly than their sheep.’ We are prepared not only to deny, but to disprove, the audacious charge brought against the Opposition. On their part we can exhibit instances of forbearance, and of the sacrifice of all vulgar and selfish party advantages, which, we believe, are without precedent in our Parliamentary annals. In 1842, on the question of the Tariff, the Government was left at their mercy; but when surrounded by threatening agriculturists, and encompassed by bulls of Bashan, stunned by loud reproaches, *mugitusque boum*, they were rescued from peril by Lord John Russell and his adherents. During the late session, when an opposition out of doors, unexampled in strength and numbers, was arrayed against the education measure, so far from following a bad example, and returning evil for evil, every effort was made to soften and mitigate adverse feelings—to do justice to the good intentions of the Government—and to bring all parties to unite in framing and supporting the bill, if it could have been made just and acceptable. When the late lamented Sir Charles Bagot, acting in direct contravention of all the declared principles of his party, appointed, as members of his Colonial Government,

French Canadians, some of whom had been charged with a participation in actual revolt, was this opportunity taken, though a very tempting one, to taunt or to weaken the Colonial Administration? How easy would it have been to contrast the haughty and offensive declarations contained in Lord Stanley's former despatches, with the unqualified and undignified surrender now made under his authority? The Whig party were too high-minded thus to have placed at hazard great public interests. They remembered but too well the mischiefs produced by the party attacks directed against Lord Durham, and they disdained to follow the example set to them. During the debate on the Irish Arms' act, it was proposed by Lord John Russell, as the means of averting all opposition, and of facilitating the proceedings of the Government, that all the powers and authorities of the existing law should be continued. This wise and candid proposal was unfortunately declined. Yet even under these circumstances Lord John Russell voted for the second reading of the bill itself. When a measure for organizing the Chelsea pensioners was introduced, it was most vehemently opposed by some of the Liberal members. We think the bill was much misconceived by them. But what was the conduct of the Whig leaders? Lord Palmerston, who for so many years had been Secretary at War—Mr Macaulay, who had recently retired from the same office—not only lent the weight and authority of their votes to this measure, thus separating themselves from some of their party—they also attended and spoke strongly and conclusively in its favour. We think, without going further, we have now brushed away the rubbish with which the most injudicious of all camp-followers has sought to defend the Tory intrenchments. The defence is in itself an acknowledgment of weakness. The session, it is admitted, has been a blank—a melancholy failure; but for this disappointment it has been attempted to show that the Opposition is responsible. If we do not wholly deceive ourselves, we have demonstrated the falsehood of the second of these assertions as conclusively as the truth of the first.

One other defence, hazarded on behalf of the Government, remains to be considered, and cannot well be passed over. The Ministers, it appears, are entitled to credit for two really considerable and efficient bills of legal reform which have passed during the session. They are entitled to public gratitude for the enactment of the Libel and Evidence bills! They, indeed! We might feel somewhat more of confidence in their principles, and in their measures, if they took counsel with the framers of those bills. If the true patriotism of the Lord Chief-Justice of

England, and the courage and clear understanding of Lord Campbell, guided their deliberations, we should have a more gratifying task to perform than that ungracious one in which we have been engaged. We could have wished, if our limits permitted, to point out to the public how much they owe to the two noble and learned personages just named: To Lord Denman, for having swept from our code absurdities and anomalies which disgraced it, and which rendered the discovery of truth in some cases difficult, in others impossible; to Lord Campbell, for his introduction of a bill the most important to public liberty, as well as private character, which has passed on the subject of libel since Mr Fox's well-known act. This excellent statute, though somewhat mutilated in the Commons, will yet remain a monument of the good sense and public spirit of our distinguished countryman, who, by his successful advocacy and practical measure of reform, has acquired honour for himself, and conferred a real benefit on the public.

We have now completed our review of the acts of the Conservative Government, and of the Conservative House of Commons. It does not suggest much reason of gratitude for the past, or hope for the future. The two best bills which passed—indeed the only two bills of any importance—originated, as we have shown, with the Whig members of the House of Peers. The only useful and practical measure passed for Ireland, the repeal of the spirit-duties, is attributable to the same branch of the legislature. In other respects, we venture to ask, for what have we to thank our rulers, and in what condition have they left the interests of the country? What promises have they kept, what duties performed? Under their auspices, in Ireland the Repeal agitation has spread in a manner the most threatening and formidable. The once quiet district of South Wales is now involved in disturbances, assuming a character unexampled amongst us of revolutionary anarchy. They have collected their income-tax in time of peace, but they have not restored the credit of our finances. For the purpose, we presume, of showing their zeal for the administration of the law, they have passed a legislative censure upon the Supreme Court of Appeal. To reconcile the agricultural and commercial classes, they have stimulated the energetic operations of the Anti-Corn-Law League. To extend our trade, they have undertaken commercial treaties with various powers, and have lamentably failed in all. To give contentment to the Scottish Church, they stood by with folded arms and allowed the Secession to take place—introducing after the event, a declaration of the law which, if accurate and made in time, would have made that Secession unne-

cessary. To give strength and stability to our Indian empire, they have exposed to the wonder of Hindostan an idol the most strange and disproportioned ever yet placed in a pagoda. To advance the interests of our colonies, they have disregarded an appeal the most powerful ever made on behalf of territories which only want inhabitants to make them great, and of suffering multitudes who are unable to procure homes on their native shores. They can neither conclude a mail-coach contract in Ireland, nor defend a turnpike gate in South Wales. Such have been their acts—such their glories—after a triumphant return to power, and with a boasted majority of ninety-two in the House of Commons. We repeat the question, as originally put. How is this to be accounted for? Among the members of the Government are men of high character and distinguished abilities, and who, we are willing not only to hope, but to believe, are sincerely actuated by good intentions. Why, then, have they so lamentably failed; and how are we to account for the unexampled contrast between their condition in 1841 and in 1842?

‘ How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfed bark put from her native bay !
How like the prodigal doth she return
With over-weathered ribs and rugged sails !’

The curse—we repeat emphatically the curse—of their original assumption of power is on them : the contrast between their real principles, and those which they either professed, or led their followers to believe that they professed, is contemptible—we might add, disgusting. No party trusts; but few respect them. That prescriptive veneration for ancient things on which the poetry, if not the strength of Tory principle depends, is cast aside; or a most strange and ineffectual attempt is made to combine it with the doctrines of expediency. In a word, there is exhibited throughout, a want of fixity and earnestness which deprives action of energy and principle of public confidence.

NOTE to the Article on the Life of Addison.

No. 157, ART. VII.

IN our review of Miss Aikin's Life of Addison, we remarked, that the 'Little Dicky' mentioned in the *Old Whig*, could not possibly be Sir Richard Steele. We also expressed our opinion that, in all probability, Little Dicky was the nickname of some comic actor, who played the part of Gomez in Dryden's Spanish Friar.

We have since ascertained that our conjecture was correct. The performer to whom Addison alluded was Henry Norris, a man of remarkably small stature, but of great native humour, whose strength lay in such characters as that of Gomez. Norris had greatly distinguished himself by his ludicrous performance of the part of Dicky, the serving-man, in Farquhar's *Trip to the Jubilee*, and had thus earned the nickname of Little Dicky. He was at the height of popularity in the year 1719, when the *Old Whig* appeared. An account of him will be found in the General History of the Stage, published about a century ago by one Chetwood, who had been, during twenty years, Prompter at Drury-Lane Theatre.

ERRATA IN No. CLVII.—ART. I.

- P. 6, line 3 from bottom, *for* 'gaining' *read* 'gainers.'
- P. 8, line 19 from top, *for* 'retaliating' *read* 'retaliatory.'
- P. 9, line 24 and 25 from top, *dele* 'that it.'
- P. 25, line 13 from top, *dele* 'and.'
- Same page, line 4 from bottom, *read* 'unrecorded.'
- P. 27, line 9 from top, *for* 'exclusively' *read* 'extensively.'
- Same page, line 26, *for* 'deposits' *read* 'deposit.'
- Same page, line 30, *dele* 'so.'
- P. 44, lines 7 and 8 from bottom, *for* 'must' *read* 'may ;'
for 'might' *read* 'must.'

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